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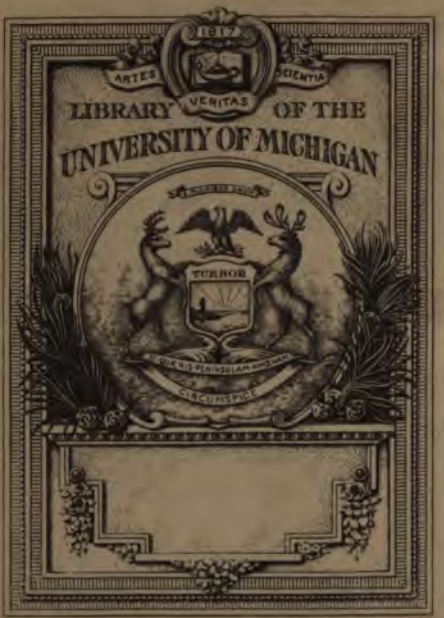
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIRST.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

" ———— Sing, heavenly Muſe!
" Things unattempted yet, in proſe or rhyme,"
A ſhilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and ſtrife,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-Hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul, and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe, or Phillis, he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he ſmokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corpſe ſuſtain;
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff

* Two noted alehouſes in Oxford, 1700.

Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwalador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclip'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's ſtream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maſſic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel aſcends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhould I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of wood-hole; ſtrait my briſtling hairs erect
Through ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! His faded brow

Entrench

Entrench'd with many a frown, and comic beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,
Diſaſtrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him ſtalks
Another monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Firſt have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of debtor, ſtrait his body, to the touch
Obſequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome inchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance ſtrict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas ſets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious ken
The caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin, to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs miſe
Sure ruin. So her diſembowel'd web

Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, ſpreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, intangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides,
She towering flies to her expected ſpoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my days. But, when nocturnal ſhades
This world invelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumming froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſperate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe;

But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phantom curſe.
Thus do I live, from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My Galligaſkins, that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdued (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſclos'd with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ſhip,
Long ſail'd ſecure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruiſing near
The Lilybean ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding; whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage,

Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; horrors ſeize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the battering waves ruſh in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks foundering in the vaſt abyſs.

BLENHEIM.

FROM low and abject themes the groveling Muſe
Now mounts aërial, to ſing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero; may the verſe not ſink
Beneath his merits, but detain awhile
Thy ear, O Harley *! (though thy country's weal
Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counſels) ſince, with every art
Thyſelf adorn'd, the mean eſſays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the Muſes' ſeat:
Therefore thee firſt, and laſt, the Muſe ſhall ſing.
Long had the Gallic monarch, uncontrol'd,
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent ſlightly thought, in heart elate,
As erſt Seſoſtris (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harneſs'd to his chariot yokt
(Baſe ſervitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
Laſht furious; they in ſullen majeſty
Drew the uneaſy load); nor leſs he aim'd
At univerſal ſway: for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war;

* This poem was inſcribed to the Right Honourable Robert Harley, Eſq; 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable Houſe of Commons, and Secretary of State.

Nor

Nor armies leagu'd, that diverſly eſſay'd
To curb his power enormous; like an oak,
That ſtands ſecure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaſeleſs roar, and only ſheds its leaves,
Or maſt, which the revolving ſpring reſtores:
So ſtood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee choſe,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their priſtine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccuſtom'd air,
And other climes, where different food and ſoil
Portend diſtempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilſome, unfatigued with length
Of march, unſtruck with horror at the ſight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-ſtretching hills,
All white with ſummer's ſnows. They go beyond
The trace of Engliſh ſteps, where ſcarce the ſound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; ſuch ſtrength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement: Godolphin, wiſe and juſt,
Equal in merit, honour, and ſucceſs,
To Burleigh (fortunate alike to ſerve
The beſt of Queens): he, of the royal ſtore
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole nights devoid
Of ſweet repoſe, induſtrious to procure
The ſoldier's eaſe; to regions far remote

His

His care extends; and to the Britiſh hoſt
Makes raviſh'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wiſht approach
The Germans, hopeleſs of ſucceſs, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New-animated rouze; not more rejoice
The miſerable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumm'd with froſts
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keeneſt breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement ſky!
When firſt the ſun with new-born light removes
The long-incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
In military honour next, although
His deadly hand ſhook the Turcheſtan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far-divided lands
Victorious; on thy powerful ſword alone
Germania and the Belgic coaſt relies,
Won from th' encroaching ſea; that ſword great Anne
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiſſant ſide,
When thee ſh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illuſtrating the noble liſt; her hand
Aſſures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like deſire of high exploits,
Immediate ſieges, and the tire of war,
Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumy creſt
Nods horrible; with more terrific port
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the fight.
What ſpoils, what conqueſts, then did Albion hope

From

From thy atchievements! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear or fancy; they, in multitude
Superior, fed their thoughts with proſpect vain
Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
From ranſom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate beſpoke: O friend, obſerve
How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
The Britons come, with gold well fraught, they come
Thus far our prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
Their recreant force; how will their bodies ſtript
Enrich the victors, while the vultures ſate
Their maws with full repaſt!—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd:
What if this ſword, full often drench'd in blood
Of baſe antagoniſts, with griding edge
Should now cleave ſheer the execrable head
Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
Soon as his army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
Should ſtay him flying, with retentive gripe,
Confounded and appal'd! no trivial price
Should ſet him free, nor ſmall ſhould be my praiſe
To lead him ſhackled, and expos'd to ſcorn
Of gathering crowds, the Britons' boaſted chief.
Thus they, in ſportive mood, their empty taunts
And menaces expreſt; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious ſpeech
Refrain: Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? Why
Decline the war? Shall a moraſs forbid

Your eaſy march? Advance; we 'll bridge a way
Safe of acceſs. Imprudent, thus t' invite
A furious lion to his folds! That boaſt
He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
He ſoon reviſits Britany, that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtretcht retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry; O hapleſs fate,
If any arm, but Churchill's, had prevail'd!
No need ſuch boaſts, or exprobrations falſe
Of cowardice; the military mound
The Britiſh files tranſcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.
And now on either ſide the trumpets blew,
Signal of onſet, reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverſe fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might; for on th' event
Deciſive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms: with leſs vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæſar, and Pompey, on Pharſalian plains,
Where ſtern Bellona, with one final ſtroke,
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold champion! brandiſhing his Noric blade,
Beſt-temper'd ſteel, ſucceſsleſs prov'd in field!
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
Preſumptuous comes; here Churchill, not ſo prompt
To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins

With

With Eugene's German force. Now from each
The brazen inſtruments of death diſcharge
Horrific flames, and turbid ſtreaming clouds
Of ſmoke ſulphureous; intermixt with theſe
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiſs,
Singeing the air, and from long diſtance bring
Surprizing ſlaughter; on each ſide they fly
By chains connext, and with deſtructive ſweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy ſcalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks beſtrew
Th' enſanguin'd field: with latent miſchief ſtor'd
Showers of granadoes rain, by ſudden burſt
Diſploding murderous bowels, fragments of ſteel,
And ſtones, and glaſs, and nitrous grain aduſt;
A thouſand ways at once the ſhiver'd orbs
Fly diverſe, working torment, and foul rout
With deadly bruiſe, and gaſhes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high-prancing ſteeds
Diſdain the curb, and, flinging to and fro,
Spurn their diſmounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhoſtile wounds deſtroy'd.

Thus through each army death in various ſhapes
Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
Lie clotted; lifeleſs ſome: with anguiſh theſe
Gnaſhing, and loud laments invoking aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
Of guns, and trumpets' clang, and ſolemn ſound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal ſcale
Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were ſeen,
None of retreat. As when two adverſe winds,

Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-ſky
Engage with horrid ſhock, the ruffled brine
Roars ſtormy, they together daſh the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmoſt rage;
Long undecided laſts the airy ſtrife:
So they incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard moſt prevail'd,
Came to oppoſe his ſlaughtering arm; with ſpeed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gaſping heroes, and fall'n ſteeds
Rolling in death: deſtruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious courſe. Him thus enrag'd,
Deſcrying from afar, ſome engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, deſign'd
By one nice ſhot to terminate the war.
With aim direct the level'd bullet flew,
But miſs'd her ſcope (for Deſtiny withſtood
Th'approaching wound) and guiltleſs plough'd her way
Beneath his courſer; round his ſacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous ſway deals fatal blows
Amongſt the ſcatter'd Gauls. But O! beware,
Great warrior! nor, too prodigal of life,
Expoſe the Britiſh ſafety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reſerve
Thyſelf for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal preſt,
Awaits; this day of all his honours gain'd
Deſpoils him, if thy ſuccour opportune
Defends not the ſad hour: permit not thou

So

So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift, and fierce
As wintery ſtorm, he flies, to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking ſword, and ſtrews the ground
With headleſs ranks (ſo Ajax interpos'd
His ſevenfold ſhield, and ſcreen'd Laertes' ſon,
For valour much, and warlike wiles, renown'd,
When the inſulting Trojans urg'd him ſore
With tilted ſpears): unmanly dread invades
The French aſtony'd; ſtrait their uſeleſs arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unſeemly yelling; diſtant hills return
The hideous noiſe. What can they do? or how
Withſtand his wide-deſtroying ſword? or where
Find ſhelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
Reſiſtleſs, th' eager Engliſh champions preſs,
Chaſtiſing tardy flight; before them rolls
His current ſwift, the Danube vaſt and deep,
Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulſive arms, ſoon as they reacht,
New horror chill'd their veins: devote they ſaw
Themſelves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by deſpair, or obſtinate
To fall like men in arms, ſome dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the reſt, diſcomfited,
And puſht by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood.
Bands numerous as the Memphian ſoldiery

Th

That ſwell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellouſly ſtood,
Obſervant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thouſands float the ſtream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther ſhore;
Confiding in their hands, that ſed'lous ſtrive
To cut th' outrageous fluent: in this diſtreſs,
Ev'n in the ſight of death, ſome tokens ſhew
Of fearleſs friendſhip, and their ſinking mates
Suſtain: vain love, though laudable! abſorb'd
By a fierce eddy, they together ſound
The vaſt profundity; their horſes paw
The ſwelling ſurge with fruitleſs toil: ſurcharg'd,
And in his courſe obſtructed by large ſpoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The lingering remnant with unuſual tide;
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So when ſome ſweltering travellers retire
To leafy ſhades, near the cool ſunleſs verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian ſtream; her tail
Of vaſt extenſion from her watery den,
A griſly Hydra ſuddenly ſhoots forth,
Inſidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls; th' unweeting prey
Entwiſted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.
Nor did the Britiſh ſquadrons now ſurceaſe
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moiſt element a ſcorching death,

Piere'd ſinking; ſhrouded in a duſky cloud
The current flows, with livid miſſive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the ſwift-footed ſon
Of Peleus to his baleful banks purſued
The ſtraggling Trojans: nor leſs eager drove
Victorious Churchill his deſponding foes
Into the deep immenſe, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with guſhing gore diſtained.
Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, reſcued harraſs'd powers
From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Suſtain'd. With prudent ſtay, he long defer'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An hoſt diſparted; when in union firm
Embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all
Their ſtrength, and worthy ſeemed to be ſubdued:
He the proud boaſters ſent, with ſtern aſſault,
Down to the realms of Night. The Britiſh ſouls,
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On Landen-plains, this heavenly gladſome air,
Exult to ſee the crowding ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not ſo the new inhabitants: they roam
Erroneous, and diſconſolate; themſelves
Accuſing, and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they ſee,
Through the dun miſt, in blooming beauty freſh,

Two

Two lovely youths, that amicably walked
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
Anna's late conqueſts; * one, to empire born,
Egregious Prince, whoſe manly childhood ſhew'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unſpeakable; † thou, his aſſociate dear
Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
Had thy preſiding ſtar propitious ſhone,
Should'ſt Churchill be! but Heaven ſevere cut ſhort
Their ſpringing years, nor would this iſle ſhould boaſt
Gifts ſo important! them the Gallic ſhades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of exceſſive dignity and grace,
Delighted; till, in one, their curious eye
Diſcerns their great ſubduer's awful mien,
And correſponding features fair; to them
Confuſion! ſtrait the airy phantoms fleet,
With headlong haſte, and dread a new purſuit.
The image pleas'd with joy paternal ſmiles.
Enough, O Muſe: the ſadly-pleaſing theme
Leave, with theſe dark abodes, and re-aſcend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conqueror, and ſav'd nations' joint acclaim.
Hark! how the cannon, inoffenſive now,
Gives ſigns of gratulation; ſtruggling crouds
From every city flow; with ardent gaze
Fix't, they behold the Britiſh Guide, of ſight
Inſatiate; whilſt his great redeeming hand

* Duke of Glouceſter. † Marquis of Blandford.

Each prince affects to touch reſpectful. See
How Pruſſia's King tranſported entertains
His mighty gueſt! to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits (with better fate,
Than to the Trojan Chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and intreats to ſhew
The ſkill and rudiments auſtere of war.
See, with what joy, him Leopold declares
His great Deliverer; and courts t' accept
Of titles, with ſuperior modeſty
Better refus'd! Meanwhile the haughty King
Far humbler thoughts now learns: deſpair, and fear,
Now firſt he feels; his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head, in life's extreme,
Diſtract his ſoul; nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various-ſounding wire, beſt taught to calm
Whatever paſſion, and exalt the ſoul
With higheſt ſtrains, his languid ſpirits cheer:
Rage, ſhame, and grief, alternate in his breaſt.
But who can tell what pangs, what ſharp remorſe,
Torment the Boian prince? from native ſoil
Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping conſort, and depriv'd the ſight
Of his young guiltleſs progeny, he ſeeks
Inglorious ſhelter, in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that his mind averſe
To right, and inſincere, would violate
His plighted faith: why did he not accept
Friendly compoſure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he muſt contend? encountering fierce

The

The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely ſmear'd
With Painim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,
Of counſel raſh, new meaſures he purſues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he ſees
Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him, he once defy'd. O deſtitute
Of hope, unpity'd! thou ſhould'ſt firſt have thought
Of perſevering ſtedfaſt; now upbraid
Thy own inconſtant ill-aſpiring heart.
Lo! how the Noric plains, through thy default
Riſe hilly, with large piles of ſlaughter'd knights,
Beſt men, that warr'd ſtill firmly for their prince
Though faithleſs, and unſhaken duty ſhew'd;
Worthy of better end. Where cities ſtood,
Well fenc'd, and numerous deſolation reigns,
And emptineſs, diſmay'd, unfed, unhous'd;
The widow and the orphan ſtrole around
The deſert wide; with oft-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of manſions, once their own (now loathſome haunts
Of birds obſcene), bewailing loud the loſs
Of ſpouſe, or ſire, or ſon, ere manly prime
Slain in ſad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themſelves, or where appeaſe
Th' afflictive keen deſire of food, expos'd
To winds, and ſtorms, and jaws of ſavage beaſts.
Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd

By Heaven propitious, bliſsful ſeat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours miſeries to prize
Thy welfare; crown'd with Nature's choiceſt gift
Remote thou hear'ſt the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear
And peril, whilſt the diſmal ſymphony
Of drums and clarions, other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian ſceptre undecided, here
Engages mighty hoſts in waſteful ſtrife:
From different climes the flower of youth deſcends,
Down to the Luſitanian vales, reſolv'd
With utmoſt hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic, or Auſtrian; havoc dire enſues,
And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
They muſt obey, in conſternation wait,
Till rigid conqueſt will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
On the mild Latian ſhore: what ſighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curſe
His cleaving faulcheon! fertile ſoil in vain!
What do thy paſtures, or thy vines avail,
Beſt boon of Heaven! or huge Taburnus, cloath'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harveſt immature?
See, with what outrage from the froſty north,
The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while Volga's ſtream
Sends oppoſite, in ſhaggy armour clad,
Her borderers; on mutual ſlaughter bent,
They rend their countries. How is Poland vext

With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for ſway? unhappy nation, left
Thus free of choice! The Engliſh, undiſturb'd
With ſuch ſad privilege, ſubmiſs obey
Whom Heaven ordains ſupreme, with reverence due,
Not thraldom, in fit liberty ſecure:
From ſcepter'd kings, in long deſcent deriv'd,
Thou, Anna, ruleſt; prudent to promote
Thy people's eaſe at home, nor ſtudious leſs
Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly right,
Sole arbitreſs, declining thrones, and powers
Sue for relief; thou bid'ſt thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
Obſequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. Again thou giv'ſt in charge
To Rooke, that he ſhould let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged ſpeed he rides
Undaunted o'er the labouring main t' aſſert
Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallic navies impotent to bear
His volly'd thunder, torn, diſſever'd, ſcud,
And bleſs the friendly interpoſing night.

Hail, mighty Queen! reſerv'd by Fate to grace
The new-born age: what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune ſubmits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmoſt bound
Heſperian, Calpe, by Alcides fixt,

Mountain ſublime, that caſts a ſhade of length
Immeaſurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with inſatiate thirſt of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praiſe
Be ſtill, to ſtudy right, and quell the force
Of kings perfidious; let them learn from thee
That neither ſtrength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with ſucceſs be crown'd, where juſtice fails.
Thou, with thy own content, not for thyſelf,
Subdueſt regions, generous to raiſe
The ſuppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boaſts thy conqueſts, and enjoys
The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
But ſatisfaction from thy conſcious mind.
Auſpicious Queen! ſince in thy realms, ſecure
Of peace thou reign'ſt, and victory attends
Thy diſtant enſigns, with compaſſion view
Europe embroil'd; ſtill thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire,
Reciprocally ruinous; ſay who
Shall wield th' Heſperian, who the Poliſh ſword,
By thy decree? the trembling lands ſhall hear
Thy voice, obedient, leſt thy ſcourge ſhould bruiſe
Their ſtubborn necks, and Churchill, in his wrath,
Make them remember Blenheim with regret.
Thus ſhall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy power, and juſtice: Jealouſies and Fears,
And Hate infernal baniſh'd, ſhall retire
To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coaſts,

Or

Or Tartary, engendering diſcords fell
Amongſt the enemies of truth; while arts
Pacific, and inviolable love,
Flouriſh in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and ſhed your influence ſweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days,
By her reſtor'd, her juſt deſigns complete,
And, mildly on her ſhining, bleſs the world!
Thus, from the noiſy crowd exempt, with eaſe
And plenty bleſt, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet ſolitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The ſilent Muſe, delicious rural ſeat
Of St. John, Engliſh Memmius, I preſum'd
To ſing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge *, no leiſure finds
To ſtring his charming ſhell: but when return'd
Conſummate Peace ſhall rear her chearful head;
Then ſhall his Churchill, in ſublimer verſe,
For ever triumph; lateſt times ſhall learn
From ſuch a Chief to fight, and Bard to ſing.

* He was then Secretary of War.

ODE

O D E

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG' 1706.

O Qui reciſæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire ſuccum, et ſauveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

Qui ſolus acri reſpicis aſperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui ſaporem
Heſperii pretiumque, ſoles:

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, deſidéſque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri ſecundo mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venuſinus alas:

Solers modorum, ſeu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, ſeu caneret roſas
Et vina, cyrrhæis Hetruſcum
Rite beans equitem ſub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generoſior
Affluxit illi; ſæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, ſæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiamque teſtæ.

Patronus

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; ſed nec amantior
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma ſubit, tacitoſque ſenſus!

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
Gratus recordor, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipſe Muſæ
Cultor, et uſque colende Muſis!

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægrè ſpiritus, ilia
Dum pulſat ima, ac inquietum
Tuſſis agens ſine more pectus.

Altè petito quaſſat anhelitu;
Funeſta planè, ni mihi balſamum
Diſtillet in venas, tuæque
Lenis opem ferat hauſtus uvæ.

Hanc ſumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo ſalutem; quin precor, optima
Ut uſque conjux ſoſpitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te conſulentem militiæ ſuper
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
Formoſa cui Franciſca ceſſit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus inſidet!
Tu ſorte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miſerum!) videndo:

Mariu

Maria, quæ me ſidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
  Trajecit, atque excuſſit omnes
  Protinus ex animo puellas.

Hanc ulla mentis ſpe mihi mutuæ
Utcunque deſit, nocte, die vigil
  Suſpiro; nec jam vina ſomnos
  Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

AN ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQUIRE, 1706 *.

O Thou, from India's fruitful ſoil,
That doſt that ſovereign herb † prepare,
In whoſe rich fumes I loſe the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bowl
I ſuck new life into my ſoul.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I ſuſtain;
Which with cool draughts thy caſks ſubdue,
And waſh away the thirſty pain
With wines, whoſe ſtrength and taſte we prize,
From Latian ſuns and nearer ſkies.

O! ſay, to bleſs thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings, ſhall I bring?
Since I can ſpare, and thou approve,
No other gift, O hear me ſing!
In numbers Phœbus does inſpire,
Who ſtrings for thee the charming lyre.

* This piece was tranſlated by the Reverend Thomas Newcome, M. A. of Corpus Chriſti College Oxon.

† Tobacco.

Alaſt,

Aloft, above the liquid ſky,
I ſtretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's ſweet ſwain did whilom fly;
And ſoaring, left the clouds below;
The Muſe invoking to endue
With ſtrength his pinions, as he flew.

Whether he ſings great Beauty's praiſe,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
Or chooſe, the ſubject of his lays,
The bluſhing grape, or blooming roſe:
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky ſprings
Mæcenas liſtens while he ſings.

Yet he no nobler draught could boaſt,
His Muſe or muſic to inſpire,
Though all Falernum's purple coaſt
Flow'd in each glaſs, to lend him fire;
And on his tables us'd to ſmile
The vintage of rich Chio's iſle.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his ſongs,
His Muſe extoll'd, his voice approv'd:
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleaſing, more belov'd.
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

Teach me the paſſion to reſtrain,
As I my grateful homage bring;
And laſt in Phœbus' humble train,
The firſt and brighteſt génius ſing.

The Muſes favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my love, to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly fire,
My boſom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful ſtring,
And pant and languiſh as I ſing.

Faint Nature now demands that breath,
That feebly ſtrives thy worth to ſing!
And would be huſh'd, and loſt in death,
Did not thy care kind ſuccours bring!
Thy pitying caſks my ſoul ſuſtain,
And call new life in every vein.

The ſober glaſs I now behold,
Thy health, with fair Franciſca's join,
Wiſhing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While ſhe can pleaſe, and thou canſt love.

Thus while by you the Britiſh arms
Triumphs and diſtant fame purſue;
The yielding Fair reſigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her ſnowy neck, her breaſt, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

What comely grace, what beauty ſmiles!
  Upon her lips what ſweetneſs dwells!
Not Love himſelf ſo oft beguiles,
  Nor Venus ſelf ſo much excels.
What different fates our paſſions ſhare,
While you enjoy, and I deſpair!

* Maria's form as I ſurvey,
  Her ſmiles a thouſand wounds impart;
Each feature ſteals my ſoul away,
  Each glance deprives me of my heart!
And chaſing thence each other Fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breaſt deſpair,
  And ſighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet, for the lov'd relentleſs Fair,
  By night I wake, by day I burn!
Nor can thy gifts, ſoft Sleep, ſupply,
Or ſooth my pains, or cloſe my eye.

* Miſs Mary Meers, daughter of the late Principal of Brazen-Noſe College, Oxon.

CYDER.

A POEM,

IN TWO BOOKS.

" ——Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?" VIRG.

BOOK I.

WHAT ſoil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchats, timelieſt when to preſs the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verſe
Adventurous I preſume to ſing; of verſe
Nor ſkill'd, nor ſtudious: but my native ſoil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unſung.
Ye Ariconian knights, and faireſt dames,
To whom propitious Heaven theſe bleſſings grants,
Attend my lays, nor hence diſdain to learn,
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O Moſtyn, whoſe benevolence,
And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchſaf'd
To knit in friendſhip, growing ſtill with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a laſting monument remain
Of dear reſpect; that, when this body frail
Is molder'd into duſt, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!

Whoe'er expects his labouring trees ſhould bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harveſt yield,
Be this his firſt concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blaſts
Tempeſtuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the weſt
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Adminiſter their tepid genial airs;
Nought fear he from the weſt, whoſe gentle warmth
Diſcloſes well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender ſeeds; whoſe breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Heſperian fruits, and wafts their odors ſweet
Wide through the air, and diſtant ſhores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackening clouds in ſprinkling ſhowers
Diſtil, from the high ſummits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moiſture cheer'd,
The Orchats ſmile; joyous the farmers ſee
Their thriving plants, and bleſs the heavenly dew.
Next let the planter, with diſcretion meet,
The force and genius of each ſoil explore;
To what adapted, what it ſhuns averſe:
Without this neceſſary care, in vain
He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mold, moſt ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce; pleaſing to ſight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.

So

So Nature has decreed: ſo oft we ſee
Men paſſing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate; leſs, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the ſable ground expect ſucceſs
Nor from cretaceous, ſtubborn and jejune;
The Muſt, of pallid hue, declares the ſoil
Devoid of ſpirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyiſh liquors; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs diſtreſs'd he'll roar,
And toſs, and turn, and curſe th' unwholſom draught.
But, farmer, look, where full-ear'd ſheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that ſoil ſelect
For apples; thence thy induſtry ſhall gain
Ten-fold reward; thy garners, thence with ſtore
Surcharg'd, ſhall burſt: thy preſs with pureſt juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, ſuch Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel ſuch,
Williſian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marſh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feaſt
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
To treat of ſpouſals: long connubial joys
He promis'd to himſelf, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes——oh! hardeſt fate, to fall.
By ſhew of friendſhip, and pretended love!
I nor adviſe, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcley-hill; the apple no where finds

A kinder mold: yet 'tis unſafe to truſt
Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his preſent ſite
Forſaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter ſtrange
For law-debates* ? if therefore thou incline
To deck this riſe with fruits of various taſtes,
Fail not by frequent vows t'implore ſucceſs;
Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.
But if (for Nature doth not ſhare alike
Her gifts) an happy ſoil ſhould be withheld;
If a penurious clay ſhould be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with ſandy ſtones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the ſturdy pear-tree here
Will riſe luxuriant, and with tougheſt root

* February the ſeventh, 1571, at ſix o' clock in the evening, this hill rouſed itſelf with a roaring noiſe, and by ſeven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it ſheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its paſſage overthrew Kinnaſton Chapple, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former poſition. The ground thus moved was about twenty-ſix-acres, which opened itſelf, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards ſpace, leaving that which was paſture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overſpread with paſture. See Speed's Account of Herefordſhire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

Pierce

Pierce the obſtructing grit, and reſtive marle.
Thus nought is uſeleſs made; nor is there land,
But what, or of itſelf, or elſe compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The ſhepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the moſſy turf,
Sufficient; after them the cackling gooſe,
Cloſe-grazer, finds wherewith to eaſe her want.
What ſhould I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Aſtoniſh'd, how the goats their ſhrubby browze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canſt thou ſee,
How from a ſcraggy rock, whoſe prominence
Half overſhades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearleſs of rending winds, and daſhing waves,
Cut ſamphire, to excite the ſqueamiſh guſt
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lye unlabor'd; if the richeſt ſtem
Refuſe to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human uſe redound,
And penury, the worſt of ills, remove?
There are, who, fondly ſtudious of increaſe,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Beſmear the roots; in vain! the nurſling grove
Seems fair a while, cheriſh'd with foſter earth;
But when the alien compoſt is exhauſt,
It's native poverty again prevails.

Though this art fails, deſpond not; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' induſtrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,
And darts his ſultrieſt beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of every plant
To ſink a circling trench, and daily pour
A juſt ſupply of alimental ſtreams,
Exhauſted ſap recruiting; elſe falſe hopes
He cheriſhes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal ſeaſon, but, in ſummer's pride,
When other orchats ſmile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heaven, that in his courſe
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; ſweltering they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage ſeek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still ſtreaming freſh reviſit, to allay
Thirſt inextinguiſhable: but if the ſpring
Preceding ſhould be deſtitute of rain,
Or blaſt ſeptentrional with bruſhing wings
Sweep up the ſmoky miſts, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intenſe, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of faireſt nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim Death in different ſhapes
Depopulates the nations; thouſands fall

His

His victims; youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and ſighing leave their loves
Unfiniſh'd, by infectious heaven deſtroy'd.
Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, laſt
Of Winchcomb's name (next thee in blood and worth,
O faireſt St. John!) left this toilſome world
In beauty's prime, and ſadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thouſand lovers, the relentleſs hand
Of Death arreſt; ſhe with the vulgar fell,
Only diſtinguiſh'd by this humble verſe.
But if it pleaſe the ſun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilſt I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers, (luckleſs men!) ingulft
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian ſhades
Went quick, in one ſad ſepulchre inclos'd.
In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world ſubdued,
A ſpacious city ſtood, with firmeſt walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aerial ſpires, and citadels, the ſeat
Of Kings, and heroes reſolute in war;
Fam'd Ariconium: uncontrol'd and free,
Till all-ſubduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then alſo, though to foreign yoke ſubmiſs,
She undemoliſh'd ſtood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had ſtood, of ancient Britiſh art
A pleaſing monument, not leſs admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruſcan hands

Aroſe; had not the heavenly Powers averſe
Decreed her final doom: for now the fields
Labour'd with thirſt; Aquarius had not ſhed
His wonted ſhowers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solſtitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous ſpume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darkſome caves, by far
More diſmal than the loud diſploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaſeleſs ſtorm
The baſtion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, till now
Cloſely impriſon'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Diſdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full ſtrength
Collecting, from beneath the ſolid maſs
Upheav'd, and all her caſtles rooted deep
Shook from their loweſt ſeat: old Vaga's ſtream,
Forc'd by the ſudden ſhock, her wonted track
Forſook, and drew her humid train aſlope,
Crankling her banks: and now the lowering ſky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled ſolemn, diſmaid
The ſinking hearts of men. Where ſhould they turn
Diſtreſs'd? whence ſeek for aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate ſupreme gives ſigns
Of wrath and deſolation? vain were vows,
And plaints, and ſuppliant hands to Heaven erect:
Yet ſome to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,

Who

Who with their votaries in one ruin ſhar'd,
Cruſh'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the ſtreets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror ſtalks around,
Wild-ſtaring, and, his ſad concomitant,
Deſpair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace with haſty ſtrides
Preſs furious, and, too eager of eſcape,
Obſtruct the eaſy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footſteps; to, and fro, they reel
Aſtoniſh'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground aduſt her riven mouth diſparts,
Horrible chaſm; profound! with ſwift deſcent
Old Ariconium ſinks, and all her tribes,
Herocs, and ſenators, down to the realms
Of endleſs night. Meanwhile, the looſen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Conſum'd, her ravenous jaws th' earth ſatiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious paſſenger may learn
Her ample ſite, ſave coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, laſting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilome ſtood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddieſt freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood

Improv'd,

Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muſe,
Urging her deſtin'd labours to purſue.
The prudent will obſerve, what paſſions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love, and averſion); everlaſting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor leſs abhors
The Colewort's rankneſs; but with amorous twine
Claſps the tall Elm: the Pæſtan Roſe unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Creſt of ſtout Britons), and inhances thence
The price of her celeſtial ſcent: the Gourd,
And thirſty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with reſentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverſe, deteſting contact; whilſt the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Cloſe-neighbouring: th' Herefordian plant
Careſſes freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-reſiſting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy ſtem;
Uneaſy, ſeated by funereal Yeugh,
Or Walnut, (whoſe malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits), or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they aſſociate beſt, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
Would'ſt thou thy vats with gen'rous juice ſhould froth?
Reſpect thy orchats; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous

Spontaneous will produce an wholſome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A Cyon meetly ſever: after, force
A way into the crabſtock's cloſe-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Encloſe the foſter twig; nor over-nice
Refuſe with thy own hands around to ſpread
The binding clay: ere-long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nouriſhment convey
To the new pupil; now he ſhoots his arms
With quickeſt growth; now ſhake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambroſial fruit.
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's pureſt ſpirit, and reſiſt
It's feculence, which in more porous ſtocks
Of Cyder-plants finds paſſage free, or elſe
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Through th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and ſweet; whatever be the cauſe,
This doubtful progeny by niceſt taſtes
Expected beſt acceptance finds, and pays
Largeſt revenues to the orchat-lord.

Some think the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloe-ſtem bearing Sylvan Plumbs auſtere.
Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what loſs
To try the powers of both, and ſearch how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In cloſe embraces, and ſtrange offspring bear?
Thou 'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,

Undamag'd,

Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of ſundry forms; at different times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branc
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.
Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particolor'd fruits, that pleaſe
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's Muſe,
Thrice ſacred Muſe! commodious precepts gives.
Inſtructive to the ſwains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: ſometimes ſhe diverts
From ſolid counſels, ſhews the force of love
In ſavage beaſts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapleſs youth through ſtorms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: Then ſhe deſcribes
The Scythian winter, nor diſdains to ſing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimick briſk Cyder with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harſheſt juice.
Let ſage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees anſwer beſt
From root, or kernel: ſhe will beſt the hours
Of harveſt, and ſeed-time declare; by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And ſecret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoiſt,
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe

The Indian weed *, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whoſe acrimonious fume
Extracts ſuperfluous juices, and refines
The blood diſtemper'd from its noxious ſalts;
Friend to the ſpirits, which with vapors bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleaſantry, and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal ſhell
Warble melodious their well-labor'd ſongs.
She found the poliſh'd glaſs, whoſe ſmall convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, inviſible elſe, of Nature's hand
Leaſt animal; and ſhews, what laws of life
The cheeſe-inhabitants obſerve, and how
Fabrick their manſions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artiſts! but the hidden ways
Of Nature would'ſt thou know? how firſt ſhe frames
All things in miniature? thy ſpecular orb
Apply to well-diſſected kernels; lo!
Strange forms ariſe, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: obſerve the ſlender threads
Of firſt beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow ſeeds deſcrib'd; thou'lt wondering ſay,
An inmate orchat every apple boaſts.
Thus all things by experience are diſplay'd,
And moſt improv'd. Then ſeduloufly think
To meliorate thy ſtock; no way, or rule,
Be unaſſay'd; prevent the morning ſtar

* Tobacco.

Aſſiduous,

Aſſiduous, nor with the weſtern ſun
Surceaſe to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Conſume in meditation deep, recluſe
From human converſe, nor, at ſhut of eve,
Enjoy repoſe; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking ſtudies, if by chance
Thee I may counſel right; and oft this care
Diſturbs me ſlumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyſelf? and rather chooſe
To lie ſupinely, hoping Heaven will bleſs
Thy ſlighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit, when the ſtork, ſworn foe of ſnakes,
Returns, to ſhew compaſſion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well ſharpen'd now aſſail the ſpreading ſhades
Of vegetables, and their thirſty limbs
Diſſever: for the genial moiſture, due
To apples, otherwiſe miſpends itſelf
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain ſhoots, and empty leaves abound,
When ſwelling buds their odorous foliage ſhed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wiſe
Spare not the little offſprings, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging cluſters thin
By kind avulſion: elſe the ſtarveling brood,
Void of ſufficient ſuſtenance, will yield
A ſlender autumn; which the niggard ſoul
Too late ſhall weep, and curſe his thrifty hand,
That would not timely eaſe the ponderous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to ſcare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From ſpray to ſpray, ſcooping the coſtlieſt fruit
Inſatiate, undiſturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the falſe terrors of a breathleſs kite.
This done, the timorous flock with ſwifteſt wing
Scud through the air; their fancy repreſents
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak
Deſtructive; glad to ſhun his hoſtile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Beſides, the filthy ſwine will oft invade
Thy firm incloſure, and with delving ſnout
The rooted foreſt undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious maſtiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears,
A ſad memorial of their paſt offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large ſhoals of ſlow houſe-bearing ſnails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring ſlimy tracts
In the ſleek rinds, and unpreſt Cyder drink.
No art averts this peſt; on thee it lies,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wiſe, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itſelf rewards
With pleaſing gain, whilſt the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of waſps now alſo cluſtering hang,
And drain a ſpurious honey from thy groves,

Their

Their winter food; though oft repuls'd, again
They rally, undiſmay'd: but fraud with eaſe
Enſnares the noiſome ſwarms; let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viſcous juice;
They, by th' alluring odor drawn, in haſte
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding ſip
Their palatable bane; joyful thou 'lt ſee
The clammy ſurface all o'er-ſtrown with tribes
Of greedy inſects, that with fruitleſs toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid ſhackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthleſs ſouls: ſuch doom
Waits luxury, and lawleſs love of gain!
  Howe'er thou may'ſt forbid external force,
Inteſtine evils will prevail; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
Of firmeſt fruits, and by unſeen decay
The proper reliſh vitiate: then the grub
Oft unobſerv'd invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant, and her ſecret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaſeleſs; meanwhile the apple's outward form
Delectable the witleſs ſwain beguiles,
Till, with a writhen mouth, and ſpattering noiſe,
He taſtes the bitter morſel, and rejects
Diſreliſht; not with leſs ſurprize, than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners paſs
Through flowery meads delighted, nor diſtruſt
The ſmiling ſurface; [illegible]ern'd ground,
With

With grain incentive ſtor'd, by ſudden blaze
Burſts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and diſmembred, they aloft expire.
Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæacian iſle, from whence,
Sailing the ſpaces of the boundleſs deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd:
The Pippin burniſht o'er with gold, the Moyle
Of ſweeteſt honeyed taſte, the fair Permain
Temper'd, like comlieſt nymph, with red and white.
Salopian acres flouriſh with a growth
Peculiar, ſtyl'd the Ottley: be thou firſt
This Apple to tranſplant, if to the name
Its merit anſwers, no where ſhalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taſte.
Nor does the Eliot leaſt deſerve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whoſe wither'd rind, intrencht
With many a furrow, aptly repreſents
Decrepid age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-reliſhing: why ſhould we ſing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Ruſſet, or the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various uſe
Though theſe are meet, though after full repaſt
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich deſſert?
What, though the Pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
Beſt ſcreen thy manſion from the fervent Dog

Adverſe to life; the wintery hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the ſtrong onſet, and controls their rage.
Chiefly the Boſbury, whoſe large increaſe,
Annual, in ſumptuous banquets claims applauſe.
Thrice-acceptable beverage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's ſelf
Would dread thy praiſe, and ſhun the dubious ſtrife.
Be it thy choice, when ſummer-heats annoy,
To ſit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how ſweet t' enjoy,
At once her fruits, and heſpitable ſhade!

But how with equal numbers ſhall we match
The Muſk's ſurpaſſing worth! that earlieſt gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the ſpreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings, and cold ſyderal blaſts!
Yet let her to the Red-ſtreak yield, that once
Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, till Scudamore's ſkilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly diſcipline
Taught her the ſavage nature to forget:
Hence ſtyl'd the Scudamorean plant; whoſe wine
Whoever taſtes, let him with grateful heart
Reſpect that ancient loyal houſe, and wiſh
The nobler peer, that now tranſcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's juſteſt pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own

The Red-ſtreak as ſupreme, whoſe pulpous fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion ſhines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primæval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve in hapleſs hour to taſte, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inſpires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muſe
Kindles to loftier ſtrains; even I perceive
Her ſacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Eaſy, whilſt, chear'd with her nectareous juice,
Hers, and my country's praiſes I exalt.
Hail Herefordian plant, that doſt diſdain
All other fields! Heaven's ſweeteſt bleſſing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my ſong,
And thy choice Nectar; on which always waits
Laughter, and ſport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendſhip, chief delight of human life.
What ſhould we wiſh for more? or why, in queſt
Of foreign vintage, inſincere, and mixt,
Traverſe th' extremeſt world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far ſurmounts
Gallic, or Latin Grapes, or thoſe that ſee
The ſetting ſun near Calpe's towering height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Leſbian vines
Vaunt their rich Muſt, nor let Tokay contend
For ſovereignty; Phanæus ſelf muſt bow
To th' Ariconian vales: And ſhall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let

The ſoil lie idle, which, with fit manure,
With largeſt uſury repay, alone
Impowered to ſupply what Nature aſks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with battening ooze enrich'd,
Give ſpirit to the graſs; three cubits high
The jointed herbage ſhoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with ſtore
Of golden wheat, the ſtrength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Aſcending ſpiral, rang'd in meet array!
Lo, how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'erſhadow'd, to the thirſty hind
Tranſporting proſpect! theſe, as modern uſe
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compoſe,
Wholeſome, of deathleſs fame. Here, to the ſight,
Apples of price, and plenteous ſheaves of corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; ſo rich the ſoil,
So much does fructuous moiſture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whoſe tops
To heaven aſpire, affording proſpect ſweet
To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Deſcending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verdurous paſture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich variety
Pleaſing; as when an Emerald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright maſs acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to ſight.
Next add the Sylvan ſhades, and ſilent groves,

(Haunt

(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel; whence the ſturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by ſweating peaſants fell'd,
Stems the vaſt main, and bears tremendous war
To diſtant nations, or with ſov'ran ſway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why ſhould the Chalybes, or Bilboa boaſt
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? can Tmolus' head
Vie with our ſaffron odors? or the fleece
Bætic, or fineſt Tarentine, compare
With Lemſter's ſilken wool? where ſhall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? in ancient days,
The Roman legions, and great Cæſar, found
Our fathers no mean foes: and Creſſy's plains,
And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confeſs
What the Silures vigour unwithſtood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-waſting hand, firſt garter'd Knight,
Puiſſant author of great Chandos' ſtem,
High Chandos, that tranſmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient proweſs, and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice-happy peer!
That, bleſt with hoary vigor, view'ſt thyſelf
Freſh blooming in thy generous ſon; whoſe lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wiſe Senate, and attention win
In deepeſt councils: Ariconium pleas'd,

Him, as her choſen worthy, firſt ſalutes.
Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic ſhore,
Him hardy Britons bleſs; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The General's conduct, than his care avails.
Thee alſo, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls: yet ſhe indures
Patient thy abſence, ſince thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the Muſes' faireſt ſeat *,
Where † Aldrich reigns, and from his endleſs ſtore
Of univerſal knowledge ſtill ſupplies
His noble care; he generous thoughts inſtils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues by his genius led,
Thou ſoon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this iſle, and riſe to Burleigh's fame.
Hail high-born peer! and thou, great nurſe of arts,
And men, from whence conſpicuous patriots ſpring,
Hanmer, and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
Reſpect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring; be for ever bleſt
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, ſuch a race of men produce,
As, in the cauſe of virtue firm, may fix

* Oxford.

† Dr. Aldrich Dean of Chriſt-church.

Her

Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this vow
From one, the meaneſt in her numerous train;
Though meaneſt, not leaſt ſtudious of her praiſe.
Muſe, raiſe thy voice to Beaufort's ſpotleſs fame,
To Beaufort, in a long deſcent derived
From royal anceſtry, of kingly rights
Faithful aſſerters, in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high deſert from pride
Disjoin'd, unſhaken honour, and contempt
Of ſtrong allurements. O illuſtrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,
In her fair liſt this happy land inrolls.
Who can refuſe a tributary verſe
To Weymouth, firmeſt friend of ſlighted worth
In evil days? whoſe hoſpitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily gueſts; whoſe board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feaſt-rites old: meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of ſecret goodneſs, ſhuns the praiſe,
That ſure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what though hid will beauteous ſhine,
And with thy name to dignify my ſong.
But who is he, that on the winding ſtream
Of Vaga firſt drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's ſecret councils ſits,
Weighing the ſum of things, with wiſe forecaſt
Solicitous of public good? how large
His mind that comprehends whate'er was known
To old, or preſent time; yet not elate,

Not conſcious of its ſkill? what praiſe deſerves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing ſuit? O not unthankful Muſe,
Him lowly reverence, that firſt deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and ſkreen'd thee from opprobrious tongues.
Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inſcribe on every bark; the wounded plants
Will faſt increaſe, faſter thy juſt reſpect.
Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or ſkill in peace, and war: of ſofter mold
The female ſex, with ſweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchleſs forms with tranſient glance,
Catch ſudden love, and ſigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue moſt engaging, free
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honeſt nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life, rebate the miſeries of age.
And is there found a wretch ſo baſe of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exacteſt work of Heaven? He ill deſerves
Or love, or pity; friendleſs let him ſee
Uneaſy, tedious days, deſpis'd, forlorn,
As ſtain of human race: but may the man,
That chearfully recounts the female's praiſe,
Find equal love, and love's untainted ſweets
Enjoy with honour! O, ye Gods! might I

Eleſt

Elect my fate, my happieſt choice ſhould be
A fair and modeſt virgin, that invites
With aſpect chaſte, forbidding looſe deſire,
Tenderly ſmiling; in whoſe heavenly eye
Sits pureſt love enthron'd: but if the ſtars
Malignant theſe my better hopes oppoſe,
May I, at leaſt, the ſacred pleaſures know
Of ſtricteſt amity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may ſhare
Gladneſs and anguiſh, by kind intercourſe
Of ſpeech, and offices. May in my mind,
Indelible a grateful ſenſe remain
Of favours undeſerv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low ſeek aid; moſt wiſe
Interpreter of right, whoſe gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reaſon; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchſaf'd, when to the gates of death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd ſhades
I now had wander'd; and theſe empty thoughts
Of apples periſh'd; but, uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afreſh, each night and day,
Thy unexampled goodneſs to extol
Deſirous; but nor night, nor day, ſuffice
For that great taſk; the highly-honour'd name
Of Trevor muſt employ my willing thoughts
Inceſſant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me

Be fawning cringe, and falſe diſſembling look,
And ſervile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some looſe the bands
Of ancient friendſhip, cancel Nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
Renounce their ſires, oppoſe paternal right
For rule and power; and others realms invade
With ſpecious ſhews of love. This traiterous wretch
Betrays his ſovereign. Others, deſtitute
Of real zeal, to every altar bend
By lucre ſway'd, and act the baſeſt things
To be ſtyl'd honourable: the honeſt man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door,
A jocund pilgrim, though diſtreſs'd, he 'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
Will ſhock his ſtedfaſt ſoul; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meaneſt gain, of preſent goods deſpoil'd,
He 'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with obſervant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple ſtain
Of cumbrous veſtments, labor'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd, and ſet them all agape;
Yet clad in homely weeds, from envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conſcience, nor with ſpectres' griſly forms,
Dæmons, and injur'd ſouls, at cloſe of day

Annoy'd,

Annoy'd, ſad interrupted ſlumbers finds.
But (as a child, whoſe inexperienc'd age
Nor evil purpoſe fears, nor knows) enjoys
Night's ſweet refreſhment, humid ſleep ſincere,
When Chanticleer, with clarion ſhrill, recalls
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladſome, intent on ſomewhat that may eaſe
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious ſearch
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Foſſils, and minerals, that th' embowel'd earth
Diſplays, if by his induſtry he can
Benefit human race: or elſe his thoughts
Are exercis'd with ſpeculations deep
Of good, and juſt, and meet, and th' wholeſome rules
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not ſedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blaſt the fame
Of harmleſs men, or ſecret whiſpers ſpread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed diſtruſt and hate.
Studious of virtue, he no life obſerves,
Except his own; his own employs his cares,
Large ſubject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little ſtock denies
Fit alms to Lazars, merciful, and meek.
Thus ſacred Virgil liv'd from courtly vice,
And bates of pompous Rome ſecure; at court,
Still thoughtful of the rural honeſt life,
And how t' improve his grounds, and how himſelf:
Beſt poet! fit exemplar for the tribe

Of Phœbus, nor leſs fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeleſs pilgrim! and, if after theſe,
If after theſe another I may name,
Thus tender Spenſer liv'd, with mean repaſt
Content, depreſs'd by penury, and pine
In foreign realm; yet not debas'd his verſe
By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard *,
Oh, had but he, that firſt ennobled ſong
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been;
'Mong many faithleſs, ſtrictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he ſhould not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim ſuffuſion veil'd!
But he—however, let the Muſe abſtain,
Nor blaſt his fame, from whom ſhe learnt to ſing
In much inferior ſtrains, groveling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains, and vales intent,
Mean follower. There let her reſt a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

* Milton.

CYDER

CYDER.

BOOK II.

O Harcourt, whom th' ingenuous love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native ſoil, beyond
Th' eternal Alpine ſnows, and now detains
In Italy's waſte realms, how long muſt we
Lament thy abſence? whilſt in ſweet ſojourn
Thou view'ſt the reliques of old Rome; or, what
Unrival'd authors by their preſence made
For ever venerable, rural ſeats,
Tibur, and Tuſculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Reſpecting his great name, doſt now approach
With bended knee, and ſtrow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's iſle with Latian knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirſt of pre-eminence; ſee! how the cauſe
Of widows, and of orphans, he aſſerts
With winning rhetoric, and well-argued law!
Mark well his footſteps, and, like him, deſerve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.
Meanwhile (although the Maſſic grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject

Thy

Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the Britiſh vats
O'erflow with generous cyder; far remote
Accept this labour, nor deſpiſe the Muſe,
That, paſſing lands and ſeas, on thee attends.
Thus far of trees: the pleaſing taſk remains,
To ſing of wines, and autumn's bleſt increaſe.
Th' effects of art are ſhewn, yet what avails
'Gainſt Heaven? oft, notwithſtanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the ſmall fruitery ſeems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blaſt
Diſaſtrous flies, ſoon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unſkill'd
To bear the hot diſeaſe, diſtemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide incloſure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus diſappointed. If the former years
Exhibit no ſupplies, alas! thou muſt
With taſteleſs water waſh thy droughty throat.
A thouſand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
Till luſty autumn's luke-warm days allay'd
With gentle colds, inſenſibly confirm
His ripening labours: autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and ſky-dy'd Plumbs, and what in coat
Rough, or ſoft rind, or bearded huſk, or ſhell;
Fat Olives, and Piſtacio's fragrant nut,

And

And the Pine's taſteful Apple: autumn paints
Auſonian hills with Grapes; whilſt Engliſh plains
Bluſh with pomaceous harveſts, breathing ſweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embоſom'd odors, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whoſe full-ag'd ſtore
Diffuſe Ambroſial ſteams, than Myrrh, or Nard,
More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean!
Soft whiſpering airs, and the lark's mattin ſong
Then woo to muſing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irkſome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Beſt portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, ſmiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah!
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs diſturb
Our pleaſant hours! inclement winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith froſty blaſts deface
The blithſome year: trees of their ſhrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary ſtorms o'er all prevail!
Now, now 's the time, ere haſty ſuns forbid
To work, diſburden thou thy fapleſs wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor: now exhort
Thy hinds to exerciſe the pointed ſteel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: now prepare
Materials for thy mill; a ſturdy poſt
Cylindric, to ſupport the grinder's weight
Exceſſive; and a flexile ſallow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.

Nor muſt thou not be mindful of thy preſs,
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care
Shave the goat's ſhaggy beard, left thou too late
In vain ſhould'ſt ſeek a ſtrainer to diſpart
The huſky, terrene dregs, from purer Muſt.
Be cautious next a proper ſteed to find,
Whoſe prime is paſt; the vigorous horſe diſdains
Such ſervile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His paſt atchievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy ſtone; with ſober pace
He 'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
From early day-ſpring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuſeful to his lord.

Some, when the preſs, by utmoſt vigour ſcrew'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous maſs, regale their ſwine
With the dry refuſe; thou, more wiſe, ſhalt ſteep
Thy huſks in water, and again employ
The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe
The ſmall remains of ſpirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peaſants blithe
Will quaff, and whiſtle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and ſing of Fuſca's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor ſhalt thou now
Reject the Apple-cheeſe, though quite exhauſt;
Even now 'twill cheriſh, and improve the roots
Of ſickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harveſt of unuſual growth.
Such profit ſprings from huſks diſcreetly us'd!

The

The tender apples, from their parents rent
By ſtormy ſhocks, muſt not neglected lie,
The prey of worms: A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, ſubdued
By endleſs culture, with ſufficient Muſt
His caſks repleniſh'd yearly: he no more
Deſir'd, nor wanted; diligent to learn
The various ſeaſons, and by ſkill repel
Invading peſts, ſucceſsful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempeſts arm'd
Outrageous, bluſter'd horrible amidſt
His Cyder-grove: o'erturn'd by furious blaſts,
The ſightly ranks fall proſtrate, and around
Their fruitage ſcatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature: yet did he not repine,
Nor curſe his ſtars; but prudent, his fallen heaps
Collecting, cheriſh'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded graſs, and the ſun's mellowing beams
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A coſtly liquor, by improving time,
Equal'd with what the happieſt vintage bears.
But this I warn thee, and ſhall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures uſe, as ſome
With watery turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated braſs, ſteaming with fire intenſe;
Although Devonia much commends the uſe
Of ſtrengthening Vulcan; with their native ſtrength
Thy wines ſufficient, other aid refuſe;
And, when th' allotted orb of time 's compleat,

Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.
Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The prieſt's appointed ſhare; with chearful heart
The tenth of thy increaſe beſtow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodneſs, that will ſure repay
Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear
Signal avengeance, ſuch as overtook
A miſer, that unjuſtly once withheld
The clergy's due: relying on himſelf,
His fields he tended, with ſucceſsleſs care,
Early and late, when or unwiſh'd-for rain
Deſcended, or unſeaſonable froſts
Curb'd his increaſing hopes; or, when around
The clouds dropt fatneſs, in the middle ſky
The dew ſuſpended ſtaid, and left unmoiſt
His execrable glebe: recording this,
Be juſt, and wiſe, and tremble to tranſgreſs.
Learn now the promiſe of the coming year,
To know, that by no flattering ſigns abus'd,
Thou wiſely may'ſt provide: the various moon
Prophetic, and attendant ſtars, explain
Each riſing dawn; ere icy cruſts ſurmount
The current ſtream, the heavenly orbs ſerene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unfully'd: now the fowler, warn'd
By theſe good omens, with ſwift early ſteps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and glades
Offenſive to the birds; ſulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedleſs while they ſtrain

Their

Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead,
O'ertakes their ſpeed; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds precipitant to earth.
The woodcocks early viſit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harveſt; he of times
Intelligent, the harſh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters; when our ſuns
Cleave the chill'd ſoil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen ſummers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent ſnows: O, may'ſt thou often ſee
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutriceous! ſecret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.
Sometimes thou ſhalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind; the orchat loves to wave
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads; the looſened roots then drink
Large increment, earneſt of happy years.
Nor will it nothing profit to obſerve
The monthly ſtars, their powerful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each ſign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent to all moons ſome ſucculent plant
Allotted, that poor helpleſs man might ſlack
His preſent thirſt, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Raſps, ſupply
Delicious draughts; the Quinces now, or Plumbs,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thiſbeian fruit
Are preſt to wines; the Britons ſqueeze the works

Of ſedulous bees, and mixing odorous herbs
Prepare balſamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and ſhort-breath'd, ancient ſires.
But, if thou 'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks would'ſt brew;
Beſides the orchat, every hedge and buſh
Affords aſſiſtance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, diſtils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuſe of nurſing ſap. When ſolar beams
Parch thirſty human veins, the damaſk'd meads,
Unforc'd, diſplay ten thouſand painted flowers
Uſeful in potables. Thy little ſons
Permit to range the paſtures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowſlip-poſies, faintly ſweet,
From whence thou artificial wines ſhalt drain
Of icy taſte, that, in mid fervors, beſt
Slack craving thirſt, and mitigate the day.
Happy Iërne *, whoſe moſt wholſome air
Poiſons envenom'd ſpiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her ſhore!
More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
With miſcellaneous ſpices, and the root
(For thirſt-abating ſweetneſs prais'd), which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Preſent redreſs, and lively health convey.
See, how the Belgæ, ſedulous and ſtout,
With bowls of fattening Mum, or bliſsful cups

* Ireland.

Of kernel-reliſh'd fluids, the fair ſtar
Of early Phoſphorus ſalute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-riſing fumes! by uſe
Inſtructed, thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.
What need to treat of diſtant climes, remov'd
Far from the ſloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petſora, and Iſlandic coaſts?
Where ever-during ſnows, perpetual ſhades
Of darkneſs, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic tract ſpontaneous yield
A chearing purple berry, big with wine,
Intenſely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of ſtrongeſt Brandy, yet ſcarce with theſe aids
Enabled to prevent the ſudden rot
Of freezing noſe, and quick-decaying feet.
Nor leſs the ſable borderers of Nile,
Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom ſunny Borneo bears, are ſtor'd with ſtreams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's ſpirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet ſhades, and Thraſcia's gales,
Pining with Æquinoctial heat, unleſs
The cordial glaſs perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they cloſe their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often interrupted ſleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate

Their dry-furr'd tongues, elſe minutely to death
Obnoxious, diſmal death, th' effect of drought!
More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-ſprouting veſts arrays! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celeſtial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous ſpirits added (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine ceaſeleſs draw,
Intent on laughter; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Againſt a ſecret cliff, with ſudden ſhock
A ſhip is daſh'd, and leaking drinks the ſea,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mariners ay ply the pump,
Nor ſtay, nor reſt, till the wide breach is clos'd:
So they (but chearful) unfatigued, ſtill move
The draining ſucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleaſing work.
But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are fruſtrate, ſhould'ſt thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded ſtore,
And the harſh draught, muſt twice endure the ſun's
Kind ſtrengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.
There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eliot, ſweet Permain: the blended ſtreams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleaſurable medley, of what taſte
Hardly diſtinguiſh'd; as the ſhowery arch,

With

With liſted colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watery brede, with thouſand ſhews
Of painture vary'd, yet 's unſkill'd to tell
Or where one colour riſes, or one faints.
Some Cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine reliſh, and of ſundry vines
Aſſum'd the flavour; one ſort counterfeits
The Spaniſh product; this, to Gauls has ſeem'd
The ſparkling Nectar of Champaigne; with that,
A German oft has ſwill'd his throat, and ſworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine beſtow'd
The generous rummer, whilſt the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his gueſts, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cyder caſk.
Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of cloſe-preſt huſks is freed, thou muſt refrain
Thy thirſty ſoul; let none perſuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholſome, undigeſted cades:
The hoary froſts, and northern blaſts, take care
Thy muddy beverage to ſerene, and drive
Precipitant the baſer, ropy lees.
And now thy wine 's tranſpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthy groſs, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuſe, left, too ſoon disjoin'd
From ſprightly, it to ſharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigor it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; ſelf-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent

Aſcending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into ſubject veſſels, lovely clear.
As when a noon-tide ſun, with ſummer beams,
Darts through a cloud, her watery ſkirts are edg'
With lucid amber, or undroſſy gold:
So, and ſo richly, the purg'd liquid ſhines.
Now alſo, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full ſummer ſhines, a dubious ſeaſon, cloſe
In glaſs thy purer ſtreams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, ſpirit, and flavour new.
For this intent, the ſubtle chemiſt feeds
Perpetual flames, whoſe unreſiſted force
O'er ſand, and aſhes, and the ſtubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fuſil ſea,
That in his furnace bubbles ſunny-red:
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd ſteel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a ſurpriſing cube, or ſphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plaſtic lungs,
To human life ſubſervient; by his means
Cyders in metal frail improve: the Moyle,
And taſteful Pippin, in a moon's ſhort year,
Acquire complete perfection: Now they ſmoke
Tranſparent, ſparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harſher fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy flaſk will ſlowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughneſs. Stirom, firmeſt fruit,
Embottled (long as Priameian Troy

With

Withſtood the Greeks) endures, ere juſtly mild.
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigor gains,
Fallacious drink! ye honeſt men, beware,
Nor truſt its ſmoothneſs; the third circling glaſs
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
(That ſlyly ſpeak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the reliſh weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, till, by inchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts diſcloſe,
And through intemperance grow awhile ſincere.
The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhauſt permit
T' indulge awhile. Now ſolemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honeſt friends, at thirſty hour of duſk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his ſmoking vintage, ſweet reward
Of his own induſtry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles inceſſant, whilſt the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jeſts reſounds.
Eaſe, and content, and undiſſembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour paſt
Encreaſe their joy. As, from retentive cage
When ſullen Philomel eſcapes, her notes
She varies, and of paſt impriſonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her ſad ſoul, improves her pleaſing ſong.
Gladſome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor incroach on night,
Seaſon of reſt, but well bedew'd repair

Each

Each to his home, with unſupplanted feet.
Ere heaven 's emblazon'd by the roſy dawn,
Domeſtic cares awake them; briſk they riſe,
Refreſh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Preſent redreſs, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are ſhort, and few; yet when he drinks
His dread retires, the flowing glaſſes add
Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praiſe indite,
Debarr'd his grape: The Muſes ſtill require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus, with unmoiſten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirſt allur'd: With vehement ſuns
When duſty ſummer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleaſant is 't, beneath the twiſted arch
Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign
To ply the ſweet carouſe, remote from noiſe,
Secur'd of feveriſh heats! When th' aged year
Inclines, and Boreas' ſpirit bluſters frore,
Beware th' inclement heavens; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceleſs boughs; thy lingering blood
Now inſtigate with th' apple's powerful ſtreams.
Perpetual ſhowers, and ſtormy guſts confine
The willing plowman, and December warns

To annual jollities; now ſportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms, with ſuiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; ſturdy ſwains
In clean array for ruſtic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damſels; hand in hand
They friſk, and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Tranſported, and ſometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, ſometimes an haſty kiſs
Steal from unwary laſſes; they with ſcorn,
And neck reclin'd, reſent the raviſh'd bliſs.
Meanwhile blind Britiſh bards with volant touch
Traverſe loquacious ſtrings, whoſe ſolemn notes
Provoke to harmleſs revels; theſe among,
A ſubtle artiſt ſtands, in wondrous bag
That bears impriſon'd winds (of gentler ſort
Than thoſe, which erſt Laërtes' ſon enclos'd).
Peaceful they ſleep; but let the tuneful ſqueeze
Of labouring elbow rouze them, out they fly
Melodious, and with ſprightly accents charm.
'Midſt theſe diſports, forget they not to drench
Themſelves with bellying goblets; nor, when ſpring
Returns, can they refuſe to uſher in
The freſh-born year with loud acclaim, and ſtore
Of jovial draughts, now, when the ſappy boughs
Attire themſelves with blooms, ſweet rudiments
Of future harveſt: When the Gnoſſian crown
Leads-on expected autumn, and the trees
Diſcharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually ſupplies

Their

Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd: Beyond there 's nought
Of health, or pleaſure. Therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager ſoul
Prompts to purſue the ſparkling glaſs, be ſure
'Tis time to ſhun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith reaſon quits
Her empire to confuſion, and miſrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conſpire in ſenſeleſs jargon, nought is heard
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant:
Diſtruſt, and jealouſy to theſe ſucceed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowſhip. Now horrid frays
Commence, the brimming glaſſes now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles claſh
In rude encounter, round their temples fly
The ſharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd cheeks
Mixt gore and cyder flow. What ſhall we ſay
Of raſh Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeaſurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his ſurfeit by irriguous ſleep,
Imprudent? him death's iron-ſleep oppreſt,
Deſcending careleſs from his couch; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint, and ſpinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,

Inteſtine

ne ſtone, and pining atrophy,
even when the ſun with July heats
the ſcorch'd ſoil, and dropſy all-a-float,
raving liquids: nor the Centaurs tale
re repeated; how, with luſt and wine
n'd, they fought, and ſpilt their drunken ſouls
afting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
Britiſh iles, ſuch dire events remove
om fair Albion, nor let civil broils
nt from ſocial cups: May we, remote
the hoarſe, brazen ſound of war, enjoy
umid products, and with ſeemly draughts
idle mirth, and hoſpitable love.
ft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
words in native blood; too oft has pride,
helliſh diſcord, and inſatiate thirſt
hers rights, our quiet diſcompos'd.
we forgot, how fell deſtruction rag'd
-ſpreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
athers warr'd? what heroes, ſignaliz'd
yalty and proweſs, met their fate
ely, undeſerv'd! how Bertie fell,
ton, and Granville, dauntleſs ſons of Mars,
emes of endleſs grief, but that we view
virtues yet ſurviving in their race!
ve forget, how the mad, headſtrong rout
d their prince to arms, nor made account
ith or duty, or allegiance ſworn?
ate, atheiſt rebels! bent to ill,
ſeeming ſanctity, and cover'd fraud,

Inſtill'd

Inſtill'd by him, who firſt preſum'd t' oppoſe
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike; theſe triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice, and inſulting pride,
Abſtain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles, O beſt of Kings!
What ſtars their black diſaſtrous influence ſhed
On thy nativity, that thou ſhould'ſt fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By thoſe thy mercy only would have ſav'd!
Yet was the Cyder-land unſtain'd with guilt;
The Cyder-land obſequious ſtill to thrones,
Abhorr'd ſuch baſe diſloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into ſwords,
Undaunted, to aſſert the trampled rights
Of monarchy; but, ah! ſucceſsleſs ſhe,
However faithful! then was no regard
Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic ſway, till fair revloving years
Our exil'd Kings and Liberty reſtor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while ſhe to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and reſtrains
The rage of Kings: Here, nobly ſhe ſupports
Juſtice oppreſs'd; here, her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: From her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redreſs.
Rejoice, O Albion! ſever'd from the world

By Nature's wiſe indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one ſupreme
Entirely bleſt; and from beginning time
Deſign'd thus happy; but the fond deſire
Of rule, and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of Kings, and numerous ſceptres introduc'd,
Deſtructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or ſtrength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory ſeeks
With ruinous aſſault; on every plain
Hoſt cop'd with hoſt, dire was the din of war,
And ceaſeleſs, or ſhort truce haply procur'd
By havoc, and diſmay, till jealouſy
Rais'd new combuſtion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict ſtern:
Till Edgar grateful (as to thoſe who pine
A diſmal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) aroſe, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch; then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The ſpirit of love. At eaſe, the bards new ſtrung
Their ſilent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhythms, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladneſs ſmil'd in every eye; the years
Ran ſmoothly on, productive of a line
Of wiſe, heroic Kings, that by juſt laws
Eſtabliſh'd happineſs at home, or cruſh'd
Inſulting enemies in fartheſt climes.

See

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd pla
Piouſly valiant (like a torrent ſwell'd
With wintery tempeſts, that diſdains all mounds
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its ſweep, trees, houſes, men) he preſs'd
Amidſt the thickeſt battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withſtood his zealous rage: no pauſe,
No ſtay of ſlaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving ſquadrons turn'd to flight
Smote in the rear, and with diſhoneſt wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnaſhing with deſpite,
And ſhame, and murmur'd many an empty curſe
Behold third Edward's ſtreamers blazing high
On Gallia's hoſtile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on falſe hopes, thus to incenſe
The warlike Engliſh! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight
Fierce Brutus' off-ſpring to the adverſe front
Advance reſiſtleſs, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their deſperate King;
Twice he aroſe, and join'd the horrid ſhock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd ſuperior ſtrength,
Diſcomfited; purſued, in the ſad chace
Ten thouſand ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,

With golden Iris his broad ſhield emboſs'd.
Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all her tongues
For ever ſhall reſound. Yet from his loins
New authors of diſſenſion ſpring; from him
Two branches, that in hoſting long contend
For ſov'ran ſway; and can ſuch anger dwell
In nobleſt minds? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendſhip; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid Slaughter reigns:
Sons againſt fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careleſs of duty, and their native grounds
Diſtain with kindred blood; the twanging bows
Send ſhowers of ſhafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you ſee
Barons, and peaſants on th' embattled field
Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghaſtly heap
Promiſcuouſly amaſs'd. With diſmal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; ſome o'erturn'd
In the fierce ſhock, lie gaſping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery courſers: Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and deſolation, reign'd
Unreſpited. Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reſerv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of time
Cadwallador foreſaw! thou, thou art he,

Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
Muſt cloſe the gates of Janus, and remove
Deſtructive diſcord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor ſhrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood
But joy and pleaſure open to the view
Uninterrupted! with preſaging ſkill
Thou to thy own uniteſt Fergus' line
By wiſe alliance: from thee James deſcends,
Heaven's choſen favourite, firſt Britannic king.
To him alone hereditary right
Gave power ſupreme; yet ſtill ſome ſeeds remai
Of diſcontent: two nations under one,
In laws and intereſt diverſe, ſtill purſued
Peculiar ends, on each ſide reſolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the ſweet proſpect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till prudent Anna ſaid,
Let there be union; ſtrait with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indiſſolubly firm; from Dubris ſouth,
To northern Orcades, her long domain.
And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
What ſhall retard the Britons bold deſigns,
Or who ſuſtain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withſtand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk

Dreads war from utmoſt Thule. Uncontrol'd
The Britiſh navy through the ocean vaſt
Shall wave her double croſs, t' extremeſt climes
Terrific, and return with odorous ſpoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and barbaric gold: Meanwhile the ſwains
Shall unmoleſted reap what plenty ſtrows
From well-ſtor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, ſhall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whoſe liquid ſtore
Abundant, flowing in well-blended ſtreams,
The natives ſhall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms; where'er the Britiſh ſpread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffuſive, to the utmoſt bounds of this
Wide univerſe, Silurian cyder borne
Shall pleaſe all taſtes, and triumph o'er the vine.

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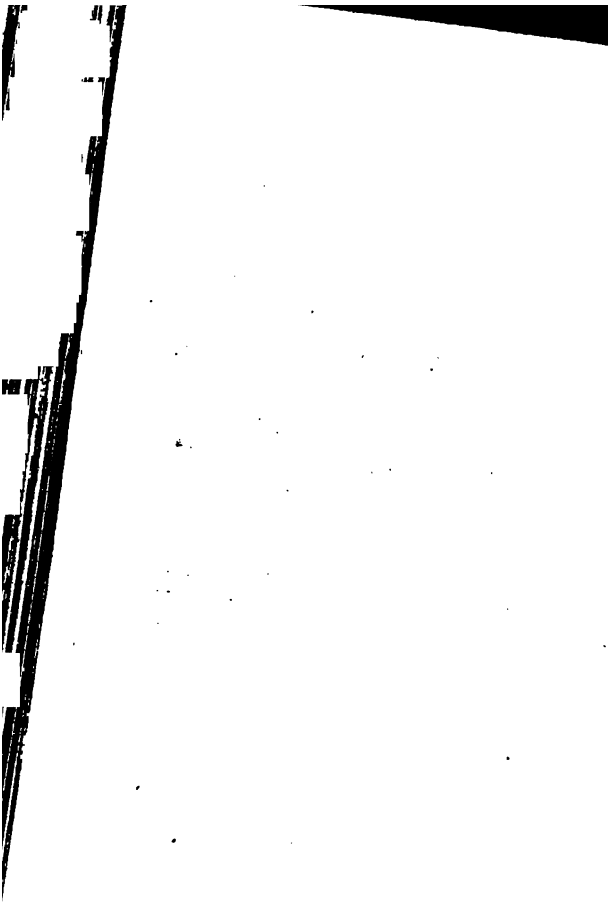
THE

POEMS

OF

MR. EDMUND SMITH.



PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

A TRAGEDY.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

AS ſoon as it was made known that your Lordſhip was not diſpleaſed with this Play, my friends began to value themſelves upon the intereſt they had taken in its ſucceſs; I was touched with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing leſs than the immortality of my Work.

And I had ſufficiently ſhewn this vanity in inſcribing this Play to your Lordſhip, did I only conſider you as one to whom ſo many admirable pieces, to whom the praiſes of Italy, and the beſt Latin poem ſince the Æneid, that on the peace of Ryſwick, are conſecrated. But it had been intolerable preſumption to have addreſſed it to you, my Lord, who are the niceſt judge of poetry, were you not alſo the greateſt encourager of it; to you who excel all the preſent age as a poet, did you not ſurpaſs all the preceding ones as a patron.

For in the times when the Muſes were moſt enc raged, the beſt writers were countenanced, but n advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintanc the greateſt men, but that was all they were to ex The bounty of the patron is no where to be read of in the works of the Poets, whereas your Lordſhip's fill thoſe of the hiſtorians.

For what tranſactions can they write of, which l not been managed by ſome who were recommende your Lordſhip? 'Tis by your Lordſhip's means, the univerſities have been real nurſeries for the ſt that the courts abroad are charmed by the wit learning, as well as the ſagacity, of our miniſters; Germany, Switzerland, Muſcovy, and even Turke ſelf begins to reliſh the politeneſs of the Engliſh; the poets at home adorn that court which they form uſed only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a r ner very unlike their predeceſſor Homer, and wit equipage he could not beſtow, even on the heroes he ſigned to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, ſhews your knowledge of as well as writings, and your judgment no leſs your generoſity. You have diſtinguiſhed between who by their inclinations or abilities were qualifie the pleaſure only, and thoſe that were fit for the ſe of your country; you made the one eaſy, and the uſeful: you have left the one no occaſion to wiſ any preferment, and you have obliged the public b promotion of the others.

And now, my lord, it may ſeem odd that I ſh

dwell on the topic of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on ſo many others; when I ought to take notice of that illuſtrious family from which you are ſprung and yet of the great merit which was neceſſary to ſet you on a level with it, and to raiſe you to that houſe of Peers which was already filled with your relations. When I ought to conſider the brightneſs of your wit in private converſation, and the ſolidity of your eloquence in public debates; when I ought to admire in you the politeneſs of a courtier, and the ſincerity of a friend; the openneſs of behaviour which charms all who addreſs themſelves to you, and yet that hidden reſerve which is neceſſary for thoſe great affairs in which you are concerned.

To paſs over all theſe great qualities, my lord, and inſiſt only on your generoſity, looks as if I ſolicited it for myſelf; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when I took notice of your lordſhip's great judgment in the choice of thoſe you advance; ſo that all at preſent my ambition aſpires to is, that your lordſhip would be pleaſed to pardon this preſumption, and permit me to profeſs myſelf with the moſt profound reſpect,

Your lordſhip's moſt humble,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

EDM. SMITH.

THE

THE
R O L O G U E,

By Mr. ADDISON.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

ONG has a race of heroes fill'd the ſtage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
ngs and airs expreſs their martial fire,
bat in trills, and in a feuge expire;
le, lull'd by ſound, and undiſturb'd by wit,
a and ſerene you indolently ſit;
, from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
the facetious fiddles repartee:
home-ſpun authors muſt forſake the field,
Shakeſpeare to the ſoft Scarlatti yield.
your new taſte the poet of this day
by a friend adviſ'd to form his play;
Valentini, muſically coy,
n'd Phædra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd joy;
d not mov'd your wonder to have ſeen
unuch fly from an enamour'd queen.
would it pleaſe, ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
ıe, a ſtranger to your modiſh way,
our old rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day;
hopes you will your foreign taſte command,
ear, for once, with what you underſtand.

EPI-

THE EPILOGUE,

By Mr. PRIOR.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore,
For one who never troubled you before:
An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Eu—ripides makes Phædra ſpeak;
And comes to town, to let us moderns know,
How women lov'd two thouſand years ago.
If that be all, ſaid I, ev'n burn your play,
Egad we know all that as well as they:
Shew us the youthful handſome charioteer,
Firm in his ſeat, and running his career;
Our ſouls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inſpir'd the ancient Grecian dames:
Every Iſmena would reſign her breaſt,
And every dear Hippolitus be bleſt.
But, as it is, ſix flouncing Flanders mares
Are ev'n as good as any two of theirs;
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.
Now of the buſtle you have ſeen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this ſcholar's play;
Something, at laſt, in juſtice ſhould be ſaid,
But this Hippolitus ſo fills one's head.——

Wel

Well! Phædra liv'd as chaſtely as ſhe could,
For ſhe was father Jove's own fleſh and blood;
Her aukward love, indeed, was odly fated,
She and her Polly were too near related;
And yet that ſcruple had been laid aſide,
If honeſt Theſeus had but fairly dy'd:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters ſtood *in ſtatu quo*:
There was no harm, you ſee; or grant there were,
She might want conduct, but he wanted care.
'Twas in a huſband little leſs than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude:
He ſhould have ſent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at ſuch an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jeſt,
Found every thing contribute to his reſt;
The picquet friend diſmiſs'd, the coaſt all clear,
And ſpouſe alone, impatient for her dear.
But if theſe gay reflections come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more ſerious judgment muſt condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaſte matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care;
My ſpotleſs flames to your protection take,
And ſpare poor Phædra for Iſmena's ſake.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN.

Theſeus King of Crete - -	Mr. Bet
Hippolitus his ſon, in love with Iſmena - - - - -	Mr. Boo
Lycon miniſter of ſtate - -	Mr. Kee
Cratander captain of the guards -	Mr. Cor

WOMEN.

Phædra, Theſeus's Queen, in love with Hippolitus - - -	Mrs. Ba
Iſmena, a captive Princeſs, in love with Hippolitus - - -	Mrs. Ol

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CRATANDER *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

'TIS ſtrange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
Should ſtill continue reſolute in grief,
And obſtinately wretched:
That one ſo gay, ſo beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court deſtruction.

CRATANDER.

Is there not cauſe, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her huſband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his abſence,
Nor know his fate?

LYCON.

The king may cauſe her ſorrow,
But not by abſence. Oft I've ſeen him hang
With greedy eyes, and languiſh o'er her beauties,
She from his wide, deceiv'd, deſiring arms
Flew taſteleſs, loathing; whilſt dejected Theſeus,
With mournful loving eyes purſu'd her flight,
And dropt a ſilent tear.

CRATANDER.

Ha! this is hatred,
This is averſion, horror, deteſtation:

Why

Why did the queen who might have cull'd ma
Why did ſhe give her perſon and her throne
To one ſhe loath'd?

LYCON.

Perhaps ſhe thought it juſt
That he ſhould wear the crown his valour ſav'

CRATANDER.

Could ſhe not glut his hopes with wealth
nour,
Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
Why, when a happy mother, queen, and wido
Why did ſhe wed old Theſeus? While his ſor
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth,
And equal beauty, might have fill'd her arms.

LYCON.

Hippolitus (in diſtant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's ſon)
Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to C
And ſure the queen could wiſh him ſtill unkno
She loaths, deteſts him, flies his hated preſence
And ſhrinks and trembles at his very name.

CRATANDER.

Well may ſhe hate the Prince ſhe needs muſt
He may diſpute the crown with Phædra's ſon.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the wor
His very ſports are war.

LYCON.

O! he's all hero, ſcorns th' inglorious eaſe
Of lazy Crete, delights to ſhine in arms,

To wield the ſword, and launch the pointed ſpear:
To tame the generous horſe, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion:
To join the ſtruggling courſers to his chariot,
To make their ſtubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, to ſtop, or ſtretch along the plain.
Now the queen 's ſick, there's danger in his courage.—
Be ready with your guards. —I fear Hippolitus.

[*Exit* Crat.

Fear him! for what? poor ſilly virtuous wretch,
Affecting glory, and contemning power:
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A ſenſeleſs hero, fit to be a tool
To thoſe whoſe godlike ſouls are turn'd for empire.
An open honeſt fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a ſlave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince muſt fall.

Enter ISMENA.

What! ſtill attending on the queen, Iſmena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can ſtill your goodneſs conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas ſlain,
And all his wretched race, by conquering Theſeus?
And do you ſtill watch o'er his conſort Phædra,
And ſtill repay ſuch cruelty with love?

ISMENA.

Let them be cruel that delight in miſchief,
I'm of a ſofter mould, poor Phædra's ſorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound m

LYCON.

Now thrice the riſing ſun has chear'd the wor
Since ſhe renew'd her ſtrength with due refreſh
Thrice has the night brought eaſe to man, to be
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her ſtreaming eye
She flies all reſt, all neceſſary food,
Reſolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

ISMENA.

But now her grief has wrought her into frenz
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes ſhe raves for muſick, light and air,
Nor air, nor light, nor muſick, calm her pains;
Then with extatic ſtrength ſhe ſprings aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her ow

LYCON.

Then life is on the wing, then moſt ſhe ſinks
When moſt ſhe ſeems reviv'd. Like boiling wa
That foams and hiſſes o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then moſt waſti
When moſt it ſwells.

ISMENA.

My lord, now try your art;
Her wild diſorder may diſcloſe the ſecret
Her cooler ſenſe conceal'd; the Pythian goddeſs

Is dumb and ſullen, till with fury fill'd
She ſpreads, ſhe riſes, growing to the fight,
She ſtares, ſhe foams, ſhe raves; the awful ſecrets
Burſt from her trembling lips, and eaſe the tortur'd
maid.
But Phædra comes, ye gods! how pale, how weak!

Enter PHÆDRA *and* Attendants.

PHÆDRA.

Stay, virgins, ſtay, I 'll reſt my weary ſteps;
My ſtrength forſakes me, and my dazled eyes
Ake with the flaſhing light, my looſen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight; ſupport me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.

LYCON.

Afford her eaſe, kind Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Why blaze theſe jewels round my wretched head!
Why all this labour'd elegance of dreſs!
Why flow theſe wanton curls in artful rings!
Take, ſnatch them hence! alas! you all conſpire
To heap new ſorrows on my tortur'd ſoul:
All, all conſpire to make your queen unhappy!

ISMENA.

This you requir'd, and to the pleaſing taſk
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid them lead you from yon hideous darkneſs
To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you ſought.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! my Lycon!
Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
Oh tender, flowery beds, and ſpringing graſs,
To ſtretch my limbs beneath the ſpreading ſhad
Of venerable oaks, to ſlake my thirſt
With the cool nectar of refreſhing ſprings.

LYCON.

I 'll ſooth her frenzy; come, Phædra, let's a
Let 's to the woods, and lawns, and limpid ſtrea

PHÆDRA.

Come, let 's away, and thou, moſt bright Dia
Goddeſs of woods, immortal, chaſte Diana!
Goddeſs preſiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the duſty ring
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
See how they mount and ſhake the flowing reins
See from the goal the fiery courſers bound,
Now they ſtrain panting up the ſteepy hill,
Now ſweep along its top, now neigh along the v
How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! The circling ſand aſcends,
And in the noble duſt the chariot's loſt!

LYCON.

What, madam!

PHÆDRA.

Ah, my Lycon! ah, what ſaid I?
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy!
My languid eyes are wet with ſudden tears,
And on my face unbidden bluſhes glow.

LYCON.

Bluſh then, but bluſh for your deſtructive ſilence,
That tears your ſoul, and weighs you down to death;
Oh! ſhould you die (ye powers forbid her death!)
Who then would ſhield from wrongs your helpleſs orphan!
O! he might wander, Phædra's ſon might wander,
A naked ſuppliant through the world for aid!
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to ſhame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus ſhall mount his throne.

PHÆDRA.

O Heavens!

LYCON.

Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this!

PHÆDRA.

Unhappy wretch! what name was that you ſpoke?

LYCON.

And does his name provoke your juſt reſentments!
Then let it raiſe your fear, as well as rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd him!
Think how you drove him hence, a wandering exile
To diſtant climes! then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan!
For his ſake then renew your drooping ſpirits,
Feed, with new oil, the waſting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, juſt now expiring:
Make haſte, preſerve your life!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! too long,
Too long have I preſerv'd that guilty life.

LYCON.

Guilty! what guilt, has blood, has horrid murder,
Imbrued your hands!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my hands are guiltleſs:
But, oh! my heart 's defil'd!
I 've ſaid too much, forbear the reſt, my Lycon,
And let me die to ſave the black confeſſion.

LYCON.

Die, then, but not alone! old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel ſilence.
Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched queen!
By all the cares of your firſt infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal, I 've ſhew'd you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden ſorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.

PHÆDRA.

What ſhall I ſay, malicious, cruel powers!
O where ſhall I begin! O cruel Venus!
How fatal Love has been to all our race!

LYCON.

Forget it, madam; let it die in ſilence.

PHÆDRA.

O Ariadne! O unhappy ſiſter!

LYCON.

Ceaſe to record your ſiſter's grief and ſhame.

PHÆDRA.

And ſince the cruel God of Love requires it,
I fall the laſt, and moſt undone of all.

LYCON.

Do you then love?

PHÆDRA.

Alas! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the ſhame, of impious love.

LYCON.

Forbid it, Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Do not upbraid me, Lycon!
I love!—Alas! I ſhudder at the name,
My blood runs backward, and my faultering tongue
Sticks at the ſound!—I love!—O righteous Heaven!
Why was I born with ſuch a ſenſe of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the ſmalleſt crime,
And yet a ſlave to ſuch impetuous guilt!
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your ſharpeſt tortures,
Afflict my ſoul with any thing but guilt,
And yet that guilt is mine!—I 'll think no more.
I 'll to the woods among the happier brutes:
Come, let 's away! hark the ſhrill horn reſounds,
The jolly huntſmens cries rend the wide Heavens!
Come, o'er the hills purſue the bounding Stag,
Come, chace the Lion and the foaming Boar,
Come, rouze up all the monſters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me!

LYCON.

Hippolitus!

PHÆDRA.

Who 's he that names Hippolitus!
Ah! I 'm betray'd, and all my guilt diſcover'd!
Oh! give me poiſon, ſwords, I 'll not live, not bear it;
I 'll ſtop my breath!

ISMENA.

I 'm loſt, but what 's that loſs!
Hippolitus is loſt, or loſt to me:
Yet ſhould her charms prevail upon his ſoul,
Should he be falſe, I would not wiſh him ill,
With my laſt parting breath I 'd bleſs my lord;
Then in ſome lonely deſert place expire,
Whence my unhappy death ſhould never reach him,
Leſt it ſhould wound his peace, or damp his joys.
[*Aſide.*

LYCON.

Think ſtill the ſecret in your royal breaſt,
For by the awful majeſty of Jove,
By the All-ſeeing Sun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods, we ſwear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives, we 'll keep the fatal ſecret.

ISMENA, &c.

We ſwear, all ſwear, to keep it ever ſecret.

PHÆDRA.

Keep it! from whom? why it 's already known,
The tale, the whiſper of the babling vulgar!
Oh! can you keep it from yourſelves, unknow it?
Or do you think I 'm ſo far gone in guilt,
That I can ſee, can bear the looks, the eyes,

Of

Of one who knows my black deteſted crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her ſon?

LYCON.

Unhappy queen! auguſt, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theſeus touch this fatal ſhore!
Why did he ſave us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worſe ruin on us by his love?

PHÆDRA.

His love indeed! for that unhappy hour,
In which the prieſts join'd Theſeus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I ſhook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breaſt! how from the touch of Theſeus
My ſlack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Prieſts, altars, victims, ſwam before my ſight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God, poſſeſt me!

LYCON.

At once, at firſt poſſeſt you!

PHÆDRA.

Yes, at firſt!
That fatal evening we purſued the chace,
When from behind the wood, with ruſtling ſound,
A monſtrous boar ruſh'd forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his ſtiff-pointed briſtles
Roſe high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tuſks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the blow,
He launch'd the whiſtling ſpear; the well-aim'd
javelin

Pierc'd

Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monſter fell, and gnaſhing with huge tuſks
Plow'd up the crimſon earth. But then Hippolitus,
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach me!
When hot and panting from the ſavage conqueſt,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely, ſparkling eyes ſhot martial fires:
Oh godlike form! oh extaſy and tranſport!
My breath grew ſhort, my beating heart ſprung upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving boſom.
Alas! I 'm pleas'd, the horrid ſtory charms me.—
No more.—That night with fear and love I ſicken'd
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming viſits;
Then would he talk with ſuch an heavenly grace,
Look with ſuch dear compaſſion on my pains,
That I could wiſh to be ſo ſick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirſty ſoul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poiſon,
Till I was loſt, quite loſt in impious love:
And ſhall I drag an execrable life:
And ſhall I hoard up guilt, and treaſure vengeance!

LYCON.

No; labour, ſtrive, ſubdue that guilt and live.

PHÆDRA.

Did I not labour, ſtrive, all-ſeeing Powers!
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid!
Burnt clouds of incenſe on your loaded altars?

Oh! I call'd Heaven and earth to my aſſiſtance,
All the ambitious thirſt of fame and empire,
And all the honeſt pride of conſcious virtue:
I ſtruggled, rav'd; the new-born paſſion reign'd
Almighty in his birth.

LYCON.

Did you e'er try
To gain his love?

PHÆDRA.

Avert ſuch crimes, ye powers!!
No, to avoid his love, I ſought his hatred;
I wrong'd him, ſhunn'd him, baniſh'd him from Crete,
I ſent him, drove him, from my longing ſight:
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heaven, were by my erring tongue,
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to ſleep,
Straight to my drowſy eyes my reſtleſs fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curſt my ſlumber.

LYCON.

Firſt let me try to melt him into love.

PHÆDRA.

No; did his hapleſs paſſion equal mine,
I would refuſe the bliſs I moſt deſir'd,
Conſult my fame, and ſacrifice my life.
Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my huſband Theſeus.

LYCON.

Perhaps that lord, that huſband, is no more;

He

He went from Crete in haſte, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Moloſſians;
Yet though he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your ſon.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! that ſhocks me,
O let me ſee my young one, let me ſnatch
A haſty farewell, a laſt dying kiſs!
Yet, ſtay, his ſight will melt my juſt reſolves;
But oh! I beg with my laſt ſallying breath;
Cheriſh my babe.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you muſt know—Your royal huſband's dead.

PHÆDRA.

Dead! oh ye powers!

LYCON.

O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may aſcend the throne,
Leave to his happy ſon the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aſide.*] Mourn, mourn, Cretans,
Since he is dead, whoſe valour ſav'd your iſle,
Whoſe prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful ſubjects; as your towering Ida
With ſpreading oaks, and with deſcending ſtreams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say, how he dy'd.

MESSENGER

MESSENGER.

He dy'd as Theſeus ought,
In battle dy'd; Philotas, now a priſoner,
That, ruſhing on, fought next his royal perſon,
That ſaw his thundering arm beat ſquadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall:
Theſe eyes beheld his well-known ſteed, beheld
A proud barbarian glittering in his arms,
Encumber'd with the ſpoil.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead!
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theſeus, dead?
And don't I ſhed one tear upon his urn!
What, not a ſigh, a groan, a ſoft complaint!
Ah! theſe are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaſte matron, and a virtuous wife:
But ſavage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my ſorrows, and uſurps my grief.

LYCON.

Diſmiſs that grief, and give a looſe to joy:
He 's dead, the bar of all your bliſs is dead;
Live then, my Queen, forget the wrinkled Theſeus,
And take the youthful hero to your arms.

PHÆDRA.

I dare not now admit of ſuch a thought,
And bleſs'd be Heaven, that ſteel'd my ſtubborn heart,
That made me ſhun the bridal bed of Theſeus,
And give him empire, but refuſe him love.

LYCON.

Then may his happier ſon be bleſs'd with both;

Thus

Then rouze your ſoul, and muſter all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirſt of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with ſoft allurements.

PHÆDRA.

But ſhould the youth refuſe my proffer'd love!
O ſhould he throw me from his loathing arms!
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obſtinately good:
When round beſet, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with reſiſtleſs force th' oppoſing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they 're hurry'd on,
And ſwell the torrent they were rais'd to ſtop.
I dare not yet reſolve, I 'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I 'll leave the reſt.

LYCON.

Madam, your ſignet, that your ſlave may order
What 's moſt convenient for your royal ſervice.

PHÆDRA.

Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra;
And thou, O Venus, aid a ſuppliant Queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy power;
O ſpare thy captives, and ſubdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy power be known,
And in a lover's cauſe aſſert thy own;
Then Crete, as Paphos, ſhall adore thy ſhrine;
This nurſe of Jove with grateful fires ſhall ſhine,
And with thy father's flames ſhall worſhip thine.

[*Exit* Phædra, &c.

LYCON *ſolus*.

If ſhe propoſes love, why then as ſurely
His haughty ſoul refuſes it with ſcorn.——

Say I confine him!——If ſhe dies he's ſafe;
And if ſhe lives, I 'll work her raging mind.
A woman ſcorn'd, with eaſe I 'll work to vengeance;
With humble, fawning, wiſe, obſequious arts,
I 'll rule the whirl and tranſport of her ſoul;
Then, what her reaſon hates, her rage may act.

When barks glide ſlowly through the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driven by winds, they cut the foamy way,
The rudders govern, and the ſhips obey. [*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter PHÆDRA, LYCON, *and* ISMENA.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

MAdam, the Prince Hippolitus attends.

PHÆDRA.

Admit him: Where, where Phædra 's now thy ſoul?
What——Shall I ſpeak? And ſhall my guilty tongue
Let this inſulting victor know his power?
Or ſhall I ſtill confine within my breaſt
My reſtleſs paſſions and devouring flames?
But ſee he comes, the lovely tyrant comes.——
He ruſhes on me like a blaze of light,
I cannot bear the tranſport of his preſence,
But ſink oppreſs'd with woe. [Swoons.

Enter

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Immortal gods!
What have I done to raiſe ſuch ſtrange abhorrence?
What have I done to ſhake her ſhrinking nature
With my approach, and kill her with my ſight?

LYCON.

Alas, another grief devours her ſoul,
And only your aſſiſtance can relieve her.

HIPPOLITUS.

Hah! Make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

LYCON.

But promiſe firſt, my lord, to keep it ſecret.

HIPPOLITUS.

Promiſe! I ſwear, on this good ſword I ſwear,
This ſword, which firſt gain'd youthful Theſeus honour;
Which oft has puniſh'd perjury and falſehood;
By thundering Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majeſtic form of godlike heroes,
That ſhine around, and conſecrate the ſteel;
No racks, no ſhame, ſhall ever force it from me.

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus!

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, 'tis that wretch who begs you to diſmiſs
This hated object from your eyes for ever.
Begs leave to march againſt the foes of Theſeus,
And to revenge or ſhare his father's fate.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Oh, Hippolitus!
I own I 've wrong'd you, moſt unjuſtly wrong'd you,
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father;
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their ſuffering hero,
And I (the ſad occaſion) moſt of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's ſoul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero, whom I wiſh'd to cheriſh!
Oh! you 'd confeſs me wretched, not unkind,
And own thoſe ills did moſt deſerve your pity,
Which moſt procur'd your hate.

HIPPOLITUS.

My hate to Phædra?
Ha! could I hate the royal ſpouſe of Theſeus,
My queen, my mother?

PHÆDRA.

Why your queen and mother?
More humble titles ſuit my loſt condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compaſſion view her helpleſs orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh, I 'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heavens dart your judgments on this faithleſs head,
If I don't pay him all a ſlave's obedience,

And all a father's love.

PHÆDRA.

A father's love!
Oh doubtful ſounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
My grief 's much eas'd by this tranſcending goodneſs,
And Theſeus' death ſits lighter on my ſoul:
Death? He 's not dead! he lives, he breathes, he ſpeaks,
He lives in you, he 's preſent to my eyes,
I ſee him, ſpeak to him.——My heart! I rave
And all my folly 's known.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! glorious folly!
See Theſeus, ſee, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

PHÆDRA.

Love him, indeed! dote, languiſh, die for him,
Forſake my food, my ſleep, all joys for Theſeus,
(But not that hoary venerable Theſeus)
But Theſeus, as he was, when mantling blood,
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when every grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the ſon;
When Theſeus was Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Amazement ſtrikes me!
Where will this end?

LYCON.

Is 't difficult to gueſs?
Does not her flying paleneſs that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now ſucceeds a momentary luſtre,)

Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wiſhing looks, her ſpeech, her preſent ſilence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you.

HIPPOLITUS.

What do I hear? What, does no lightning flaſh,
No thunder bellow, when ſuch monſtrous crimes,
Are own'd, avow'd, confeſt? All-ſeeing ſun!
Hide, hide in ſhameful night, thy beamy head,
And ceaſe to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I ſhare th' amazing guilt; theſe eyes,
That firſt inſpir'd the black inceſtuous flame,
Theſe ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deſerve your thunder.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my lord, believe me not ſo vile.
No: by thy goddeſs, by the chaſte Diana,
None but my firſt, my much lov'd lord Arſamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in theſe unhappy arms.
No! for the love of thee, of thoſe dear charms,
Which now I ſee are doom'd to be my ruin,
I ſtill deny'd my lord, my huſband Theſeus,
The chaſte, the modeſt joys of ſpotleſs marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to ſtormy ſeas,
To rocks and waves leſs cruel than his Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

If that drove Theſeus hence, then that kill'd Theſeus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her huſband Theſeus.

PHÆDRA.

Forbear, raſh youth, nor dare to rouze my vengeance!
You need not urge, nor tempt my ſwelling rage

With black reproaches, ſcorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reaſon would abhor.
Long has the ſecret ſtruggled in my breaſt,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd boſom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confuſion, tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
To murder thee, myſelf, and all that know it.
As when convulſions cleave the labouring earth,
Before the diſmal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houſes craſh;
He 's ſafe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that ſees its opening boſom, dies. [*Ex*

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me take the warning and retire;
I 'd rather truſt the rough Ionian waves,
Than woman's fiercer rage.

[ISMENA *ſhews herſelf, liſteni*

LYCON.

Alas! my Lord,
You muſt not leave the queen to her deſpair.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt not? From thee? From that vile upſtart Lyco

LYCON.

Yes: From that Lycon who derives his greatneſs
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her life.
Then, Sir, forbear, and view this royal ſignet,
And in her faithful ſlave obey the queen.

[*Enter Guard*

Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful diſtance,
With that reſpect, it may not ſeem confinement,

Bu

But only meant for honour.

HIPPOLITUS.

So, confinement is
The honour Crete beſtows on Theſeus' ſon.
Am I confin'd? And is 't ſo ſoon forgot,
When fierce Procruſtes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?
When your ſtreets echo'd with the cries of orphans,
Your ſhricking maids clung round the hallow'd ſhrines,
When all your palaces and lofty towers
Smok'd on the earth, when the red ſky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful luſtre);
Then, then my father flew to your aſſiſtance;
Then Theſeus ſav'd your lives, eſtates, and honours,
And do you thus reward the hero's toil?
And do you now confine the hero's ſon?

LYCON.

Take not an eaſy ſhort confinement ill,
Which your own ſafety and the queen's requires;
But fear not aught from one that joys to ſerve you.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, I diſdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee,
Nor will I hear of ſervices from Lycon.
Thy very looks are lies, eternal falſehood
Smiles in thy lips and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
In every cringing bow and fawning ſmile:
Why elſe d' you whiſper out your dark ſuſpicions?
Why with malignant elogies encreaſe
The people's fears, and praiſe me to my ruin?

Why through the troubled ſtreets of frighted Gnoſſus
Do bucklers, helms, and poliſh'd armour blaze?
Why ſounds the dreadful din of inſtant war?
Whilſt ſtill the foe 's unknown.

LYCON.

Then quit thy arts,
Put off the ſtateſman and reſume the judge.
Thou Proteus, ſhift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the God. [*Aſide.*—
That foe 's too near, [*To Hipp*
The queen's diſeaſe, and your aſpiring mind,
Diſturb all Crete, and give a looſe to war.

HIPPOLITUS.

Gods! Dares he ſpeak thus to a monarch's ſon?
And muſt this earth-born ſlave command in Crete?
Was it for this my god-like father fought?
Did Theſeus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the ſucceſſor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

LYCON.

You may as well provoke
That Jove you worſhip, as this ſlave you ſcorn.
Go ſeize Alcmæon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of his impious treaſon.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls:
For know, on me depends thy inſtant doom.
Then learn (proud prince) to bend thy haughty ſoul,
And if thou think'ſt of life, obey the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then free from fear or guilt I 'll wait my doom;

Wha

What e'er 's my fault, no ſtain ſhall blot my glory.
I 'll guard my honour, you diſpoſe my life;
[*Exeunt* Lyc. & Crat.
Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lion.
Bay afar off, and tremble in purſuit;
But when he ſtruggles in th' entangling toils,
Inſult the dying prey.——'Tis kindly done, Iſmena,
[Iſm. *enters.*
With all your charms to viſit my diſtreſs;
Soften my chains, and make confinement eaſy.
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties;
Thoſe bluſhing ſweets, thoſe lovely loving eyes!
To preſs, to ſtrain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love! What 's liberty to this?
What 's fame or greatneſs? Take them, take them, Phædra,
Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Encloſe me thus for ever.

ISMENA.

O Hippolitus!
O I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wiſh for aught while I behold my lord;
But yet that wiſh, that only wiſh is vain.
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your God-like ſoul a wretched maid;
Take to your arms (aſſiſt me heaven to ſpeak it),
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Not think of thee?
What! part, for ever part? Unkind Iſmena:
Oh! can you think that death is half ſo dreadful,
As it would be to live, and live without thee?
Say, ſhould I quit thee, ſhould I turn to Phædra,
Say, could'ſt thou bear it? Could thy tender ſoul
Endure the torment of deſpairing love,
And ſee me ſettled in a rival's arms?

ISMENA.

Think not of me: perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Iſmena
With all her charms o'er-rule your ſullen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Iſmena.

HIPPOLITUS.

Speak, if I can, I 'm ready to obey.

ISMENA.

Give the queen hopes.

HIPPOLITUS.

No more.——My ſoul diſdains it.
No, ſhou'd I try, my haughty ſoul would ſwell;
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
O! ſhould I ſtoop to cringe, to lye, forſwear?
Deſerve the ruin which I ſtrive to ſhun?

ISMENA.

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By theſe ſad ſighs, by theſe poor ſtreaming eyes,

By

By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heaven knows I value much above my own.
What! Not yet mov'd? Are you reſolv'd on death?
Then, ere tis night, I ſwear by all the powers,
This ſteel ſhall end my fears and life together.

HIPPOLITUS.

You ſhan't be truſted with a life ſo precious.
No, to the court I 'll publiſh your deſign,
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon ſhall wrench the dagger from your boſom,
And raving Phædra will preſerve Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Phædra! Come on, I 'll lead you on to Phædra;
I 'll tell her all the ſecrets of our love,
Give to her rage her cloſe deſtructive rival;
Her rival ſure will fall, her love may ſave you.
Come ſee me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

What 's your deſign? Ye powers! what means my love?

ISMENA.

She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one ſhe can't preſerve.
Yet when you ſee me pale upon the earth,
This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting ſoul would wiſh you'd ſav'd me.

HIPPO-

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! I 'll do all, do any thing to ſave you,
Give up my fame and all my darling honour:
I 'll run, I 'll fly; what you 'll command I 'll ſay.

ISMENA.

Say, what occaſion, chance, or Heaven inſpires:
Say, that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say, that you 'll wed her, ſay that you 'll comply;
Say, to preſerve your life, ſay any thing. [*Exit* Hip.
Bleſs him, ye powers! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your juſtice,
Aim all your vengeance on Iſmena's head;
Puniſh Iſmena, but forgive Hippolitus.
He's gone, and now my brave reſolves are ſtagger'd,
Now I repent, like ſome deſpairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and ſtruggles with the whirling waves;
And catches every ſlender reed to ſave him.

CHO.

But ſhould he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, ſhould he wed her?

ISMENA.

Should he wed the queen!
Oh! I 'd remember that 'twas my requeſt,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

CHO.

Die! does Iſmena then reſolve to die?

ISMENA.

Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd ſo well

To

'o part with all my bliſs to ſave my lover?
)h! can I drag a wretched life without him,
ınd ſee another revel in his arms?
)h! 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

What a reverſe is this! Perfidious boy,
; this thy truth? Is this thy boaſted honour?
'hen all are rogues alike: I never thought
ut one man honeſt, and that one deceives me. [*Aſide.*
ſmena here! ——
'is all agreed, and now the prince is ſafe
'rom the ſure vengeance of deſpairing love.
low Phædra's rage is chang'd to ſoft endearments.
he doats, ſhe dies; and few, but tedious days,
Vith endleſs joys will crown the happy pair.

ISMENA.

Does he then wed the queen?

LYCON.

At leaſt I think ſo.
, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd
'ale with my doubts: he ſpoke; th' attentive queen
)welt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
parkled with gentler fires: he bluſhing bow'd,
he trembling, loſt in love, with ſoft confuſion.
leceiv'd his paſſion, and return'd her own:
Then ſmiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous rites of her enſuing nuptials,
Which I muſt now purſue. Farewel, Iſmena. [*Exit.*

ISMENA.

ISMENA.

Then I 'll retire, and not diſturb their joys

CHO.

Stay and learn more.

ISMENA.

Ah! wherefore ſhould I ſtay
What! Shall I ſtay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold
To ſnatch the ſtruggling charmer from her arms
For could you think that open generous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman,
Could he ſo ſoon grow artful in diſſembling?
Ah! without doubt his thoughts inſpir'd his tongue
And all his ſoul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps ſoft pity charm'd his yielding ſoul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him,
Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm him!

CHO.

Wait the ſucceſs: it is not yet decided.

ISMENA.

Not yet decided! Did not Lycon tell us
How he proteſted, ſigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd:
How the ſoft paſſion languiſh'd in his eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he claſps her to his panting breaſt,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now graſps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear falſe things that charm'd the poor Iſmena.
He comes: be ſtill, my heart, the tyrant comes,
Charming, though falſe, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why hangs that cloudy ſorrow on your brow?
Why do you ſigh? Why flow your ſwelling eyes,
Thoſe eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

ISMENA.

My lord, my ſoul is charm'd with your ſucceſs;
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and ſince my death alone
Can make you ſafe, that ſoon ſhall make you happy.
Yet had you brought leſs love to Phædra's arms,
My ſoul had parted with a leſs regret,
Bleſt if ſurviving in your dear remembrance.

HIPPOLITUS.

Your death! My love! My marriage! And to Phædra!
Hear me, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

No, I dare not hear you.
But though you 've been thus cruelly unkind,
Though you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet ſtill my ſoul o'er-runs with fondneſs t'wards you;
Yet ſtill I die with joy to ſave Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Die to ſave me! Could I outlive Iſmena!

ISMENA.

Yes, you 'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find every blooming pleaſure;
Oh, may the gods ſhower bleſſings on thy head!

May

May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conquest,
And all thy peaceful days with ſure repoſe!
May'ſt thou be bleſt with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy eaſe forget the loſt Iſmena!
Farewel, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Iſmena, ſtay,
Stay, hear me ſpeak, or by th' infernal powers
I 'll not ſurvive the minute you depart.

ISMENA.

What would you ſay? Ah! don't deceive my weakneſs.

HIPPOLITUS.

Deceive thee! Why, Iſmena, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender ſoul with harſh ſuſpicion!
Oh! by thoſe charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor ſpoke, deſign'd nor promis'd
To love, or wed the queen.

ISMENA.

Speak on, my lord,
My honeſt ſoul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then thus. I came and ſpake, but ſcarce of love;
The eaſy queen receiv'd my faint addreſs
With eager hope and unſuſpicious faith.
Lycon with ſeeming joy diſmiſs'd my guards,
My generous ſoul diſdain'd the mean deceit,
But ſtill deceiv'd her to obey Iſmena.

ISMENA.

ISMENA.

rt thou then true? Thou art. Oh, pardon me,
on the errors of a filly maid,
l with her fears, and mad with jealouſy;
ſtill that fear, that jealouſy, was love.
e then, my lord, and ſave yourſelf by flight;
when you 're abſent, when your god-like form
l ceaſe to chear forlorn Iſmena's eyes,
ı let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
: kind remembrance of your conſtant love;
k of your health, your fortune, and your friends
ſure thoſe friends ſhall have my tendereſt wiſhes);
k much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
k much, ſpeak very much, and ſtill ſpeak on.

HIPPOLITUS.

ı! thy dear love ſhall ever be my theme,
ıat alone I 'll talk the live-long day;
:hus I 'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
ng the odours of thy fragrant boſom.
: then to crown me with immortal joys,
:, be the kind companion of my flight,
: haſte with me to leave this fatal ſhore.
bark before prepar'd for my departure
&s its freight, a hundred luſty rowers
wav'd their ſinewy arms, and call'd Hippolitus;
looſen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
the ſea whitens with auſpicious gales.

ISMENA.

'then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee;
:re inſidious Lycon work thy ruin;

Fly, ere my fondneſs talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

But not from my Iſmena.
Why do you force me from your heavenly ſight,
With thoſe dear arms that ought to claſp me to the

ISMENA.

Oh I could rave for ever at my fate!
And with alternate love and fear poſſeſs'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now ſnatch thee to m
breaſt,
And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
Nay, I could go——Ye gods, if I ſhould go,
What would fame ſay? If I ſhould fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my ſoul?

HIPPOLITUS.

Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endleſs joys the youth that lov'd you.
O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the bleſt hours I 've languiſh'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

ISMENA.

Hide me, ye powers; I never ſhall reſiſt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Will you refuſe me? Can I leave behind me
All that inſpires my ſoul, and chears my eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I 'll wait my doom.
Come, raving Phædra, bloody Lycon come!

I offer

I offer to your rage this worthleſs life,
Since 'tis no longer my Iſmena's care.

ISMENA.

O! haſte away, my lord; I go, I fly
Through all the dangers of the boiſterous deep.
When the wind whiſtles through the crackling maſts,
When through the yawning ſhip the foaming ſea
Rowls bubbling in; then, then I'll claſp thee faſt,
And in tranſporting love forget my fear.
Oh! I will wander through the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlaſting ſnow:
There, when the horrid darkneſs ſhall encloſe us,
When the bleak wind ſhall chill my ſhivering limbs,
Thou ſhalt alone ſupply the diſtant ſun,
And chear my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

HIPPOLITUS.

Come, let's away, and like another Jaſon
I'll bear my beauteous conqueſt through the ſeas:
A greater treaſure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, ſleep in peace,
Ye monſters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Tranſporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.
So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows ſcatter'd, and his bow unſtrung:
Obſcure in coverts lye his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble ſounds.

For nobler ſports he quits the ſavage fi
And all the hero to the lover yields.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT

ACT III.

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

HEAVEN is at laſt appeas'd: the pitying
Have heard our wiſhes, and auſpicious J
Smiles on his native iſle; for Phædra lives,
Reſtor'd to Crete, and to herſelf, ſhe lives;
Joy with freſh ſtrength inſpires her drooping lim
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a freſh roſy bloom, as kindly ſprings
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its ſmiling face with gaudy flowers.
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter PHÆDRA.

low her eyes ſparkle! How their radiant beams
onfeſs their ſhining anceſtor the ſun!
our charms to-day will wound deſpairing crowd
id give the pains you ſuffer'd: Nay, Hippolitus
e fierce, the brave, th' inſenſible Hippolitus
ll pay a willing homage to your beauty,
in his turn adore——

PHÆ

PHÆDRA.

'Tis flattery all;
Yet when you name the prince, that flattery 's pleaſing.
You wiſh it ſo, poor good old man, you wiſh it.
The fertile province of Cydonia 's thine;
Is there aught elſe? Has happy Phædra aught,
In the wide circle of her far-ſtretch'd empire?
Aſk, take, my friend, ſecure of no repulſe?
Let ſpacious Crete through all her hundred cities
Reſound her Phædra's joy. Let altars ſmoke,
And richeſt gums, and ſpice, and incenſe, roll
Their fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven,
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathſome dungeons
Give up the meagre ſlaves that pine in darkneſs,
And waſte in grief, as did deſpairing Phædra:
Let them be chear'd, let the ſtarv'd priſoners riot,
And glow with generous wine.——Let ſorrow ceaſe.
Let none be wretched, none, ſince Phædra 's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal paſſion
Rewards my flame, and ſprings into my arms!

Enter Meſſenger.

Say, where's the prince?

MESSENGER.

He's no where to be found.

PHÆDRA.

Perhaps he hunts.

MESSENGER.

He hunted not to-day.

PHÆDRA.

Ha! Have you ſearch'd the walks, the courts, the temples?

MESSENGER.

Search'd all in vain.

PHÆDRA.

Did he not hunt to-day?
Alas! you told me once before he did not:
My heart miſgives me.

LYCON.

So indeed doth mine.

PHÆDRA.

Could he deceive me? Could that god-like youth
Deſign the ruin of a queen that loves him?
Oh! he's all truth, his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmoſt thoughts.——He comes!
Ha! Who art thou? Whence com'ſt thou? Where's Hippolitus?

MESSENGER.

Madam, Hippolitus with fair Iſmena
Drove toward the port——

PHÆDRA.

With fair Iſmena!
Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curſt her charms,
Curſt all her ſoothing, fatal, falſe endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodneſs
Could ſee me tortur'd with deſpairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monſtrous ſufferings,
While her baſe malice plotted my deſtruction.

LYCON.

LYCON.

A thouſand reaſons croud upon my ſoul,
That evidence their love.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, yes, they love;
Why elſe ſhould he refuſe my proffer'd bed?
Why ſhould one warm'd with youth, and thirſt of glory,
Diſdain a ſoul, a form, a crown like mine?

LYCON.

Where, Lycon, where was then thy boaſted cunning?
Dull, thoughtleſs wretch!

PHÆDRA.

O pains unfelt before!
The grief, deſpair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of diſtracted love,
Are nought to this.——Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how, did their firſt paſſion riſe?
Where did they breathe their ſighs? What ſhady groves?
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not, the well-pleas'd ſun
With all his beams ſurvey'd their guiltleſs flame;
Glad Zephyrs wafted their untainted ſighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the ſhame of nature, hid in darkneſs,
Far from the balmy air and chearing light,
Preſt down my ſighs, and dry'd my falling tears;
Searcht a retreat to mourn, and watcht to grieve.

LYCON.

Now ceaſe that grief, and let your injur'd love

Contrive due vengeance; let majeſtic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, ſacrifice the villain.
Then haſte, ſend forth your miniſters of vengeance,
To ſnatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful preſence.

PHÆDRA.

O rightly thought! — Diſpatch th' attending guards,
Bid them bring forth their inſtruments of death;
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
And hurl ſwift vengeance on the perjur'd ſlave.
Where am I, gods? What is't my rage commands?
Ev'n now he's gone? Ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
With ſounding ſtrokes divide the ſparkling waves,
And happy gales aſſiſt their ſpeedy flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
Their bluſhing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
Now they expoſe my weakneſs and my crimes:
Now to the ſporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter CRATANDER.

CRATANDER.

Sir, as I went to ſeize the perſons order'd
met the prince, and with him fair Iſmena;
ſeiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

PHÆDRA.

Haſte, bring him in.

LYCON.

Be quick, and ſeize Iſmena.

Enter

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

PHÆDRA.

Couldſt thou deceive me? Could a ſon of Theſeus
Stoop to ſo mean, ſo baſe a vice as fraud?
Nay, act ſuch monſtrous perfidy, yet ſtart
From promis'd love?

HIPPOLITUS.

My ſoul diſdain'd a promiſe.

PHÆDRA.

But yet your falſe equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your every motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falſhoods.
Look down, O Theſeus, and behold thy ſon,
As Sciron faithleſs, as Procruſtes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monſters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth:
Behold them all in thy own ſon reviv'd.

HIPPOLITUS.

Touch not my glory, leſt you ſtain your own;
I ſtill have ſtrove to make my glorious father
Bluſh, yet rejoice to ſee himſelf outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theſeus juſt, and as Camilla chaſte.

PHÆDRA.

The godlike Theſeus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas ſome monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the ſcourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaſte Camilla.
Camilla chaſte! An Amazon and chaſte!

That

That quits her ſex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaſte matron mount the neighing ſteed;
In ſtrict embraces lock the ſtruggling warrior,
And chooſe the lover in the ſturdy foe.

Enter MESSENGER, *and ſeems to talk earneſtly with* LYCON.

HIPPOLITUS.

No; ſhe refus'd the vows of godlike Theſeus,
And choſe to ſtand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodoon
Heard the huge ſtrokes reſound, its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to diſtant ſhores,
Whilſt ſhe alone ſupported all his war:
Nor till ſhe ſunk beneath his thundering arm,
Beneath which, warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honeſt wiſh'd for love.

PHÆDRA.

Not ſo her ſon;
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one deſcended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's perſon and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The laſt of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce ſucceſſive hatred reign'd
Between your ſires: in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the blushing earth.

HIPPOLITUS.

In vain indeed, ſince now the war is o'er;
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,

And

And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for ſlaughter paſt.

PHÆDRA.

Your future offspring.
Heavens! What a medly's this? What dark confuſion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation?
What joy t' had been to old diſabled Theſeus,
When he ſhould take thy offspring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And he upbraided with his grandſire's fate.
Oh barbarous youth!

LYCON.

Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps even now his faction 's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rds the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her ſon,
And give the crown to him and this Iſmena:
But I'll prevent it. [*Exit* Lycon.

ISMENA *brought in.*

PHÆDRA.

What! the kind Iſmena
That nurs'd me, watch'd my ſickneſs! Oh ſhe watch'd me,
As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark! Hark, my little infant cries for juſtice!
Oh! be appeas'd my babe, thou ſhalt have juſtice.
Now all the ſpirits of my god-like race

Enflame

Enflame my ſoul, and urge me on to vengeance.
Arſamnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging ſun,
Inſpire my fury, and demand my juſtice.
Oh! ye ſhall have it; thou, Minos, ſhalt applaud it;
Yes thou ſhalt copy it in their pains below.
Gods of revenge, ariſe.——He comes! He comes!
And ſhoots himſelf through all my kindling blood.
I have it here.—Now baſe perfidious wretch,
Now ſigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your Iſmena ſhall appeaſe my vengeance.
Iſmena dies: And thou her pitying lover
Doom'dſt her to death.—Thou too ſhalt ſee her bleed;
See her convulſive pangs, and hear her dying groans:
Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Iſmena,
And laugh at dying Phædra!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh Iſmena!

ISMENA.

Alas! My tender ſoul would ſhrink at death,
Shake with its fears, and ſink beneath its pains,
In any cauſe but this.——But now I 'm ſteel'd,
And the near danger leſſens to my ſight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
And with an equal joy I 'll die to ſave him.
Yes, for his ſake I 'll go a willing ſhade,
And wait his coming in th' Elyſian fields,
And there enquire of each deſcending ghoſt
Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour.
That dear remembrance will improve the bliſs;
Add to th' Elyſian joys, and make that Heaven more happy.

HIPPO-

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh heavenly virgin! [*Aſide.*]—O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But ſpare, oh! ſpare a guiltleſs virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think, with what warm compaſſion ſhe bemoan'd you;
Think, how ſhe ſerv'd and watch'd you in your ſickneſs!
How ev'ry riſing and deſcending ſun
Saw kind Iſmena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, ſhould feel your juſtice.

ISMENA.

Oh! by thoſe powers, to whom I ſoon muſt anſwer
For all my faults, by that bright arch of Heaven
I now laſt ſee, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by every female art,
Wrought his diſdaining ſoul to falſe compliance.
The ſon of Theſeus could not think of fraud,
'Twas woman all.

PHÆDRA.

I ſee 'twas woman all.
And woman's fraud ſhould meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue ſhock me;
A love ſo warm, ſo firm, ſo like my own.
Oh! had the gods ſo pleas'd; had bounteous Heaven
Beſtow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I ſtood the ſhock of angry fate;
So had I given my life with joy to ſave him.

HIPPOLITUS.

And can you doom her death? Can Minos' daughter
Condemn the virtue which her ſoul admires?
Are not you Phædra? Once the boaſt of fame,
Shame of our ſex, and pattern of your own.

PHÆDRA.

Am I that Phædra? No.—Another ſoul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could elſe Iſmena
Provoke my hatred, yet deſerve my love?
Aid me, ye gods, ſupport my ſinking glory,
Reſtore my reaſon, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjuſt? Then, why was Phædra
Reſcued for torment, and preſerv'd for pain?
Why did you raiſe me to the heighth of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and ſtorms below,
To daſh and break me on the ground for ever?

ISMENA.

Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
At leaſt to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
Confin'd his perſon, and conſpir'd his death.

PHÆDRA.

Confin'd and doom'd to death——O cruel Lycon!
Could I have doom'd thy death?——Could theſe fad eyes
That lov'd thee living e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou could'ſt ſee me die without concern,
Rather than ſave a wretched queen from ruin.
Elſe could you chuſe to truſt the warring winds,
The ſwelling waves, the rocks, the faithleſs ſands,
And all the raging monſters of the deep!

Oh!

Oh! think you ſee me on the naked ſhore.
Thick how I ſcream and tear my ſcatter'd hair;
Break from the embraces of my ſhrieking maids,
And harrow on the ſand my bleeding boſom:
Then catch with wide-ſtretch'd arms the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, diſmal ſtate! My bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts diſſolve in tendereſt pity.

PHÆDRA.

If you can pity, O! refuſe not love;
But ſtoop to rule in Crete, the ſeat of heroes,
And nurſery of gods——A hundred cities
Court thee for lord, where the rich buſy crouds
Struggle for paſſage through the ſpacious ſtreets;
Where thouſand ſhips o'erſhade the leſſening main,
And tire the labouring wind. The ſuppliant nations
Bow to its enſigns, and with lower'd ſails
Confeſs the ocean's queen. For thee alone
The winds ſhall blow, and the vaſt ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
From twanging yews ſhall ſend their fatal ſhafts.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me march their leader, not their prince;
And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians,
Brandiſh this far-fam'd ſword of conquering Theſeus;
That I may ſhake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Aſia's neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright anceſtor the ſun may ſhine

On nought but Phædra's empire.

PHÆDRA.

Why not thine?
Doſt thou ſo far deteſt my proffer'd bed,
As to refuſe my crown?——O, cruel youth!
By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd ſoul!
By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me;
O! eaſe, at leaſt once more delude, my ſorrows.
For your dear ſake I 've loſt my darling honour;
For you, but now I gave my ſoul to death:
For you I 'd quit my crown, and ſtoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife.
With thee I 'd climb the ſteepy Ida's ſummit,
And in the ſcorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er vales, purſue the ſhaggy lion;
Careleſs of danger and of waſting toil;
Of pinching hunger and impatient thirſt;
I 'd find all joys in thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why ſtoops the queen
To aſk, intreat, to ſupplicate and pray,
To proſtitute her crown and ſex's honour,
To one whoſe humble thoughts can only riſe
To be your ſlave, not lord?

PHÆDRA.

And is that all:
Gods! Does he deign to force an artful groan?
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes,
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his ſword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth?
He hates the tyrant, and the ſuppliant ſcorns.

O Heaven! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not bluſh at my degenerate weakneſs!
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble paſſion, fly;
Hence from my ſoul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heaven inſpires my thoughts with righteous vengeance.
Thou ſhalt no more deſpiſe my offer'd love;
No more Iſmena ſhall upbraid my weakneſs.
[*Catches* Hip. *ſword to ſtab herſelf.*
Now all ye kindred gods look down and ſee,
How I 'll revenge you, and myſelf, on Phædra.

Enter LYCON, *and ſnatches away the ſword.*

LYCON.

Horror on horror! Theſeus is return'd.

PHÆDRA.

Theſeus! Then what have I to do with life?
May I be ſnatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the face of injur'd Theſeus.
Now wider ſtill my growing horrors ſpread,
My fame, my virtue, nay, my frenzy 's fled:
Then view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger ſpares, your pity ſhould deſtroy.
[*Runs off.*

LYCON.

This may do ſervice yet.
[*Exit* LYCON, *carries off the ſword.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying gods.
Shall I again behold his aweful eyes?
Again be folded in his loving arms?
Yet in the midſt of joy I fear for Phædra;
I fear his warmth and unrelenting juſtice.
O! ſhould her raging paſſion reach his ears,
His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
To burning rage; as ſoft Cydonian oil,
Whoſe balmy juice glides o'er th' untaſting tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hotteſt flames will blaze.
But oh ye powers! I ſee his godlike form.
O extaſy of joy! He comes, he comes!
Is it my lord? My father? Oh! 'tis he:
I ſee him, touch him, feel his known embraces,
See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter THESEUS, *with others.*

Where have you been, my lord? What angry demon
Hid you from Crete? From me?—What god has ſav'd
you?
Did not Philotas ſee you fall? O anſwer me!
And then I'll aſk a thouſand queſtions more.

THESEUS.

No: But to ſave my life I feign'd my death;
My horſe and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther ſearch. This honeſt Greek
Conceal'd me in his houſe, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a veſſel; and, to bleſs me more,
Accompany'd my flight.——

But

But this at leiſure. Let me now indulge
A father's fondneſs; let me fnatch thee thus;
Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, ſuch, was I
[*Embraces* Hippolitus.
When firſt I ſaw thy mother, chaſte Camilla;
And much ſhe lov'd me.—Oh! Did Phædra view me
With half that fondneſs!——But ſhe 's ſtill unkind;
Elſe haſty joy had brought her to theſe arms.
To welcome me to liberty, to life;
And make that life a bleſſing. Come, my ſon,
Let us to Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

Pardon me, my lord.

THESEUS.

Forget her former treatment; ſhe 's too good
Still to perſiſt in hatred to my ſon.

HIPPOLITUS.

O! Let me fly from Crete,——from you, [*Aſide.*
and Phædra.

THESEUS.

My ſon, what means this turn? this ſudden ſtart?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

HIPPOLITUS.

Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown:
To quell the monſters that eſcap'd your ſword,
And make the world confeſs me Theſeus' ſon.

THESEUS.

What can this coldneſs mean? Retire, my ſon,
[*Exit* Hipppolitus.

While I attend the queen——What shock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my [illegible]
Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?
Where 's now the joy, the extasy, and transport,
That warm'd my soul, and urg'd me on to Phantom
O! had I never lov'd her, I 'd been blest.
Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful deluge spreads,
And genial heat informs its slimy beds;
Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
There monstrous serpents fright the labouring [illegible]
A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
And the same floods enrich and curse the land.

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Enter LYCON *solus.*

LYCON.

THIS may gain time till all my wealth 's e[illegible] bark'd,
To ward my foes revenge, and finish mine,
And shake that empire which I can't possess.
But then the queen——She dies——Why let her di[illegible]
Let wide destruction seize on all together,
So Lycon live.——A safe triumphant exile,

Gre

Great in diſgrace, and envy'd in his fall.
The queen!—then try thy art, and work her paſſions.

Enter Phædra *and Attendants.*

Draw her to act what moſt her ſoul abhors,
Poſſeſs her whole, and ſpeak thyſelf in Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Off, let me looſe; why, cruel barbarous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge
That ſpreads its hoſpitable arms for all?
Why muſt I drag th' inſufferable load
Of foul diſhonour, and deſpairing love?
Oh! length of pain! Am I ſo often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I ſo oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its eaſe?

LYCON.

Would you now die?
Now quit the field to your inſulting foe?
Then ſhall he triumph o'er your blaſted name;
Ages to come, the univerſe, ſhall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your ſoul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your ſhame, ſhall ſink beneath your faults;
Inherit your diſgrace, but not your crown.

PHÆDRA.

Muſt he too fall, involv'd in my deſtruction,
And only live to curſe the name of Phædra?

Oh dear, unhappy babe! muſt I bequeath thee
Only a ſad inheritance of woe?
Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unleſs they reach my infant's guiltleſs head?
Oh loſt eſtate! when life 's ſo ſharp a torment,
And death itſelf can't eaſe! Aſſiſt me, Lycon,
Adviſe, ſpeak comfort to my troubled ſoul.

LYCON.

'Tis you muſt drive that trouble from your ſoul;
As ſtreams, when dam'd, forget their ancient current,
And wondering at their banks, in other channels flow;
So muſt you bend your thoughts from hopeleſs love,
So turn their courſe to Theſeus' happy boſom,
And crown his eager hopes with wiſh'd enjoyment:
Then with freſh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Diſplay the beauties firſt inſpir'd his ſoul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

PHÆDRA.

Impoſſible! What woo him with theſe eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for Theſeus?
This tongue ſo us'd to ſound another name;
What! take him to my arms! Oh awful Juno!
Touch, love, careſs him! while my wandering fancy
On other objects ſtrays? A lewd adultreſs
In the chaſte bed? And in the father's arms,
(Oh horrid thought! Oh execrable inceſt!)
Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the ſon?

LYCON.

Yet you muſt ſee him, leſt impatient love

Should

Should urge his temper to too nice a ſearch,
And ill-tim'd abſence ſhould diſcloſe your crime.

PHÆDRA.

Could I, when preſent to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild diſorders of my ſoul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my ſpeech, betray me?
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou 'rt not betray'd!
Live, live ſecure, adoring Crete conceals thee:
Thy pious love, and moſt endearing goodneſs,
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to ſilence.
Oh wretched Phædra! oh ill-guarded ſecret!
To foes alone diſclos'd!

LYCON.

I needs muſt fear them.
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their imprecations.

PHÆDRA.

Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail!
I too have ſworn, ev'n at the altar ſworn
Eternal love and endleſs faith to Theſeus;
And yet am falſe, forſworn: The hallow'd ſhrine,
That heard me ſwear, is witneſs to my falſehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he ſhall tell the fault himſelf inſpir'd;
The fatal eloquence, that charm'd my ſoul,
Shall laviſh all its art to my deſtruction.

LYCON.

Oh he will tell it all!—Deſtruction ſeize him!—
With ſeeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuſe your folly;

Falſe tears ſhall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful ſighs ſhall heave.
Then Theſeus—How will indignation ſwell
His mighty heart! How his majeſtic frame
Will ſhake with rage too fierce, too ſwift for vent!
How he 'll expoſe you to the public ſcorn,
And loathing crowds ſhall murmur out their horror!
Then the fierce Scythian——Now methinks I ſee
His fiery eyes with ſullen pleaſures glow,
Survey your tortures, and inſult your pangs;
I ſee him, ſmiling on the pleas'd Iſmena,
Point out with ſcorn the once proud tyrant Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Curſt be his name! May infamy attend him!
May ſwift deſtruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of thoſe he moſt adores!

LYCÓN.

By Heaven, prophetic truth inſpires your tongue!
He ſhall endure the ſhame he means to give;
And all the torments which he heaps on you,
With juſt revenge, ſhall Theſeus turn on him.

PHÆDRA.

Is 't poſſible? Oh Lycon! Oh my refuge!
Oh good old man! Thou oracle of wiſdom!
Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

LYCON.

Accuſe him firſt.

PHÆDRA.

Oh Heavens! Accuſe the guiltleſs!

LYCON.

LYCON.

Then be accus'd; let Theſeus know your crime;
Let laſting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall——
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity,
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preſerve your glory, and ſecure your vengeance;
Be yours the fruit, ſecurity, and eaſe;
The guilt, the danger, and the labour, mine.

PHÆDRA.

Heavens! Theſeus comes!

Enter THESEUS.

LYCON.

Declare your laſt reſolves.

PHÆDRA.

Do you reſolve, for Phædra can do nothing.

[*Exit* Phædra.

LYCON.

Now, Lycon, heighen his impatient love,
Now raiſe his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quaſh them with deſpair;
Work his tumultuous paſſions into frenzy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

THESEUS.

Was that my queen, my wife, my idol, Phædra?
Does ſhe ſtill ſhun me? Oh injurious Heaven!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you ſave me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?

LYCON.

Her hatred! No, ſhe loves you with ſuch fondneſs,
As none but that of Theſeus e'er could equal;
Yet ſo the gods have doom'd, ſo Heaven will have it,
She ne'er muſt view her much-lov'd Theſeus more.

THESEUS.

Not ſee her! By my ſufferings but I will,
Though troops embattled ſhould oppoſe my paſſage,
And ready death ſhould guard the fatal way.
Not ſee her! Oh I 'll claſp her in theſe arms,
Break through the idle bands that yet have held me,
And ſeize the joys my honeſt love may claim.

LYCON.

Is this a time for joy? when Phædra's grief——

THESEUS.

Is this a time for grief? Is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then to my thoughts relenting Phædra flew,
With open arms, to welcome my return,
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my raſhneſs,
And made me ſwear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm ſoul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untaſted joys;
New pleaſures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were loſt.
And does ſhe now avoid my eager love,
Purſue me ſtill with unrelenting hatred,

Invent

nt new pains, deteſt, loath, ſhun my ſight,
my return, and ſorrow for my ſafety?

LYCON.

think not ſo! for, by th' unerring gods,
en firſt I told her of your wiſh'd return,
en the lov'd name of Theſeus reach'd her ears,
hat dear name ſhe rear'd her drooping head,
feeble hands, and watery eyes, to Heaven,
bleſs the bounteous gods: at that dear name
raging tempeſt of her grief was calm'd;
ſighs were huſh'd, and tears forgot to flow.

THESEUS.

id my return bring comfort to her ſorrow?
n haſte, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
will kiſs the pearly drops away;
c from her roſy lips the fragrant ſighs;
h other ſighs her panting breaſt ſhall heave,
h other dews her ſwimming eyes ſhall melt,
h other pangs her throbbing heart ſhall beat,
l all her ſorrows ſhall be loſt in love.

LYCON.

oes Theſeus burn with ſuch unheard-of paſſion?
l muſt not ſhe with out-ſtretch'd arms receive him,
l with an equal ardour meet his vows,
vows of one ſo dear! O righteous gods!
y muſt the bleeding heart of Theſeus bear
h torturing pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
with accuſing eyes on angry Heaven
faſtly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
with dumb piercing grief, and humble ſhame,

Fixes

Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now burſt with ſwelling anguiſh, rends the a
With loud complaints of her outrageous wro

THESEUS.

Wrong'd! Is ſhe wrong'd? and lives he
wrong'd her?

LYCON.

He lives, ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
That Phædra ſcarce can hope, ſcarce wiſh reven

THESEUS.

Shall Theſeus live, and not revenge his Phæ
Gods! ſhall this arm, renown'd for righteou
geance,
For quelling tyrants, and redreſſing wrongs,
Now fail? now firſt, when Phædra 's injur'd, fai
Speak, Lycon, haſte, declare the ſecret villain,
The wretch ſo meanly baſe to injure Phædra,
So raſhly brave to dare the ſword of Theſeus.

LYCON.

I dare not ſpeak; but ſure her wrongs are migh
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her ſighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me ſuſpect her monſtrous grief will end her.

THESEUS.

End her? end Theſeus firſt, and all mankind;
But moſt that villain, that deteſted ſlave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch!

LYCON.

O noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when in the midſt of grief,

In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming ſorrows,
She, groaning, ſtill invok'd, ſtill call'd on Theſeus.

THESEUS.

Did ſhe then name me! Did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theſeus?
Oh that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this ſtay? I come, I fly, oh Phædra!
Lead on—Now, dark diſturber of my peace,
If now thou 'rt known, what luxury of vengeance—
Haſte, lead, conduct me.

LYCON.

Oh! I beg you ſtay.

THESEUS.

What! ſtay when Phædra calls?

LYCON.

Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you ſtay;
As you reſpect your peace, your life, your glory:
As Phædra's days are precious to your ſoul;
By all your love, by all her ſorrows, ſtay.

THESEUS.

Where lies the danger? wherefore ſhould I ſtay?

LYCON.

Your ſudden preſence would ſurprize her ſoul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her ſorrow, indignation, ſhame;
And all your ſon would ſtrike her from your eyes.

THESEUS.

My ſon!——But he 's too good, too brave to wrong her.

——Whence then that ſhocking change, that ſtrong
ſurprize;
That fright that ſeiz'd him at the name of Phædra!

LYCON.

Was he ſurpriz'd? that ſhew'd at leaſt remorſe.

THESEUS.

Remorſe! for what? By Heavens, my troubled
thoughts
Preſage ſome dire attempt.——Say, what remorſe!

LYCON.

I would not——yet I muſt.——This you com-
mand;
This Phædra orders; thrice her faultering tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty ſcene to Theſeus:
Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my ſpeed, and chid my raſh obedience,
Leſt the unwelcome tale ſhould wound your peace.
At laſt, with looks ſerenely ſad, ſhe cry'd,
Go, tell it all; but in ſuch artful words,
Such tender accents, and ſuch melting ſounds,
As may appeaſe his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his ſon
A grievous fault, but ſtill a fault of love.

THESEUS.

Of love! what ſtrange ſuſpicions rack my ſoul?
As you regard my peace, declare, what love!

LYCON.

So urg'd, I muſt declare; yet, pitying Heaven,
Why muſt I ſpeak? Why muſt unwilling Lycon
Accuſe the prince of impious love to Phædra?

Love

THESEUS.

Love to his mother! to the wife of Theſeus!

LYCON.

Yes, at the moment firſt he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands;
His eaſy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he preſt her with his paſſion.

THESEUS.

Then 't was for this ſhe baniſh'd him from Crete;
I thought it hatred all: O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven; forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in ſecret have condemn'd thy juſtice.
Oh! 't was all juſt, and Theſeus ſhall revenge,
Ev'n on his ſon, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

LYCON.

What eaſy tools are theſe blunt honeſt heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the ſtateſman's art prepares,
And poſt to ruin!——Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd juſtice on thy ſon,
Next on thyſelf, and both make way for Lycon. [*Aſide.*

THESEUS.

Ha! am I ſure ſhe 's wrong'd? perhaps 't is malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accuſation,
Or treble fury ſhall revenge my ſon.

LYCON.

Am I then doubted! and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge ſuch execrable falſehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you ſuſpect her truth? O godlike Theſeus!

Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra!
Is this her hop'd-for aid! Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heavens
With thy vain ſorrows; ſince relentleſs Theſeus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theſeus, will not hear thee!

THESEUS.

Not hear my Phædra! Not revenge her wrongs!
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom 's as fix'd
As when Jove ſpeaks, and high Olympus ſhakes,
And Fate his voice obeys.

LYCON.

Bear witneſs, Heaven!
With what reluctance I produce this ſword,
This fatal proof againſt th' unhappy prince,
Leſt it ſhould work your juſtice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force, as well as inceſt.

THESEUS.

Gods! 't is illuſion all! Is this the ſword
By which Procruſtes, Scyron, Pallas fell?
Is this the weapon which my darling ſon
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly haſt fulfill'd
Thy generous promiſe. O moſt injur'd Phædra!
Why did I truſt to his deceitful form?
Why blame thy juſtice, or ſuſpect thy truth?

LYCON.

Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lock'd in her diſhevel'd hair,
That weapon glittering o'er her trembling boſom,
Whilſt ſhe with ſcreams refus'd his impious love,

Entreating

Entreating death, and riſing to the wound.
Oh! had you ſeen her, when the frighted youth
Retir'd at your approach: had you then ſeen her,
In the chaſte tranſports of becoming fury,
Seize on the ſword to pierce her guiltleſs boſom,
Had you ſeen this, you could not doubt her truth.

THESEUS.

Oh impious monſter! Oh forgive me, Phædra!
And may the gods inſpire my injur'd ſoul
With equal vengeance that may ſuit his crimes.

LYCON.

For Phædra's ſake, forbear to talk of vengeance;
That with new pains would wound her tender breaſt;
Send him away from Crete, and by his abſence
Give Phædra quiet; and afford him mercy.

THESEUS.

Mercy! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
Poor Phædra's mercy.——Oh moſt barbarous traitor!
To wrong ſuch beauty, and inſult ſuch goodneſs.
Mercy! what 's that? a virtue coin'd by villains;
Who praiſe the weakneſs which ſupports their crimes.
Be mute, and fly, leſt when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyſelf in vain implore my mercy.

LYCON.

Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou doſt,
More than I do the juſtice thou 'rt ſo fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boaſt thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

THESEUS.

Yet can it be?——Is this th' inceſtuous villain?
How great his preſence, how erect his look,
How every grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
Oh Neptune! Oh, great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with ſuch a godlike look?
Why wears he not ſome moſt deteſted form,
Baleful to ſight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my juſtice without grief,
Puniſh the villain, nor regret the ſon?

HIPPOLITUS.

May I preſume to aſk, what ſecret care
Broods in your breaſt, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes thoſe angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus, they us'd to cheer?

THESEUS.

Anſwer me firſt: when call'd to wait on Phædra,
What ſudden fear ſurpriz'd your troubled ſoul?
Why did your ebbing blood forſake your cheeks?
Why did you haſten from your father's arms,
To ſhun the queen your duty bids you pleaſe?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, to pleaſe the queen, I 'm forc'd to ſhun her,
And keep this hated object from her ſight.

THESEUS.

Say, what 's the cauſe of her inveterate hatred?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, as yet I never gave her cauſe.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Oh were it ſo! [*Aſide:*] When laſt did you attend her?

HIPPOLITUS.

When laſt attend her?——Oh unhappy queen!
Your error 's known, yet I diſdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myſelf have caus'd. [*Aſide.*
When laſt attend her?——

THESEUS.

Anſwer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, this very morn I ſaw the queen.

THESEUS.

What paſs'd?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aſk'd permiſſion to retire.

THESEUS.

And was that all?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, I humbly beg
With the moſt low ſubmiſſions, aſk no more.

THESEUS.

Yet you don't anſwer with your low ſubmiſſions.
Anſwer, or never hope to ſee me more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd and loſt for ever. [*Aſide.*

THESEUS.

He changes, gods! and faulters at the queſtion.

His fears, his words, his looks declare him

HIPPOLITUS.

Why do you frown, my lord? Why turn
As from some loathsome monster, not your

THESEUS.

Thou art that monster, and no more my so
Not one of those of the most horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd ea
Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.

HIPPOLITUS.

Where am I, gods? Is that my father Thes
Am I awake? Am I Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Thou art that fiend.—Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art!——Oh fall! Oh fatal stain to honour
How had my vain imagination form'd thee!
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos just!
Sometimes it led me through the maze of war;
There it survey'd thee ranging through the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction:
Sometimes with wholesome laws reforming states,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you——

HIPPOLITUS.

With all my father's soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,
To hunt through bloody fields the chase of glory,
And bless your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! How that warm'd me! How my throbbing
heart

Leap

Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you ſhould ſtrain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with ſobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confeſs your ſon!
How did I think my glorious toil o'er-paid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
With more than conqueſt crown'd? Go on, Hippolitus,
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practiſe the ſtricteſt and auſtereſt virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theſeus, thy father Theſeus, will reward thee.

THESEUS.

Reward thee?——Yes, as Minos would reward thee.
Was Minos then thy pattern? And did Minos,
The great, the good, the juſt, the righteous Minos,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inſpire adultery, force, and inceſt?

ISMENA *appears.*

ISMENA.

Ha! What's this? [*Aſide.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Inceſt?——

THESEUS.

Inceſt with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

This charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to thought,
Stuns my aſtoniſh'd ſoul, and ties my voice.

THESEUS.

Then let this wake thee, this once glorious sword,
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpose. Oh abandon'd slave!
Oh early villain! Most detested coward!
With this my instrument of youthful glory!
With this?——Oh noble entrance into arms!
With this t' invade the spotless Phædra's honour!
Phædra! My life! My better half, my queen!
That very Phædra, for whose just defence
The gods would claim thy sword.

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Dumb
Heavens! Durst I raise the far-fam'd sword of Th
Against his queen, against my mother's bosom.

THESEUS.

If not, declare when, where, and how you lost it!
How Phædra gain'd it? Oh all the gods! He's fl
Why was it bar'd? Whose bosom was it aim'd at!
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheek
Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! Monstrous vill

HIPPOLITUS.

Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
No clue to guide me through this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?
None! None, ye powers! And must I groan beneath
This execrable load of foul dishonour?
Must Theseus suffer such unheard-of torture!
Theseus, my father! No, I'll break through all;
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,

I give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord!
Hear your wrong'd ſon. The ſword——Oh fatal vow!
Inſnaring oaths, and thou, raſh thoughtleſs fool,
To bind thyſelf in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal truſt continue firm!
Beneath diſgrace, though infamous yet honeſt.
Yet hear me, father, may the righteous gods
Shower all their curſes on this wretched head.
Oh may they doom me!—

THESEUS.

Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The ſword, the ſword! Now ſwear, and call to witneſs
Heaven, hell, and earth. I mark it not from one,
That breathes beneath ſuch complicated guilt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
I ſprang to meet you at your wiſh'd return?
Does this appear like guilt? When thus ſerene,
With eyes erect, and viſage unappall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I ſtand the charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty:
Where are the conſcious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the down-caſt haggard eyes,
Or fixt on earth, or ſlowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then ſunk again with horror?

THESEUS.

This is for raw, untaught, unfiniſh'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom haſt reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection:
Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous ſtamp (oh Heavens!) of faultleſs virtue,

While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid de
Oh harden'd fiend, can't ſuch tranſcending cr
Diſturb thy ſoul, or ruffle thy ſmooth brow?
What no remorſe! No qualms! No pricking!
No feeble ſtruggle of rebelling honour?
O 'twas thy joy! thy ſecret hoard of bliſs,
To dream, to ponder, all it o'er in thought;
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing miſers
Brood o'er their precious ſtores of ſecret gold.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt I not ſpeak? Then ſay, unerring Heaven
Why was I born with ſuch a thirſt of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my diſhonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

THESEUS.

Guilty indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And ſuch a father (Oh immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory;
When thou ſhould'ſt rend the ſkies with clamorous grief,
Beat thy ſad breaſt, and tear thy ſtarting hair;
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid luſt t' inſult my yet warm urn;
Make me the ſcorn of hell, and ſport for fiends!
Theſe are the funeral honours paid to Theſeus,
Theſe are the ſorrows, theſe the hallow'd rites,
To which you 'd call your father's hovering ſpirit.

Exit

Enetr ISMENA.

ISMENA.

ear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom:
[*Turning to* Theſeus.
one that comes to ſhield his injur'd honour,
guard his life with hazard of her own.

THESEUS.

hough thou 'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
ugh ev'n thy beauty 's loathſome to my eyes,
juſtice bids me hear thee.

ISMENA.

Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*
n know, miſtaken prince, his honeſt ſoul
ld ne'er be ſway'd by impious love to Phædra,
e I before engag'd his early vows;
h all my wiles ſubdued his ſtruggling heart;
long his duty ſtruggled with his love.

THESEUS.

eak, is this true? On thy obedience, ſpeak.

HIPPOLITUS.

o charg'd, I own the dangerous truth; I own,
inſt her will, I lov'd the fair Iſmena.

THESEUS.

anſt thou be only clear'd by diſobedience,
l juſtify'd by crimes?——What! love my foe!
e one deſcended from a race of tyrants,
oſe blood yet reaks on my avenging ſword!
a curſt each moment I delay thy fate;

Haſte to the ſhades, and tell the happy Pallas
Iſmena's flames, and let him taſte ſuch joys
As thou giv'ſt me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chattering ghoſts, and hiſſing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell found nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Iſmena.

Enter CRATANDER.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty ſword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at leaſt, like Theſeus' ſon.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

HIPPOLITUS.

Heavens! How that ſtrikes me! How it wounds my ſoul!
To think of your unutterable ſorrows,
When you ſhall find Hippolitus was guiltleſs!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you ſhall mourn your ſon's unhappy fate,
Oh, I beſeech you by the love you bore me,
With my laſt words (my words will then prevail)
Oh for my ſake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theſeus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys, ſurvive
Freſh in your breaſt, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
Oh! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
Let me be honour'd ſtill, but not deplor'd.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

n thy chief care is for thy father's life.
ooming hypocrite! Oh young diſſembler!
haſt thou ſhewn the care thou tak'ſt of Theſeus.
ye gods! how this enflames my fury!
e can hold my rage; my eager hands
ble to reach thee. No, diſhonour'd Theſeus!
not thy fame with ſuch a monſter's blood.
h him away.

HIPPOLITUS.

Lead on. Farewell, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

! take me with him, let me ſhare his fate.
rful Theſeus! Yet revoke his doom;
ee the very miniſters of death,
gh bred to blood, yet ſhrink, and wiſh to ſave him.

THESEUS.

res, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms off.

ISMENA.

! tear me, cut me, till my ſever'd limbs
to my lord, and ſhare the pains he ſuffers.

THESEUS.

ins, away.

ISMENA.

O Theſeus! Hear me, hear me.

THESEUS.

ay, nor taint me with thy loathſome touch.
roman.

ISMENA.

y, oh ſtay! I 'll tell you all. [Exit Theſeus.

Already

Already gone!——Tell it, ye conſcious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Reſound it, fame, with all your hundred tongues.
Oh hapleſs youth! All Heaven conſpires againſt you.
The conſcious walls conceal the fatal ſecret:
Th' untainted winds refuſe th' infecting load:
And fame itſelf is mute.——Nay, ev'n Iſmena,
Thy own Iſmena 's ſworn to thy deſtruction.

But ſtill, whate'er the cruel gods deſign,
In the ſame fate our equal ſtars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine.

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

Enter PHÆDRA *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

ACCUSE yourſelf? Oh! on my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal meſſage.
Heavens! Will you ſtand the dreaded rage of Theſeus?
And brand your fame, and work your own deſtruction?

PHÆDRA.

By thee I 'm branded, and by thee deſtroy'd;
Thou boſom ſerpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet ſhan't you boaſt the miſeries you cauſe,
Nor 'ſcape the ruin you have brought on all.

LYCON.

LYCON.

Was it not your command? Has faithful Lycon
E'er ſpoke, e'er thought, deſign'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done aught without the queen's conſent?

PHÆDRA.

Plead'ſt thou conſent to what thou firſt inſpir'dſt?
Was that conſent? O ſenſeleſs politician!
When adverſe paſſions ſtruggled in my breaſt,
When anger, fear, love, ſorrow, guilt, deſpair,
Drove out my reaſon, and uſurp'd my ſoul,
Yet this conſent you plead, O faithful Lycon!
Oh! only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what is my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
What then is thine? Thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wiſe, fore-thinking, weighing politician!

LYCON.

Oh! 'twas ſo black, my frighten'd tongue recoil'd
At its own ſound, and horror ſhook my ſoul.
Yet ſtill, though pierc'd with ſuch amazing anguiſh,
Such was my zeal, ſo much I lov'd my queen,
I broke through all, to ſave the life of Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

What 's life? Oh all ye gods! Can life atone
For all the monſtrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? When thou, oh ſoul of honour!
Oh early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the ſordid hands of butchering villains;

Now, now he bleeds, he dies—Oh perjur'd traitor!
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature ſallies in unbidden groans;
Now mortal pangs diſtort his lovely form;
His roſy beauties fade, his ſtarry eyes
Now darkling ſwim, and fix their cloſing beams;
Now in ſhort gaſps his labouring ſpirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his faultering tongue,
And ſtruggles into ſound. Hear, monſter, hear,
With his laſt breath he curſes perjur'd Phædra:
He ſummons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
Thou too ſhalt there appear; to torture thee,
Whole hell ſhall be employ'd, and ſuffering Phædra
Shall find ſome eaſe to ſee thee ſtill more wretched.

LYCON.

Oh all ye powers! Oh Phædra! Hear me, hear me,
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
By thoſe unhappy crimes I wrought to ſerve you,
By theſe old wither'd limbs and hoary hairs,
By all my tears!—Oh Heavens! She minds me not,
She hears not my complaints. Oh wretched Lycon!
To what art thou reſerv'd?

PHÆDRA.

Reſerv'd to all
The ſharpeſt, ſloweſt pains that earth can furniſh,
To all I wiſh——On Phædra——Guards, ſecure him.

LYCON *carried off.*

Ha! Theſeus, gods! My freezing blood congeals,
And all my thoughts, deſigns, and words are loſt.

Enter

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Doſt thou at laſt repent? Oh lovely Phædra!
At laſt with equal ardour meet my vows:
O dear-bought bleſſing! Yet I 'll not complain,
Since now my ſharpeſt grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.——Then haſte, my charmer,
Let 's feaſt our famiſh'd ſouls with amorous riot,
With fierceſt bliſs atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we 've loſt.

PHÆDRA.

Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the diſtant ſkies or deepeſt center.

THESEUS.

Amazement! Death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a deteſtation,
So ſtrong abhorrence!—Speak, exquiſite tormentor!
Was it for this your ſummons fill'd my ſoul
With eager raptures, and tumultuous tranſports?
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliſs,
Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
And fly with trembling haſte to meet her arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
Was it for this you rouz'd my drowſy ſoul
From the dull lethargy of hopeleſs love?
And doſt thou only ſhew thoſe beauteous eyes
To wake deſpair, and blaſt me with their beams?

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! were that all to which the gods have doom'd me;
But angry Heaven has laid in ſtore for Theſeus
Such perfect miſchief, ſuch tranſcendent woe,
That the black image ſhocks my frighted ſoul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

THESEUS.

Fear not to ſpeak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the ſaddeſt tale of ſorrow pleaſing,
And charm the grief it brings.—Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy ſight; thus gazing on thoſe eyes,
I can ſupport the utmoſt ſpite of fate,
And ſtand the rage of Heaven.—Approach, my fair!

PHÆDRA.

Off, or I fly for ever from thy ſight:
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Forget the villain, drive him from your ſoul,

PHÆDRA.

Can I forget? O drive from my ſoul:
Oh! he will ſtill be preſent to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

THESEUS.

And mine and all.—Oh moſt abandon'd villain!
Oh laſting ſcandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime ſo foul as inceſt.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Inceſt! Oh name it not!——
The very mention ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul:
The gods are ſtartled in their peaceful manſions,
And nature ſickens at the ſhocking ſound,
Thou brutal wretch! Thou execrable monſter!
To break through all the laws that early flow
From untaught reaſon, and diſtinguiſh man;
Mix like the ſenſeleſs herd with beſtial luſt,
Mother and ſon prepoſterouſly wicked;
To baniſh from thy ſoul the reverence due
To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one ſo great, ſo good as Theſeus.

THESEUS.

To injure one ſo great, ſo good as Phædra;
Oh ſlave! to wrong ſuch purity as thine,
Such dazzling brightneſs, ſuch exalted virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Virtue! All-ſeeing gods, you know my virtue!
Muſt I ſupport all this? O righteous Heaven!
Can't I yet ſpeak? Reproach I could have borne,
Pointed his ſatyrs ſtings, and edg'd his rage,
But to be prais'd——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are ſlight to what I ſuffer,
And hell itſelf 's relief.

THESEUS.

What 's hell to thee?
What crimes could'ſt thou commit? Or what reproaches
Could innocence ſo pure as Phædra's fear.

Oh

Oh, thou 'rt the chaſteſt matron of thy ſex,
The faireſt pattern of excelling virtue.
Our lateſt annals ſhall record thy glory.
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each ſkilful artiſt ſhall expreſs thy form,
In animated gold.——The threatening ſword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy ſnowy boſom;
Such heavenly beauty on thy face ſhall bloom,
As ſhall almoſt excuſe the villain's crime;
But yet that firmneſs, that unſhaken virtue,
As ſtill ſhall make the monſter more deteſted.
Where-e'er you paſs, the crouded way ſhall ſound
With joyful cries, and endleſs acclamations;
And when aſpiring bards, in daring ſtrains,
Shall raiſe ſome heavenly matron to the powers,
They 'll ſay, ſhe 's great, ſhe 's true, ſhe 's chaſt
Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

This might have been.——But now, oh cruel fa
Now, as I paſs, the crouded way ſhall ſound
With hiſſing ſcorn, and murmuring deteſtation:
The lateſt annals ſhall record my ſhame;
And when th' avenging Muſe with pointed rage
Would ſink ſome impious woman down to hell,
She 'll ſay, ſhe 's falſe, ſhe 's baſe, ſhe 's foul as Phæ

THESEUS.

Hadſt thou been foul, had horrid violation
Gaſt any ſtains on purity like thine,
They 're waſh'd already in the villain's blood:
The very ſword, his inſtrument of horror,

]

Ere this time drench'd in his inceſtuous heart,
Has done thee juſtice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead.——I ſaw Cratander
Give him a ſword.——I ſaw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breaſt,
With ſteady hands, and with diſdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but ſcorn'd to die,
And not in battle.——A loud clamour follow'd it,
And the ſurrounding ſoldiers hid from ſight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?

THESEUS.

Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful juſtice,
I 'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

PHÆDRA.

Then thou 'rt renown'd indeed.——Oh happy Theſeus!
Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haſte then, let's join our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To ſhew a pair ſo eminently wretched.

THESEUS.

Wretched! For what? For what the world
praiſe me.
For what the nations ſhall adore my juſtice,
A villain's death?

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus a villain!
Oh, he was all his godlike ſire could wiſh,
The pride of Theſeus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the braveſt of his godlike race
Tread with ſuch early hopes the paths of honou

THESEUS.

What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous Pl
Say, whence theſe ſhifting guſts of claſhing rage
Why are thy doubtful ſpeeches dark and troubl
As Cretan ſeas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate paſſion,
Accus'd and prais'd, deteſted and deplor'd?

PHÆDRA.

Canſt thou not gueſs?——
Canſt thou not read it in my furious paſſions?
In all the wild diſorders of my ſoul?
Could'ſt thou not ſee it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
Could'ſt thou not find it in the generous truth,
Which ſparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his fa
Could'ſt not perceive it in the chaſte reſerve?
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Could'ſt thou not ſee Hippolitus was guiltleſs?

THE

THESEUS.

Guiltleſs! Oh all ye gods! What can this mean?

PHÆDRA.

Mean! That the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme
With beſtial paſſion woo'd your loathing ſon;
And when deny'd, with impious accuſation
Sully'd the luſtre of his ſhining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultleſs youth,
And, with enſnaring wiles deſtroy'd that virtue
I try'd in vain to ſhake.

THESEUS.

Is he then guiltleſs?
Guiltleſs! Then what art thou? And oh juſt Heaven!
What a deteſted parricide is Theſeus!

PHÆDRA.

What am I? What indeed, but one more black
Than earth or hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and inceſt,
Perjury, murder; to arm the erring father
Againſt the guiltleſs ſon. O impious Lycon!
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

THESEUS.

Lycon! Here, guards!—— Oh moſt abandon'd villain!
Secure him, ſeize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS.

Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high diſpleaſure?

THESEUS.

Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
Who can inſpire ſuch ſtorms of rage, but Lycon?
Where has my ſword left one ſo black, but Lycon?
Where! Wretched Theſeus! in thy bed and heart,
The very darling of my ſoul and eyes!
Oh beauteous fiend! But truſt not to thy form.
You too, my ſon, was fair; your manly beauties
Charm'd every heart (O heavens!) to your deſtruction.
You too were good, your virtuous ſoul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious Phædra!
Inceſtuous fury! Execrable murth'reſs!
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage ſuggeſt,
Ev'n endleſs torture which thou ſhalt not ſuffer?

PHÆDRA.

And is there aught on earth I would not ſuffer?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
Thou need'ſt not claim it, moſt unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine: T' avenge thy fate,
I 'd court the fierceſt pains, and ſue for tortures;
And Phædra's ſufferings ſhould atone for thine:
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my ſoul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my ſhrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

LYCON *brought in.*

THESEUS.

Haſt thou eſcap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,

On

On thee I 'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundleſs rage.

LYCON.

O! mercy, mercy!

THESEUS.

Such thou ſhalt find as thy beſt deeds deſerve,
Such as thy guilty ſoul can hope from Theſeus;
Such as thou ſhew'dſt to poor Hippolitus.

LYCON.

Oh chain me! whip me! Let me be the ſcorn
Of ſordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched.

PHÆDRA.

Art thou ſo baſe, ſo ſpiritleſs a ſlave?
Not ſo the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not ſo he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

THESEUS.

Oh abject villain! Yet it gives me joy
To ſee the fears that ſhake thy guilty ſoul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou 'lt howl thy fearful ſoul away;
While laughing crowds ſhall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their ſport! Haſte, hence, away with him,
Drag him to all the torments earth can furniſh;
Let him be rack'd and gaſh'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monſter, fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the ſhouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
And is this all? And art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus!

Oh ungorg'd appetite! Oh ravenous thirſt
Of a ſon's blood! What not a day, a moment!

PHÆDRA.

A day! A moment! Oh! thou ſhould'ſt have ſt
Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch'd the life of that conſummate youth.

THESEUS.

And yet with joy I flew to his deſtruction,
Boaſted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs ſhe ſighing gave me
The laſt cold kiſſes from her trembling lips,
And reach'd her feeble wandering hands to mine;
When her laſt breath, now quivering at her mouth,
Implor'd my goodneſs to her lovely ſon;
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! deſcends
An early victim to the lazy ſhades,
(Oh heaven and earth!) by Theſeus doom'd, deſcends.

PHÆDRA.

He 's doom'd by Theſeus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madneſs, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my frenzy,
And dye for thee, my headlong rage deſtroy'd:
Thee I purſue, (oh great ill-fated youth!)
Purſue thee ſtill, but now with chaſte deſires;
Thee through the diſmal waſte of gloomy death;
Thee through the glimmering dawn, and purer day,
Through all th' Elyſian plains: O righteous Minos!
Elyſian plains! There he and his Iſmena

Shall

Shall ſport for ever, ſhall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off ſhall howl
In lonely plains; while all the blackeſt ghoſts
Shrink from the baleful ſight of one more monſtrous,
And more accurs'd than they.

THESEUS.

I too muſt go;
I too muſt once more ſee the burning ſhore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will releaſe me now.

PHÆDRA.

Then why this ſtay? Come on, let's plunge together:
See hell ſets wide its adamantine gates,
See through the ſable gates the black Cocytus
In ſmoky circles rowls its fiery waves:
Hear, hear the ſtunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of claſhing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing ſhrieks,
That wide through all its gloomy world reſound.
How huge Mægara ſtalks! what ſtreaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what ſerpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiſs around her head!
Now, now ſhe drags me to the bar of Minos.
See how the aweful judges of the dead
Look ſtedfaſt hate, and horrible diſmay!
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage choaks his ſtruggling words: the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand: O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here! Oh execrable villain!

Then am I ſtill on earth? By hell I am,
A fury now, a ſcourge preſerv'd for Lycon!
See, the juſt beings offer to my vengeance
That impious ſlave. Now, Lycon, for revenge;
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here.——I 'll ſteal it to his!
[*Miſtaking* Theſeus *for* Lycon, *offers to ſtab h*

GUARDS.

Heavens! 'tis your lord.

PHÆDRA.

My lord! O equal Heav
Muſt each portentous moment riſe in crimes,
And ſallying life go off in parricide?
Then truſt not thy ſlow drugs. Thus ſure of dea
[*Stabs her*
Compleat thy horrors——And if this ſuffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the reſt.

THESEUS.

At length ſhe 's quiet,
And earth now bears not ſuch a wretch as Theſeu
Yet I 'll obey Hippolitus, and live:
Then to the wars; and as the Corybantines,
With claſhing ſhields, and braying trumpets, dro
The cries of infant Jove.——I 'll ſtifle conſcience
And nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? For whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
An endleſs round of ſtill returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorſe?

What torment's this?—Therefore, O greatly thought
Therefore do juſtice on thyſelf——and live;
ive above all moſt infinitely wretched.
mena too——Nay, then, avenging Heaven

ISMENA *enters.*

las vented all its rage.——O wretched maid!
Vhy doſt thou come to ſwell my raging grief?
Vhy add to ſorrows, and embitter woes?
Vhy do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Vhy thus recal to my afflicted ſoul
he ſad remembrance of my god-like ſon,
f that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

ISMENA.

Ruin'd!——O all ye Powers! O awful Theſeus!
ay, where 's my lord? ſay, where has fate diſpos'd him?
h ſpeak! the fear diſtracts me.

THESEUS.

Gods! Can I ſpeak?
an I declare his fate to his Iſmena?
h lovely maid! Could'ſt thou admit of comfort,
hou ſhould'ſt for ever be my only care,
Vork of my life, and labour of my ſoul.
or thee alone, my ſorrows, lull'd, ſhall ceaſe;
eaſe for a while to mourn my murder'd ſon:
or thee alone my ſword once more ſhall rage,
eſtore the crown of which it robb'd your race:
hen let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
t thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd

Beneath

Beneath thy eaſy yoke with pleaſure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

ISMENA.

Muſt I then reign? Nay, muſt I live without him?
Not ſo, oh godlike youth! you lov'd Iſmena;
You for her ſake refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentleſs hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have eaſe.
And thus I find it. [*Offers to ſtab herſelf.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

O forbear, Iſmena!
Forbear, chaſte maid, to wound thy tender boſom;
Oh heaven and earth! ſhould ſhe reſolve to die,
And ſnatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods! ſhe 'd fall a victim?
Was it for me ſhe 'd die? O heavenly virgin!
See, ſee thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

ISMENA.

Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead! is this Elyſium!
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus——Ar 't well.
Ar 't thou not wounded?

THESEUS.

Oh unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, ſay, what god, what miracle preſerv'd thee?

Dull

Didſt thou not ſtrike thy father's cruel preſent,
My ſword, into thy breaſt?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myſelf, and ſlew Cratander;
The guards, not truſted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wiſh, and brought me to the king:
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theſeus' ſorrow, and Iſmena's loſs;
Therefore I haſten'd to your royal preſence,
Here to receive my doom.

THESEUS.

Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Iſmena's arms.
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence, and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

ISMENA.

Oh killing joy!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh extaſy of bliſs!
Am I poſſeſs'd at laſt of my Iſmena?
Of that coeleſtial maid, oh pitying gods!
How ſhall I thank your bounties for my ſufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I 've born?
Since 't was to them I owe divine Iſmena,
To them I owe the dear conſent of Theſeus.
Yet there 's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the diſaſtrous fate of hapleſs Phædra.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Deep was her anguiſh; for the wrongs ſhe did ye
She choſe to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

HIPPOLITUS.

I 've heard it all.
O! had not paſſion ſully'd her renown,
None e'er on earth had ſhone with equal luſtre;
So glorious liv'd, or ſo lamented dy'd.
Her faults were only faults of raging love,
Her virtues all her own.

ISMENA.

Unhappy Phædra!
Was there no other way, ye pitying Powers,
No other way to crown Iſmena's love?
Then muſt I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And in the midſt of my triumphant joy,
Ev'n in my hero's arms, confeſs ſome ſorrow.

THESEUS.

O tender maid! forbear, with ill-tim'd grief,
To damp our bleſſings, and incenſe the gods:
But let 's away, and pay kind Heaven our thanks
For all the wonders in our favour wrought;
That Heaven, whoſe mercy reſcued erring Theſeus
From execrable crimes, and endleſs woes.
Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world,
With equal poize let ſteady juſtice ſway,
And flagrant crimes, with certain vengeance pay,
But, till the proofs are clear, the ſtroke delay.

HIPPO-

HIPPOLITUS.

he righteous gods, that innocence require,
ect the goodneſs which themſelves inſpire:
uarded virtue human arts defies,
accus'd is happy, while th' accuſer dies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

A POEM.

A POEM

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

TO A FRIEND.

SIR,

SINCE our Iſis ſilently deplores
The Bard who ſpread her fame to diſtant ſhores;
Since nobler pens their mournful lays ſuſpend,
My honeſt zeal, if not my verſe, commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life reſtrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear ſake long reſtleſs nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving veſſels tore,
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no ſummons from the noiſy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauſeous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull diſeaſe prevail'd,
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled phyſic fail'd;
But ſince the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthleſs lines ſucceed;
Fruitleſs our hopes, though pious our eſſays,
Yours to preſerve a friend, and mine to praiſe.

Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verſe,
With ſtrains like thoſe he ſung on Glo'ſter's herſe;

t with the meaner tribe I 'm forc'd to chime,
d, wanting ſtrength to riſe, deſcend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim ſhines,
id all the battle-thunders in his lines;
; nervous verſe great Boileau's ſtrength tranſcends,
id France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.

Oh! various bard, you all our powers control,
u now diſturb, and now divert the ſoul:
lton and Butler in thy muſe combine,
ove the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine;
r as I 've ſeen, when rival wits contend,
e gayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
iis on quick turns and points in vain relies,
iis with a look demure, and ſteady eyes,
ith dry rebukes, or ſneering praiſe, replies.
thy grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
ach Butler's fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle;
' ſpeaks Scarron's low phraſe in humble ſtrains,
thee the ſolemn air of great Cervantes reigns.

What ſounding lines his abject themes expreſs!
hat ſhining words the pompous Shilling dreſs!
iere, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
ie frailer piles which o'er its ruins riſe.
her beſt light the Comic Muſe appears,
hen ſhe, with borrow'd pride, the buſkin wears.

So when nurſe Nokes, to act young Ammon tries,
ith ſhambling legs, long chin, and fooliſh eyes;
ith dangling hands he ſtrokes th' Imperial robe,
nd, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;

The pomp and ſound the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
And Ammon's ſon more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear ſhade, the ſcene my folly draws,
Thy ſtrains divert the grief thy aſhes cauſe:
When Orpheus ſings, the ghoſts no more complain,
But, in his lulling muſic, loſe their pain:
So charm the ſallies of thy Georgic Muſe,
So calm our ſorrows, and our joys infuſe;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inſpire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,
Like that fair tree you praiſe, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Bleſt clime, which Vaga's fruitful ſtreams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her Coſmo's love;
Redſtreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
Gives Tuſcan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Taſſo would exchange for thine.
Riſe, riſe, Roſcommon, ſee the Blenheim Muſe,
The dull conſtraint of monkiſh rhyme refuſe;
See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions ſoar,
Where never Engliſh poet reach'd before:
See mighty Coſmo's counſellor and friend,
By turns on Coſmo and the Bard attend;
Rich in the coins and buſts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treaſure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes deſign'd,
In him the ſoul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind:
To him for eaſe retires from toils of ſtate,
Not half ſo proud to govern, as tranſlate.

Our

Our Spenſer, firſt by Piſan poets taught,
To us their tales, their ſtyle, and numbers brought.
To follow ours, now Tuſcan bards deſcend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spenſer lend,
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme diſdain;
They firſt on Engliſh bards impos'd the chain,
Firſt by an Engliſh bard from rhyme their freedom gain.

Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime;
Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgement guides;
I 'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties,
Procruſtes like, the ax or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled ſenſe, or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the ſtrong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the cloſe,
Oft riſe to fuſtian, or deſcend to proſe.
Your judgement, Philips, rul'd with ſteady ſway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muſe to ſtay,
To ſtop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or ſecurely ſoar.

So the ſtretch'd cord the ſhackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to riſe;
When freed he moves, the ſturdy cable bends
He mounts with pleaſure, and ſecure deſcends;

Now dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant ground,
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, freſh cant, or modiſh air;
Rail on at Milton's ſon, who wiſely bold
Rejects new phraſes, and reſumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenſer's ſtrains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
The ancient words the majeſty compleat,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit 's dreſt,
Old myſtic emblems grace th' imperial veſt,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna ſtands confeſt.

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's, and Batſon's, and through Smithfield prais'd,
Cries out aloud——Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critic ſoars,
But paints in fuſtian, or in turn deplores;
With Bunyan's ſtyle prophanes heroic ſongs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems, and contrives the worſt.

Beyond his praiſe or blame thy works prevail
Compleat where Dryden and thy Milton fail;

Great

Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakneſs hides;
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble ſubjects, great appear.
Thrice happy youth, whom noble Iſis crowns!
Whom Blackmore cenſures, and Godolphin owns:
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The liſtening nymphs and raviſh'd heroes hung:
But cits and fops the Heaven-born muſic blame,
And bawl, and hiſs, and damn her into fame;
Like her ſweet voice, is thy harmonious ſong,
As high, as ſweet, as eaſy, and as ſtrong.

Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had ſung in nobler lays,
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread;
How opening Heavens their happy regions ſhow;
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow;
And ſaints rejoice above, and ſinners howl below:
Well might he ſing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.

Oh beſt of friends, will ne'er the ſilent urn
To our juſt vows the hapleſs youth return?
Muſt he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor ſparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmleſs irony deſcend;
To noiſy fools a grave attention lend;
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?

No more in falſe pathetic phraſe complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her diſdain?
Who now ſhall godlike Anna's fame diffuſe?
Muſt ſhe, when moſt ſhe merits, want a Muſe?
Who now our Twyſden's glorious fate ſhall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the ſtunning din reſound;
Through ſtreams of ſmoke, and adverſe fire, he rides,
While every ſhot is level'd at his ſides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the firſt front, amidſt a ſlaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle.

Whom ſhall I find unbiaſs'd in diſpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my ſoul diſcloſe,
Reveal my pleaſure, or diſcharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The beſt of ſons, of brothers, and of friends.
He ſacred Friendſhip's ſtricteſt laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conſcience than by Friendſhip ſway'd;
Againſt himſelf his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours paſt, not future proſpects gain'd:
Not nicely chooſing, though by all deſir'd,
Though learn'd, not vain; and humble, though admir'd:
Candid to all, but to himſelf ſevere,
In humour pliant, as in life auſtere.

A wiſe

A wiſe content his even ſoul ſecur'd,
By want not ſhaken, nor by wealth allur'd.
To all ſincere, though earneſt to commend,
Could praiſe a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their ſpirits, and their ſtyles, his own:
Pleas'd the leaſt ſteps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and ſouls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the ſame eſteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reaſon join'd.
Judicious phyſic's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping maſter fail'd,
Nor goodneſs now, nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's ſoul they gave,
And made him ſcorn the life they could not ſave:

Elſe could he bear unmov'd, the fatal gueſt,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppreſt,
The coughs that ſtruggled from his weary breaſt?
Could he unmov'd approaching death ſuſtain?
Its ſlow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he ſerene his weeping friends ſurvey,
In his laſt hours his eaſy wit diſplay,
Like the rich fruit he ſings, delicious in decay?

Once on thy friends look down, lamented ſhade,
And view the honours to thy aſhes paid;

Some thy lov'd duſt in Parian ſtones enſhrine,
Others immortal epitaphs deſign,
With wit, and ſtrength, that only yields to thine:
Ev'n I, though ſlow to touch the painful ſtring,
Awake from ſlumber, and attempt to ſing.
Thee, Philips, thee deſpairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Ifis ſoft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidſt the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms:
Thee, on the Po, kind Somerſet deplores,
And ev'n that charming ſcene his grief reſtores:
He to thy loſs each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But moſt at Virgil's tomb his ſwelling ſorrows riſe.

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Diſplay his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that's bleſt above, immortaliz'd below.

CHARLETT

CHARLETTUS

PERCIVALLO SUO.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

HORA dum nondum ſonuit ſecunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores
Sponte recurrit.
Quid priùs noſtris potiúſve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulſam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto ſalutem?
Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor noſtro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scriptor.
Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in ſylvis modo te dediſſe
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli impune ſtetiſſe.
Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
Anne? Ierneis potiora Gazis,
An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta ſuperſunt?
Cui legis noſtras, relegiſque chartas?
Cui meam laudas generoſitatem?
Quem meis verbis, mea neſcientem,
Mane ſalutas.

Scrib

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hoſpes
Quum ſacras primum ſubit aut relinquit
Iſidis arces,
Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quùm cantu propriore ſtridet
Miſſiles, & jam moneant adeſſe
Cornua, chartas,
Tale per noſtrum jecur & medullas
Gaudium fluxit, ſimul ac reclufis
Vinculis vidi benè literati
Nomen amici.
Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Rettulit, ſenſi pavidus tremenſque;
Sed fui, ſumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera ſoſpes.
Scire ſi ſylvam cupias pericli
Conſciam, & triſtes nemoris tenebras,
Conſulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce *Colum*.
Flebilis legi miſeranda docti
Fata pictoris, ſed & hôc iniqua
Damna conſolor, ſupereſt perempto
Rixone Wildgooſe.

Quis

Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput ſtertit grave *Lambethanum*,
Quid *Comes Guildford*, quid habent novorum
*Dawks*que *Dyer*que.
Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam viſit, lacrimanſque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, ſubito peremptum
Funere *Rixon*.
Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hoſpitem notæ periiſſe *Mitræ*;
Narrat immerſam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam.
Narrat——at portis meus *Hinton* aſtat,
Nuncius *Pricket* redit, avocat me
Sherwin, & ſcribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.

Quæ tamen metiam mulier labantem
Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præſtabit, niſi fors Ierni
Hoſpita Cygni.
Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, ſimùl ambulanti
Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Duvo*
Mitto ſalutem.
Jenny, poſt *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,
Nec vetat *Uxor*.
Hæc ego luſi properante Musâ
Leſbiæ vatis numeros ſecutus,
Si novi quid ſit, meliùs docebit
Sermo pedeſtris.

P. S.

"Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
"Multa qui de te memorant cululios
"Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,
"Crus tibi mittunt."

POCOCKIUS.

DUM cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum Pococki barbiton exigis,
Manésque Muſam faſtuoſam
Sollicitant pretioſiores.
Alter virentum prorurat agmina
Sonora Thracum, donáque Phillidi
Agat puellas, heu decoris
Virginibus nimis invidenti.
Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
Ardor ſerendæ, ſanctaque Veritas
Per ſaxa, per pontum, per hoſtes
Præcipitant Aſiæ miſertum:
Cohors catenis quà pia ſtridulis
Gemunt onuſti, vel ſude trans ſinum
Luctantur actâ, pendulíve
Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
Sentis ut edunt ſibila, ut ardui
Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
Intorquet ungues, ejulátque
In madido crocodilus antro.
Vides lacunæ ſulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quà ſtetit impiæ
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Hauſta rubrâ, pluviiſque flammis:
Quòd iſta tellus ſi ſimiles tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,

Adhu

Adhuc ſtetiſſet, nec vibrato
Dextra Dei tonuiſſet igne.
Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, creſcentibúſque
Vertice ſideribus propinquum.
Nequicquam: Amici diſparibus ſonis
Eludit aures neſcius artifex,
Linguáſque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris.
Veſtitur hinc tot ſermo coloribus,
Quot tu, POCOCKI, diſſimilis tui
Orator effers, quot viciſſim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam ſenex
Percurrit æſtu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam ſuperbis, & verendis
Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.
Quis corda pulſans tunc pavor hauſerat
Dolor quis arſit non ſine gaudio,
Cum buſta Chriſti provolutus
Ambiguis lacrymis rigaret!
Sacratur arbos multa POCOCKIO,
Locóſque monſtrans inquiet accola.
Hæc quercus Hoſeam ſupinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
Hîc audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebræa Moſen, inde POCOCKIUM
Non ore, non annis minorem,
Atque ſuam didicere linguam.

Ac

Ac ſicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, & cineres ſinu
Eructat ardenti, & pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammas;
Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit igneâ
Sequi reluctantem Loclem
Per tonitru, aëreáſque nubes
Annon paveſcis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
Caligat aſtrum, atque incubanti
Terra nigrans tegitur ſub umbrâ?
Quod agmen! heu quæ turma ſequacibus
Tremenda flammis! quis ſtrepitantium
Flictus rotarum eſt! O POCOCKI
Egregie, O animoſæ Vatis
Interpres abſtruſi, O ſimili ferè
Correpte flammâ, te, quot imagine
Crucis notantur, te, ſubacto
Chriſticolæ gravis Ottomannus.
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs.
Plorat revulſis, & fragoſos
Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
Quâ Geſta nondum cognita Cæſaris,
Quâ nec Matronis ſcripta, POCOCKIUS.
Ploratur ingens, & dolenda
Neſtoreæ brevitas ſenectæ.

ODE

ODE,

FOR THE YEAR 1705.

I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
So bright a ſcene of triumph riſe?
Did ever Greece or Rome ſuch laurels wear,
As crown'd the laſt auſpicious year?
When firſt at Blenheim ANNE her enſigns ſpread,
And Malborough to the field the ſhouting ſquadrons led;
In vain the hills and ſtreams oppoſe,
In vain the hollow ground in faithleſs hillocks roſe.
To the rough Danube's winding ſhore,
His ſhatter'd foes the conquering hero bore.

II.

They ſee with ſtaring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows riſe;
Amaz'd, aghaſt, they turn, but find,
In Malborough's arms, a ſurer fate behind.
Now his red ſword aloft impends,
Now on their ſhrinking heads deſcends:
Wild and diſtracted with their fears,
They juſtling plunge amidſt the ſounding deeps;
The flood away the ſtruggling ſquadrons ſweeps,
And men, and arms, and horſes, whirling bears.
The frighted Danube to the ſea retreats,
The Danube ſoon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the ſeas aſſerts her ſway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of ſmoke involve the day.
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
And Afric echoes from its diſtant ſhore.
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force ſuperior, take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquiſh'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
The glories of her reign ſurvey,
Which ſhall o'er France her arms diſplay,
And kingdoms now her own ſubdue.
Lewis, for oppreſſion born;
Lewis in his turn, ſhall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy ſwains,
Shall hug their eaſy wiſh'd-for chains.
Others, enſlav'd by victory,
Their ſubjects, as their foes, oppreſs;
ANNA conquers but to free,
And governs but to bleſs.

CON-

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THE

POEMS

OF

MR. POMFRET.

THE PREFACE.

IT will be to little purpoſe, the Author preſumes, to offer any reaſons, why the following poems appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle reader is ſo courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable cuſtom of Prefaces, that it was through the irreſiſtible importunity of friends, or ſome other excuſe of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the preſs; but he thought it much better to leave every man to gueſs for himſelf, and then he would be ſure to ſatisfy himſelf: for, let what will be pretended, people are grown ſo very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that, unleſs it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a ſham and hypocriſy.

In ſhort, that which wants an excuſe for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the enſuing poems deſerve to ſtand in that claſs, the world muſt have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the Gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good-humour will eaſily pardon; but thoſe which the peeviſhneſs and ill-nature of the Critic may diſcover, muſt expect to be unmercifully uſed: Though, methinks, it is a very prepoſterous pleaſure, to ſcratch other perſons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

Some perſons, perhaps, may wonder, how Thing this Nature dare come into the world without the p tection of ſome great name, as they call it, and a l ſome Epiſtle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honou ble: for, if a Poem ſtruts out under my Lord's Patr nage, the Author imagines it is no leſs than *ſcandalu magnatum* to diſlike it; eſpecially if he thinks fit t tell the world, that this ſame Lord is a perſon o wonderful Wit and Underſtanding, a notable judge of Poetry, and a very conſiderable poet himſelf. But if a Poem have no intrinſic excellencies, and real beauties, the greateſt name in the world will never induce a man of ſenſe to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of ſnuff into the poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas: for, indeed there lies the ſtrength of a great name, and the greateſt protection an Author can receive from it.

To pleaſe every one, would be a new thing; and to write ſo as to pleaſe nobody, would be as new: for even Quarles and Withers have their admirers. The Author is not ſo fond of fame, to deſire it from the injudicious Many; nor of ſo mortified a temper, not to wiſh t from the diſcerning Few. It is not the multitude of pplauſes, but the good ſenſe of the applauders, which tabliſhes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a ongreve ſay it is well, he will not be at all ſolicitous w great the majority may be to the contrary.

LONDON, Anno 1699.

POEMS

POEMS
BY MR. POMFRET.

THE CHOICE.

IF Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chooſe my method how to live;
And all thoſe hours propitious Fate ſhould lend,
In bliſsful eaſe and ſatisfaction ſpend;
Near ſome fair town I 'd have a private ſeat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a riſing ground it ſtood;
On this ſide fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It ſhould within no other things contain,
But what are uſeful, neceſſary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauſeous; and I 'd ne'er endure
The needleſs pomp of gaudy furniture,
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whoſe delicious banks a ſtately row
Of ſhady limes, or ſycamores, ſhould grow.
At th' end of which a ſilent ſtudy plac'd,
Should be with all the nobleſt authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whoſe mighty lines
Immortal wit, and ſolid learning, ſhines;

Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's ſoft paſſion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which ſtrong art with ſtronger nature joins,
Muſt grant his fancy does the beſt excel;
His thoughts ſo tender, and expreſs'd ſo well:
With all thoſe moderns, men of ſteady ſenſe,
Eſteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In ſome of theſe, as fancy ſhould adviſe,
I 'd always take my morning exerciſe:
For ſure no minutes bring us more content,
Than thoſe in pleaſing, uſeful ſtudies ſpent.
I 'd have a clear and competent eſtate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great:
As much as I could moderately ſpend;
A little more, ſometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor ſhould the ſons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they ſhould taſte of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could ſpare:
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty ſhould my table ſpread;
With healthy, not luxurious, diſhes ſpread:
Enough to ſatisfy, and ſomething more,
To feed the ſtranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diſeaſes, and inflames the blood.
But what 's ſufficient to make nature ſtrong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,

I 'd freely take; and, as I did poſſeſs,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bleſs.
I 'd have a little vault, but always ſtor'd
With the beſt wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleaſant flavour to diſcourſe:
By making all our ſpirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the ſediment of care.
But as the greateſt bleſſing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and ſerve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreſhing juice
Does many miſchievous effects produce.
My houſe ſhould no ſuch rude diſorders know,
As from high drinking conſequently flow;
Nor would I uſe what was ſo kindly given,
To the diſhonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he ſhould be free,
Us'd with reſpect, and not uneaſy be,
In my retreat, or to himſelf or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reaſon gave,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the leaſt ſwerving from their rule 's too much;
For what 's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, ſincere, and great;
I 'd chooſe two friends, whoſe company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humours ſuited to my own,
Diſcreet, and men as well as books have known:

Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From looſe behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in diſcerning, and in judging right:
Secret they ſhould be, faithful to their truſt;
In reaſoning cool, ſtrong, temperate, and juſt:
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Briſk in gay talking, and in ſober, grave:
Cloſe in diſpute, but not tenacious; try'd
By ſolid reaſon, and let that decide:
Not prone to luſt, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor buſy medlers with intrigues of ſtate:
Strangers to ſlander, and ſworn foes to ſpite;
Not quarrelſome, but ſtout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæſar; true,
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their ſociety I could not miſs
A permanent, ſincere, ſubſtantial bliſs.
Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I 'd
(For who would ſo much ſatisfaction loſe, [choose
As witty nymphs, in converſation, give)
Near ſome obliging modeſt fair to live:
For there 's that ſweetneſs in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a ſecret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the ſpring of life, and does impart
Freſh vital heat to the tranſported heart.
I 'd have her reaſon all her paſſion ſway:
Eaſy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deſerving free;
Still conſtant to herſelf, and juſt to me.

Still

A ſoul ſhe ſhould have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wiſdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or baſe;
Quick to adviſe, by an emergence preſt,
To give good counſel, or to take the beſt.
I 'd have th' expreſſion of her thoughts be ſuch,
She might not ſeem reſerv'd, nor talk too much:
That ſhews a want of judgment, and of ſenſe;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to ſtrangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averſe to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No cenſure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to ſay,
She goes the leaſt of womankind aſtray.
To this fair creature I 'd ſometimes retire;
Her converſation would new joys inſpire;
Give life an edge ſo keen, no ſurly care
Would venture to aſſault my ſoul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one ſecret ſnare.
But ſo divine, ſo noble a repaſt
I 'd ſeldom, and with moderation, taſte:
For higheſt cordials all their virtue loſe,
By a too frequent and too bold a uſe;
And what would cheer the ſpirits in diſtreſs,
Ruins our health, when taken to exceſs.

I 'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er aſſiſtance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to ſerve my king,
Whene'er they call, I 'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counſel, or my ſword.
Law-ſuits I 'd ſhun, with as much ſtudious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who 'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge ſo dear a rate:
For what do we by all our buſtle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I 'd in pleaſure, eaſe, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I 'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilſt I did for a better ſtate prepare.
Then I 'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a ſilent and a peaceful death,
Without a ſigh, reſign my aged breath.
And when committed to the duſt, I 'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave,
Then would my exit ſo propitious be,
All men would wiſh to live and die like me.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

THO' gloomy thoughts diſturb'd my anxious breaſt
All the long night, and drove away my reſt;
Juſt as the dawning day began to riſe,
A grateful ſlumber clos'd my waking eyes;
But active fancy to ſtrange regions flew,
And brought ſurprizing objects to my view.
Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The ſoft retreat of gods, when gods make love.
Each beauteous object my charm'd ſoul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd;
Nor knew which moſt delighted: all was fine:
The noble product of ſome Power Divine.
But as I travers'd the obliging ſhade,
Which myrtle, jeſſamine, and roſes made.
I ſaw a perſon whoſe celeſtial face
At firſt declar'd her goddeſs of the place:
But I diſcover'd, when approaching near,
An aſpect full of beauty, but ſevere.
Bold and majeſtic; every awful look
Into my ſoul a ſecret horror ſtruck.
Advancing farther on, ſhe made a ſtand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiſs'd her hand:
Then thus began——Bright Deity! (for ſo
You are, no mortals ſuch perfections know)

I may

I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
To this ſtrange place, or by what powerful aid,
I 'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
Inſtruct me then, that I no longer may
In darkneſs ſerve the goddeſs I obey.
Youth! ſhe reply'd, this place belongs to one,
By whom you 'll be, and thouſands are undone.
Theſe pleaſant walks, and all theſe ſhady bowers,
Are in the government of dangerous powers.
Love 's the capricious maſter of this coaſt;
This fatal labyrinth, where fools are loſt.
I dwell not here amidſt theſe gaudy things,
Whoſe ſhort enjoyment no true pleaſure brings;
But have an empire of a nobler kind:
My regal ſeat 's in the celeſtial mind;
Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
I rule, and make thoſe happy I command.
For, while I govern, all within 's at reſt;
No ſtormy paſſion revels in my breaſt:
But when my power is deſpicable grown,
And rebel appetites uſurp the throne,
The ſoul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys;
But all is tumult, and eternal noiſe.
Know, youth! I 'm Reaſon, which you 've oft deſpis'd;
I am that Reaſon, which you never priz'd:
And though my argument ſucceſsleſs prove,
(For Reaſon ſeems impertinence in love)
Yet I 'll not ſee my charge (for all mankind
Are to my guardianſhip by Heaven aſſign'd)

Into

Into the graſp of any ruin run,
That I can warn them of, and they may ſhun.
Fly, youth, theſe guilty ſhades; retreat in time,
Ere your miſtake's converted to a crime:
For ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the error and the fault is known.
You thought perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that ſhines,
In theſe retirements freely to poſſeſs
True joy, and ſtrong ſubſtantial happineſs:
But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
In crowds, her tributary fops appear;
Who, blindly laviſh of their golden days,
Conſume them all in her fallacious ways.
Pert Love with her, by joint commiſſion, rules
In this capacious realm of idle fools;
Who, by falſe hearts, and popular deceits,
The careleſs, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
'Tis eaſy to deſcend into the ſnare,
By the pernicious conduct of the fair;
But ſafely to return from this abode,
Requires the wit, the prudence of a god:
Though you, who have not taſted that delight,
Which only at a diſtance charms your ſight,
May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart:
Which loſt is ſubject to eternal ſmart.
Bright Delia's beauty, I muſt needs confeſs,
Is truly great; nor would I make it leſs:
That were to wrong her, where ſhe merits moſt;
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coaſt.

And

And who would run, that 's moderately wise,
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize?
If you miscarry, you are lost so far
(For there 's no erring twice in love and war)
You 'll ne'er recover, but must always wear
Those chains you 'll find it difficult to bear.
Delia has charms, I own; such charms would move
Old age, and frozen impotence to love:
But do not venture, where such danger lies;
Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,
Whose poisonous rays do to the soul impart
Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.
You draw, insensibly, destruction near;
And love the danger, which you ought to fear.
If the light pains you labour under now,
Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow;
You 'll find them much more grievous to be borne,
When heavier made by an imperious scorn:
Nor can you hope, she will your passion hear
With softer notions, or a kinder ear,
Than those of other swains; who always found,
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
But grant, she should indulge your flame, and give
Whate'er you 'd ask, nay, all you can receive;
The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,
Bring such a weak, and such a feeble joy,
You 'd have but small encouragement to boast
The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.
Consider, Strephon, soberly of things,
What strange inquietudes Love always brings!

The

The fooliſh fears, vain hopes, and jealouſies,
Which ſtill attend upon this fond diſeaſe:
How you muſt cringe and bow, ſubmit and whine;
Call every feature, every look, divine:
Command each ſentence with an humble ſmile;
Though nonſenſe, ſwear it is a heavenly ſtyle:
Servilely rail at all ſhe diſapproves;
And as ignobly flatter all ſhe loves:
Renounce your very ſenſe, and ſilent ſit,
While ſhe puts off impertinence for wit:
Like ſetting-dog, new whipp'd for ſpringing game,
You muſt be made, by due correction, tame.
But if you can endure the nauſeous rule
Of woman, do; love on, and be a fool.
You know the danger, your own methods uſe;
The good or evil 's in your power to chooſe:
But who 'd expect a ſhort and dubious bliſs
On the declining of a precipice;
Where if he ſlips, not fate itſelf can ſave
The falling wretch from an untimely grave?
Thou great directreſs of our minds, ſaid I,
We ſafely on your dictates may rely;
And that which you have now ſo kindly preſt,
Is true, and, without contradiction, beſt:
But with a ſteady ſentence to control
The heat and vigour of a youthful ſoul,
While gay temptations hover in our ſight,
And daily bring new objects of delight,
Which on us with ſurprizing beauty ſmile,
Is difficult; but is a noble toil.

The beſt may ſlip, and the moſt cautious fall;
He 's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
And though fair Delia has my ſoul poſſeſt,
I 'll chace her bright idea from my breaſt:
At leaſt, I 'll make one eſſay. If I fail,
And Delia's charms o'er Reaſon do prevail,
I may be, ſure, from rigid cenſures free,
Love was my foe; and Love 's a deity.
Then ſhe rejoin'd; may you ſucceſsful prove,
In your attempt to curb impetuous Love:
Then will proud paſſion on her rightful lord,
You to yourſelf, I to my throne reſtor'd:
But to confirm your courage, and inſpire
Your reſolution with a bolder fire,
Follow me, youth! I 'll ſhew you that ſhall move
Your ſoul to curſe the tyranny of Love.
Then ſhe convey'd me to a diſmal ſhade,
Which melancholy yew and cypreſs made;
Where I beheld an antiquated pile
Of rugged building in a narrow iſle;
The water round it gave a nauſeous ſmell,
Like vapours ſteeming from a ſulphurous cell.
The ruin'd wall, compos'd of ſtinking mud,
O'er-grown with hemlock, on ſupporters ſtood;
As did the roof, ungrateful to the view:
'T was both an hoſpital and bedlam too.
Before the entrance, mouldering bones were ſpread,
Some ſkeletons entire, ſome lately dead;
A little rubbiſh looſely ſcatter'd o'er
Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.

No

No funeral rites to any here were paid,
But dead like dogs into the duſt convey'd.
From hence, by Reaſon's conduct, I was brought,
Through various turnings to a ſpacious vault,
Where I beheld, and 't was a mournful ſight,
Vaſt crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had;
Which made the proſpect more amazing ſad.
Some wept, ſome rav'd, ſome muſically mad:
Some ſwearing loud, and others laughing: Some
Were always talking; others always dumb.
Here one, a dagger in his breaſt, expires,
And quenches with his blood his amorous fires:
There hangs a ſecond; and, not far remov'd,
A third lies poiſon'd, who falſe Celia lov'd.
All ſorts of madneſs, every kind of death,
By which unhappy mortals loſe their breath,
Were here expos'd before my wandering eyes,
The ſad effects of female treacheries;
Others I ſaw, who were not quite bereft
Of ſenſe, though very ſmall remains were left,
Curſing the fatal folly of their youth,
For truſting to perjurious woman's truth.
Theſe on the left.——Upon the right a view
Of equal horror, equal miſery too;
Amazing! all employ'd my troubled thoughts,
And, with new wonder, new averſion brought.
There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng
Of pale, lean mortals; ſome lay ſtretch'd along

On beds of ſtraw, diſconſolate and poor;
Others extended naked on the floor;
Exil'd from human pity, here they lie,
And know no end of miſery till they die,
But death, which comes in gay and proſperous days
Too ſoon, in time of miſery delays.
  Theſe dreadful ſpectacles had ſo much power,
I vow'd, and ſolemnly, to love no more:
For ſure that flame is kindled from below,
Which breeds ſuch ſad variety of woe.
  Then we deſcended, by ſome few degrees,
From this ſtupendous ſcene of miſeries;
Bold Reaſon brought me to another cave,
Dark as the inmoſt chambers of the grave.
Here, youth, ſhe cry'd, in the acuteſt pain,
Thoſe villains lie, who have their fathers ſlain,
Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to
  pleaſe
Ambitious, proud, revengeful miſtreſſes;
Who, after all their ſervices, preferr'd
Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
Before thoſe wretches; who, deſpairing, dwell
In agonies no human tongue can tell.
Darkneſs prevents the too amazing ſight;
And you may bleſs the happy want of light.
But my tormented ears were fill'd with ſighs,
Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
So very ſad I could endure no more;
Methought I felt the miſeries they bore.

Then

Then to my guide ſaid I, For pity now
Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow.
Which, if I dare infringe, be this my fate,
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The charms of beauty I 'll no more purſue:
Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too.
Then we return'd to the delightful grove;
Where Reaſon ſtill diſſuaded me from Love.
You ſee, ſhe cry'd, what miſery attends
On Love, and where too frequently it ends;
And let not that unweildy paſſion ſway
Your ſoul, which none but whining fools obey.
The maſculine, brave ſpirit ſcorns to own
The proud uſurper of my ſacred throne;
Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
To the falſe god, or ſacrifice, or praiſe.
The Syren's muſic charms the ſailor's ear;
But he is ruin'd if he ſtops to hear:
And, if you liſten, Love's harmonious voice
As much delights, as certainly deſtroys.
Ambroſia mix'd with Aconite may have
A pleaſant taſte, but ſends you to the grave:
For though the latent poiſon may be ſtill
A while, it very ſeldom fails to kill.
But who 'd partake the food of gods, to die
Within a day, or live in miſery?
Who 'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
A poniard hung but by a ſingle thread *?

* The feaſt of Democles.

Love's banquets are extravagantly ſweet,
And either kill, or ſurfeit, all that eat;
Who, when the ſated appetite is tir'd,
E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You 've promis'd, Strephon, to forſake the charms
Of Delia, though ſhe courts you to her arms:
And ſure I may your reſolution truſt;
You 'll never want temptation, but be juſt.
Vows of this nature, youth, muſt not be broke;
You 're always bound, though 't is a gentle yoke.
Would men be wiſe, and my advice purſue,
Love's conqueſts would be ſmall, his triumphs few:
For nothing can oppoſe his tyranny,
With ſuch a proſpect of ſucceſs as I.
Me he deteſts, and from my preſence flies,
Who knows his arts, and ſtratagems deſpiſe,
By which he cancels mighty Wiſdom's rules,
To make himſelf the deity of fools:
Him dully they adore, him blindly ſerve,
Some while they 're ſots, and others while they ſtarve;
For thoſe who under his wild conduct go,
Either come coxcombs, or he makes them ſo;
His charms deprive, by their ſtrange influence,
The brave of courage, and the wiſe of ſenſe:
In vain philoſophy would ſet the mind
At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
The ſcholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
A while may ſtruggle, but at laſt ſubmit:
Well-weigh'd reſults and wiſe concluſions ſeem
But empty chat, impertinence to him:

His

His opiates ſeize ſo ſtrongly on the brain,
They make all prudent application vain:
If, therefore, you reſolve to live at eaſe,
To taſte the ſweetneſs of internal peace;
Would not for ſafety to a battle fly,
Or chooſe a ſhipwreck, if afraid to die;
Far from theſe pleaſurable ſhades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.

This ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd, and methought I foun
Myſelf tranſported to a riſing ground;
From whence I did a pleaſant vale ſurvey,
Large was the proſpect, beautiful, and gay,
There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
Whoſe curious forms oblig'd the wondering ſight;
Some in full view upon the champain plac'd,
With lofty walls and cooling ſtreams embrac'd:
Others, in ſhady groves, retir'd from noiſe,
The ſeat of private and exalted joys.
At a great diſtance I perceiv'd there ſtood
A ſtately building in a ſpacious wood,
Whoſe gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,
Where vulgar lovers ſpend their happy days,
In ruſtic dancing, and delightful plays.
But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
I heard from far celeſtial muſic ſound:
So ſoft, ſo moving, ſo harmonious, all
The artful charming notes did riſe and fall;
My ſoul, tranſported with the graceful airs,
Shook off the preſſures of its former fears,

I felt afreſh the little god begin
To ſtir himſelf, and gentle move within.
Then I repented I had vow'd no more
To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
Why am I now condemn'd to baniſhment,
And made an exile, by my own conſent?
I ſighing cry'd, why ſhould I live in pain
Thoſe fleeting hours which ne'er return again?
O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do!
Inhuman to himſelf, and falſe to you!
'T is true, I 've promis'd Reaſon to remove
From theſe retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:
But is not Reaſon partially unkind?
Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?
Muſt none, that under her dominion live,
To Love and Beauty veneration give?
Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
With a majeſtic mien, and charming face?
Why did ſhe give her that ſurprizing air;
Make her ſo gay, ſo witty, and ſo fair;
Miſtreſs of all that can affection move,
If Reaſon will not ſuffer us to love?
But, ſince it muſt be ſo, I 'll haſte away;
'T is fatal to return, and death to ſtay.
From you, bleſt ſhades! (if I may call you ſo
Inculpable) with mighty pain I go:
Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;
I may find ſafety, but I buy it dear.
Then turning round, I ſaw a beauteous boy,
Such as of old were meſſengers of joy:

Who art thou, or from whence? if ſent, ſaid I,
To me, my haſte requires a quick reply.
I come, he cry'd, from yon cœleſtial grove,
Where ſtands the temple of the God of Love;
With whoſe important favour you are grac'd,
And juſtly in his high protection plac'd:
Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
Whoſe ſceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod:
That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,
The bold, the braveſt, nay, the beſt, have bow'd;
That god, whom all the leſſer gods adore;
Firſt in exiſtence, and the firſt in power.
From him I come, on embaſſy divine,
To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine;
To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay;
Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
If you dare puſh your fortune, if you dare
But be reſolv'd, and preſs the yielding fair,
Succeſs and glory will your labours crown;
For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown.
But, were you ſure to be unkindly us'd,
Boldly receiv'd, and ſcornfully refus'd;
He greater glory and more fame obtains,
Who loſes Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
But, to prevent all fears that may ariſe,
(Though fears ne'er move the daring and the wiſe)
In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
Where all things paſt, and preſent, and to come,
Are writ, I ſaw theſe words——"It is decreed,
"That Strephon's love to Delia ſhall ſucceed."

What would you more? While youth and vigour's
Love, and be happy; they decline too faſt.
In youth alone you 're capable to prove
The mighty tranſports of a generous love:
For dull old-age, with fumbling labour, cloys
Before the bliſs, or gives but wither'd joys.
Youth 's the beſt time for action mortals have;
That paſt, they touch the confines of the grave.
Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,
To die in raptures, or diſſolve in charms,
Quick to the bliſsful, happy manſion fly,
Where all is one continu'd extaſy.
Delia impatiently expects you there:
And ſure you will not diſappoint the fair.
None but the impotent or old would ſtay,
When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.
Oh! you convey, ſaid I, dear charming boy,
Into my ſoul a ſtrange diſorder'd joy.
I would, but dare not, your advice purſue;
I 've promis'd Reaſon, and I muſt be true,
Reaſon 's the rightful empreſs of the ſoul;
Does all exhorbitant deſires control;
Checks every wild excurſion of the mind,
By her wiſe dictates happily confin'd:
And he that will not her commands obey,
Leaves a ſafe convoy in a dangerous ſea.
True, I love Delia to a vaſt exceſs,
But I muſt try to make my paſſion leſs:
Try if I can, if poſſible, I will,
For I have vow'd, and muſt that vow fulfil.

Oh! had I not, with what a vigorous flight
Could I purſue the quarries of delight!
How could I preſs fair Delia in theſe arms,
Till I diſſolv'd in love, and ſhe in charms!
But now no more muſt I her beauties view;
Yet tremble at her thoughts to leave her too.
What would I give, I might my flame allow!
But 't is forbid by Reaſon, and a vow;
Two mighty obſtacles: though Love of old
Has broke through greater, ſtronger powers control'd.
Should I offend, by high example taught,
'T would not be an inexpiable fault,
The crimes of malice have found grace above,
And ſure kind Heaven will ſpare the crimes of Love.
Could'ſt thou, my angel, but inſtruct me how
I might be happy, and not break my vow;
Or, by ſome ſubtle art, diſſolve the chain;
You 'd ſoon revive my dying hopes again.
Reaſon and Love, I know, could ne'er agree;
Both would command, and both ſuperior be.
Reaſon 's ſupported by the ſinewy force
Of ſolid argument, and wiſe diſcourſe:
But Love pretends to uſe no other arms
Than ſoft impreſſions, and perſuaſive charms.
One muſt be diſobey'd; and ſhall I prove
A rebel to my Reaſon, or to Love?
But then, ſuppoſe I ſhould my flame purſue,
Delia may be unkind, and faithleſs too;
Reject my paſſion with a proud diſdain,
And ſcorn the love of ſuch an humble ſwain.

Than

Then ſhould I labour under mighty grief,
Beyond all hopes or proſpect of relief.
So that, methinks, 't is ſafer to obey
Right Reaſon, though ſhe bears a rugged ſway,
Than Love's ſoft rule, whoſe ſubjects undergo,
Early or late, too ſad a ſhare of woe.
Can I ſo ſoon forget that wretched crew,
Reaſon juſt now expos'd before my view?
If Delia ſhould be cruel, I muſt be
A ſad partaker of their miſery.
But your encouragements ſo ſtrongly move,
I 'm almoſt tempted to purſue my love:
For ſure no treacherous deſigns ſhould dwell
In one that argues and perſuades ſo well;
For what could Love by my deſtruction gain?
Love 's an immortal god, and I a ſwain;
And ſure I may without ſuſpicion truſt
A god, for gods can never be unjuſt.
Right you conclude, reply'd the ſmiling boy;
Love ruins none, 't is men themſelves deſtroy:
And thoſe vile wretches which you lately ſaw,
Tranſgreſs'd his rules, as well as Reaſon's law.
They 're not Love's ſubjects, but the ſlaves of Luſt;
Nor is their puniſhment ſo great as juſt.
For Love and Luſt eſſentially divide,
Like day and night, Humility and Pride;
One darkneſs hides, t' other does always ſhine;
This of infernal make, and that divine.
Reaſon no generous paſſion does oppoſe;
'T is Luſt (not Love) and Reaſon that are foes.

She bids you ſcorn a baſe inglorious flame,
Black as the gloomy ſhade from whence it came:
In this her precepts ſhould obedience find;
But yours is not of that ignoble kind.
You err in thinking ſhe would diſapprove
The brave purſuit of honourable love:
And therefore judge what 's harmleſs an offence;
Invert her meaning, and miſtake her ſenſe.
She could not ſuch inſipid counſel give,
As not to love at all; 'tis not to live;
But, where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes.
Could you contented ſee th' angelic maid
In old Alexis' dull embraces laid?
Or rough-hewn Tityrus poſſeſs thoſe charms,
Which are in heaven, the heaven of Delia's arms?
Conſider, youth, what tranſport you forego,
The moſt intire felicity below;
Which is by fate alone reſerv'd for you:
Monarchs have been deny'd; for monarchs ſue.
I own 't is difficult to gain the prize;
Or 't would be cheap and low in noble eyes:
But there is one ſoft minute, when the mind
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind;
Which the wiſe lover underſtanding right,
Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
You urge your vow, but can thoſe vows prevail,
Whoſe firſt foundation and whoſe reaſon fail?
You vow'd to leave fair Delia; but you thought
Your paſſion was a crime, your flame a fault.

But

But ſince your judgment err'd, it has no force
To bind at all, but is diſſolv'd of courſe;
And therefore heſitate no longer here,
But baniſh all the dull remains of fear.
Dare you be happy, youth? but dare, and be;
I 'll be your convoy to the charming ſhe.
What! ſtill irreſolute? debating ſtill?
View her, and then forſake her if you will.
I 'll go, ſaid I; once more I 'll venture all;
'T is brave to periſh by a noble fall.
Beauty no mortal can reſiſt; and Jove
Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.
Reaſon, if I do err, my crime forgive;
Angels alone without offending live.
I go aſtray but as the wife have done;
And act a folly which they did not ſhun.
Then we, deſcending to a ſpacious plain,
Were ſoon ſaluted by a numerous train
Of happy lovers, who conſum'd their hours,
With conſtant jollity, in ſhady bowers.
There I beheld the bleſt variety
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free;
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight;
Though all went different ways, yet all went right.
None err'd, or miſs'd the happineſs he ſought;
Love to one centre every twining brought.
We paſs'd through numerous pleaſant fields and glades,
By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful ſhades;
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,
Where mighty Love's immortal temple ſtood;

Round

Round the cœleſtial fane, in goodly rows,
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows;
Beneath whoſe ſhade expecting lovers wait
For the kind minute of indulgent fate:
Each had his guardian Cupid, whoſe chief care,
By ſecret motions, was to warm the fair;
To kindle eager longings for the joy;
To move the ſlow, and to incline the coy.
The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering ſight;
Of vaſt extent, and of prodigious height:
The caſe was marble, but the poliſh'd ſtone
With ſuch an admirable luſtre ſhone,
As if ſome architect divine had ſtrove
T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove;
The ponderous gates of maſſy gold were made,
With di'monds of a mighty ſize inlaid;
Here ſtood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
With ſhining darts and golden quivers grac'd:
As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling ſtrings;
The grateful youth is come, to ſacrifice
At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes:
With harmony divine his ſoul inſpire,
That he may boldly touch the ſacred fire;
And ye that wait upon the bluſhing fair,
Cœleſtial incenſe and perfumes prepare;
While our great god her panting boſom warms,
Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.
Entering the ſpacious dome, my raviſh'd eyes
A wondrous ſcene of glory did ſurprize:

The riches, ſymmetry, and brightneſs, all
Did equally for admiration call;
But the deſcription is a labour fit
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.
Amidſt the temple was an altar made
Of ſolid gold, where adoration 's paid;
Here I perform'd the uſual rites with fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near;
Till from the god a ſmiling Cupid came,
And bid me touch the conſecrated flame:
Which done, my guide my eager ſteps convey'd
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.
Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
On pedeſtals of poliſh'd marble plac'd,
By it her guardian Cupid always ſtands,
Who troops of miſſionary Loves command:
To him, with ſoft addreſſes all repair:
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair:
Though ſtill in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give encouragement to none but me.
There ſtands the youth, he cry'd, muſt take a bliſs,
The lovely Delia can be none but his:
Fate has ſelected him; and mighty Love
Confirms below what that decrees above.
Then preſs no more; there 's not another ſwain
On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew
Your vows; ſwear you 'll eternally be true.
But if you dare be falſe, dare perjur'd prove,
You 'll find, in ſure revenge, affronted Love
As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove.

Hear

Hear me, ye gods, ſaid I, now hear me ſwear,
By all that 's ſacred, and by all that 's fair!
If I prove falſe to Delia, let me fall
The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!
Let me the utmoſt of your vengeance try;
Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die!
Then he expos'd the lovely ſleeping maid,
Upon a couch of new-blown roſes laid.
The bluſhing colour in her cheeks expreſs'd
What tender thoughts inſpir'd her heaving breaſt.
Sometimes a ſigh half-ſmother'd ſtole away;
Then ſhe would Strephon, charming Strephon, ſay;
Sometimes ſhe, ſmiling, cry'd, You love 'tis true;
But will you always, and be faithful too?
Ten thouſand graces play'd about her face;
Ten thouſand charms attending every grace:
Each admirable feature did impart
A ſecret rapture to my throbbing heart.
The nymph * impriſon'd in the brazen tower,
When Jove deſcended in a golden ſhower,
Leſs beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
Brought down that god from the neglected ſkies.
So moving, ſo tranſporting was the ſight;
So much a goddeſs Delia ſeem'd, ſo bright;
My raviſh'd ſoul, with ſecret wonder fraught,
Lay all diſſolv'd in extaſy of thought.
Long time I gaz'd: but, as I trembling drew
Nearer, to make a more obliging view,
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noiſe
Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

* Danae.

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

AS Strephon, in a wither'd cypreſs ſhade,
For anxious thought and ſighing lovers made,
Revolving lay upon his wretched ſtate,
And the hard uſage of too partial Fate;
Thus the ſad youth complain'd: Once happy ſwain,
Now the moſt abject ſhepherd of the plain!
Where 's that harmonious concert of delights,
Thoſe peaceful days, and pleaſurable nights,
That generous mirth and noble jollity,
Which gaily made the dancing minutes flee?
Diſpers'd and baniſh'd from my troubled breaſt;
Nor leave me one ſhort interval of reſt.
Why do I proſecute a hopeleſs flame,
And play in torment ſuch a loſing game?
All things conſpire to make my ruin ſure:
When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.
But Heaven ſometimes does a miraculous thing,
When our laſt hope is juſt upon the wing;
And in a moment drives thoſe clouds away,
Whoſe ſullen darkneſs hid a glorious day.
Why was I born, or why do I ſurvive;
To be made wretched only, kept alive?
Fate is too cruel in the harſh decree,
That I muſt live, yet live in miſery.
Are all its pleaſing happy moments gone?
Muſt Strephon be unfortunate alone?

On

On other ſwains it laviſhly beſtows;
On them each nymph neglected favour throws:
They meet compliance ſtill in every face,
And lodge their paſſions in a kind embrace;
Obtaining from the ſoft incurious maid
True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
Succeſs on Mævius always does attend;
Inconſtant fortune is his conſtant friend:
He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit;
And owes the victory to chance, not wit.
But, let him conquer ere one blow he ſtruck;
I 'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius's luck.
Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
For all the trophies purring Mævius gains;
But rather ſtill live Delia 's ſlave, than be
Like Mævius ſilly, and like Mævius free.
But he is happy loves the common road;
And, pack-horſe like, jogs on beneath his load.
If Phillis peeviſh or unkind does prove,
It ne'er diſturbs his grave mechanic love.
A little joy his languid flame contents,
And makes him eaſy under all events.
But when a paſſion 's noble and ſublime,
And higher ſtill would every moment climb;
If 't is accepted with a juſt return,
The fire 's immortal, will for ever burn;
And with ſuch raptures fills the lover's breaſt,
That ſaints in paradiſe are ſcarce more bleſt.
But I lament my miſeries in vain;
For Delia hears me, pitileſs, complain.

Suppoſe ſhe pities, and believes me true,
What ſatisfaction can from thence accrue,
Unleſs her pity makes her love me too?
Perhaps ſhe loves ('t is but perhaps, I fear,
For that's a bleſſing can't be bought too dear)
If ſhe has ſcruples that oppoſe her will,
I muſt, alas! be miſerable ſtill.
Though, if ſhe loves, thoſe ſcruples ſoon will fly
Before the reaſoning of the Deity:
For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
And ſuffer no copartner in his throne;
And thoſe falſe arguments that would repel
His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.
What method can poor Strephon then propound,
To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
If ſhe, who guided the vexatious dart,
Reſolves to cheriſh and increaſe the ſmart?
Go, youth, from theſe unhappy plains remove,
Leave the purſuit of unſucceſsful love:
Go, and to foreign ſwains thy griefs relate,
Tell them the cruelty of frowning Fate;
Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind,
Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind:
And when few years thou haſt in ſorrow ſpent
(For ſure they cannot be of large extent);
In prayers for her thou lov'ſt, reſign thy breath,
And bleſs the minute gives thee eaſe and death.
Here paus'd the ſwain—when Delia driving by
Her bleating flock to ſome freſh paſture nigh,

By Love directed, did her ſteps convey
Where Strephon, wrapp'd in ſilent ſorrow, lay,
As ſoon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
He roſe to meet her, and thus, trembling, ſaid:
When humble ſuppliants would the gods appeaſe,
And in ſevere afflictions beg for eaſe,
With conſtant importunity they ſue,
And their petitions every day renew;
Grow ſtill more earneſt as they are deny'd,
Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heaven thoſe bleſſings they enjoy'd before,
Not only does return, but gives them more.
O, do not blame me, Delia! if I preſs
So much, and with impatience, for redreſs.
My ponderous griefs no eaſe my ſoul allow;
For they are next t' intolerable now:
How ſhall I then ſupport them, when they grow
To an exceſs, to a diſtracting woe?
Since you 're endow'd with a celeſtial mind,
Relieve like Heaven, and like the gods be kind.
Did you perceive the torments I endure,
Which you firſt caus'd, and you alone can cure,
They would your virgin ſoul to pity move,
And pity may at laſt be chang'd to love.
Some ſwains, I own, impoſe upon the fair,
And lead th' incautious maid into a ſnare;
But let them ſuffer for their perjury,
And do not puniſh others crimes with me.
If there 's ſo many of our ſex untrue,
Yours ſhould more kindly uſe the faithful few;

Though innocence too oft incurs the fate
Of guilt, and clears itſelf ſometimes too late.
Your nature is to tenderneſs inclin'd;
And why to me, to me alone unkind?
A common love, by other perſons ſhewn,
Meets with a full return; but mine has none:
Nay, ſcarce believ'd, though from deceit as free
As angels flames can for archangels be.
A paſſion feign'd, at no repulſe is griev'd,
And values little if it ben't receiv'd:
But, love ſincere reſents the ſmalleſt ſcorn,
And the unkindneſs does in ſecret mourn.
Sometimes I pleaſe myſelf, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by deſpair:
That tenderneſs, which in your ſoul is plac'd,
Will move you to compaſſion ſure at laſt.
But, when I come to take a ſecond view
Of my own merits, I deſpond of you:
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, ſee,
To raiſe in her the leaſt eſteem for me:
I 've nought that can encourage my addreſs;
My fortune 's little, and my worth is leſs:
But, if a love of the ſublimeſt kind
Can make impreſſion on a generous mind;
If all has real value that 's divine,
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.
Perhaps you pity me; I know you muſt,
And my affection can no more diſtruſt:
But what, alas! will helpleſs pity do?
You pity, but you may deſpiſe me too.

Still

Still I am wretched if no more you give,
The ſtarving orphan can't on pity live:
He muſt receive the food for which he cries,
Or he conſumes; and, though much pity'd, dies.
My torments ſtill do with my paſſion grow;
The more I love, the more I undergo.
But ſuffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the preſſure of ſo vaſt a pain.
My wound requires ſome ſpeedy remedy:
Delays are fatal, when deſpair is nigh.
Much I 've endur'd, much more than I can tell;
Too much, indeed, for one that loves ſo well.
When will the end of all my ſorrows be?
Can you not love? I 'm ſure you pity me.
But, if I muſt new miſeries ſuſtain,
And be condemn'd to more and ſtronger pain,
I 'll not accuſe you, ſince my fate is ſuch,
I pleaſe too little, and I love too much.
Strephon, no more; the bluſhing Delia ſaid,
Excuſe the conduct of a timorous maid:
Now I 'm convinc'd your love 's ſublime and true,
Such as I always wiſh'd to find in you.
Each kind expreſſion, every tender thought,
A mighty tranſport in my boſom wrought:
And though in ſecret I your flame approv'd,
I ſigh'd, and griev'd, but durſt not own I lov'd.
Though now—O Strephon! be ſo kind to gueſs,
What ſhame will not allow me confeſs.
The youth, encompaſs'd with a joy ſo bright,
Had hardly ſtrength to bear the vaſt delight;

By too ſublime an extaſy poſſeſt,
He trembled, gaz'd, and claſp'd her to his breaſt;
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
Vow'd endleſs truth, and everlaſting love.

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO CÆLADON.

ALL men have follies which they blindly trace
Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze.
But happy thoſe, who, by a prudent care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious ſnare.
The eldeſt ſons of Wiſdom were not free
From the ſame failure you condemn in me:
They lov'd, and, by that glorious paſſion led,
Forgot what Plato and themſelves had ſaid.
Love triumph'd o'er thoſe dull, pedantic rules,
They had collected from the wrangling ſchools,
And made them to his noble ſway ſubmit,
In ſpite of all their learning, art, and wit:
Their grave, ſtarch'd morals, then unuſeful prov'd;
Theſe duſty characters he ſoon remov'd;
For, when his ſhining ſquadrons came in view,
Their boaſted reaſon murmur'd, and withdrew;
Unable to oppoſe their mighty force
With phlegmatic reſolves, and dry diſcourſe.
If, as the wiſeſt of the wiſe have err'd,
I go aſtray, and am condemn'd unheard;
My faults you too ſeverely reprehend,
More like a rigid cenſor than a friend.

Love

Love is the monarch paſſion of the mind,
Knows no ſuperior, by no laws confin'd,
But triumphs ſtill, impatient of control,
O'er all the proud endowments of the ſoul.
You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,
When in the bud her native beauties were;
Your praiſe did then her early charms confeſs,
Yet you 'd perſuade me to adore her leſs.
You but the non-age of her beauty ſaw,
But might from thence ſublime ideas draw,
And what ſhe is, by what ſhe was, conclude;
For now ſhe governs thoſe ſhe then ſubdued.
Her aſpect noble and mature is grown,
And every charm in its full vigour known.
There we may wondering view, diſtinctly writ,
The lines of goodneſs, and the marks of wit:
Each feature, emulous of pleaſing moſt,
Does juſtly ſome peculiar ſweetneſs boaſt;
And her compoſure 's of ſo fine a frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.
When the immortal Beauties of the ſkies
Contended naked for the golden prize,
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' ſhare,
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there;
In whom alone we all their graces find,
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd
With Juno's aſpect, and Minerva's mind.
View both thoſe nymphs whom other ſwains adore,
You 'll value charming Delia ſtill the more.

Dorinda's

Dorinda's mien 's majeſtic, but her mind
Is to revenge and peeviſhneſs inclin'd:
Myrtylla 's fair; and yet Myrtylla 's proud;
Chloe has wit; but noiſy, vain, and loud;
Melania doats upon the ſillyeſt things;
And yet Melania like an angel ſings.
But in my Delia all endowments meet,
All that is juſt, agreeable, or ſweet;
All that can praiſe and admiration move,
All that the wiſeſt and the braveſt love.
In all diſcourſe ſhe 's appoſite and gay,
And ne'er wants ſomething pertinent to ſay;
For, if the ſubject 's of a ſerious kind,
Her thoughts are manly, and her ſenſe refin'd;
But if divertive, her expreſſion 's fit,
Good language, join'd with inoffenſive wit;
So cautious always, that ſhe ne'er affords
An idle thought the charity of words.
The vices common to her ſex can find
No room, ev'en in the ſuburbs of her mind;
Concluding wiſely ſhe 's in danger ſtill,
From the mere neighbourhood of induſtrious ill.
Therefore at diſtance keeps the ſubtile foe,
Whoſe near approach would formidable grow;
While the unwary virgin is undone,
And meets the miſery which ſhe ought to ſhun.
Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay;
But let true judgment and right reaſon ſway;
Modeſtly bold, and quick to apprehend;
Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.

Her darts are keen, but level'd with ſuch care,
They ne'er fall ſhort, and ſeldom fly too far:
For when ſhe raillies 't is with ſo much art,
We bluſh with pleaſure, and with rapture ſmart.
O, Celadon! you would my flame approve,
Did you but hear her talk of love.
That tender paſſion to her fancy brings
The prettieſt notions, and the ſofteſt things;
Which are by her ſo movingly expreſt,
They fill with extaſy my throbbing breaſt.
'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
Their native glories unimprov'd by art:
By what ſhe ſays I meaſure things above,
And gueſs the language of ſeraphic love.
To the cool boſom of a peaceful ſhade,
By ſome wild beech or lofty poplar made,
When evening comes, we ſecretly repair
To breathe in private, and unbend our care:
And while our flocks in fruitful paſtures feed,
Some well-deſign'd, inſtructive poem read;
Where uſeful morals, with ſoft numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the mind:
Which are by her to more perfection brought,
By wiſe remarks upon the poet's thought;
So well ſhe knows the ſtamp of eloquence,
The empty ſound of words from ſolid ſenſe.
The florid fuſtian of a rhyming ſpark,
Whoſe random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,
Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and paſs
For ſtandard gold, when 't is but gilded braſs.

Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,
Where firſt we mutually engag'd to love,
She ſmiling aſk'd me, Whether I 'd prefer
An humble cottage on the plains with her,
Before the pompous building of the great;
And find content in that inferior ſtate?
Said I, The queſtion you propoſe to me,
Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
Were the degrees of my affection leſs
Than burning martyrs to the gods expreſs.
In you I 've all I can deſire below,
That earth can give me, or the gods beſtow;
And, bleſt with you, I know not where to find
A ſecond choice, you take up all my mind.
I 'd not forſake that dear, delightful plain,
Where charming Delia, Love and Delia reign,
For all the ſplendor that a court can give,
Where gaudy fools and buſy ſtateſmen live.
Though youthful Paris, when his birth was kn
(Too fatally related to a throne)
Forſook Oenone, and his rural ſports,
For dangerous greatneſs, and tumultuous court
Yet Fate ſhould ſtill offer its power in vain;
For what is power to ſuch an humble ſwain?
I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
Though half the globe ſhould be aſſign'd my ſh
And would you have me, friend, reflect again,
Become the baſeſt and the worſt of men?
O, do not urge me, Celadon; forbear;
I cannot le[illegible] he 's too charming fair!

Should I your counſel in this caſe purſue,
You might ſuſpect me for a villain too:
For ſure that perjur'd wretch can never prove
Juſt to his friend, who 's faithleſs to his love.

EPISTLE TO DELIA.

AS thoſe who hope hereafter heaven to ſhare,
A rigorous exile here can calmly bear,
And, with collected ſpirits, undergo
The ſad variety of pain below;
Yet, with intenſe reflections, antedate
The mighty raptures of a future ſtate;
While the bright proſpect of approaching joy
Creates a bliſs no trouble can deſtroy:
So, though I 'm toſs'd by giddy Fortune's hand,
Ev'n to the confines of my native land;
Where I can hear the ſtormy ocean roar,
And break its waves upon the foaming ſhore:
Though from my Delia baniſh'd; all that 's dear,
That 's good, or beautiful, or charming here:
Yet flattering hopes encourage me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;
That the dark treaſury of times contains
A glorious day, will finiſh all my pains:
And, while I contemplate on joys to come,
My griefs are ſilent, and my ſorrows dumb.
Believe me, nymph, believe me, charming fair,
(When truth 's conſpicuous, we need not ſwear;

Oaths will ſuppoſe a diffidence in you,
That I am falſe, my flame fictitious too)
Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial power,
Ne'er to return to your embraces more,
I 'd ſcorn whate'er the buſy world could give;
'T would be the worſt of miſeries to live:
For all my wiſhes and deſires purſue,
All I admire, or covet here, is you.
Were I poſſeſs'd of your ſurprizing charms,
And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms;
Then would my joys aſcend to that degree,
Could angels envy, they would envy me.
Oft, as I wander in a ſilent ſhade,
When bold vexations would my ſoul invade,
I baniſh the rough thought, and none purſue,
But what inclines my willing mind to you.
The ſoft reflections on your ſacred love,
Like ſovereign antidotes, all cares remove;
Compoſing every faculty to reſt,
They leave a grateful flavour in my breaſt.
Retir'd ſometimes into a lonely grove,
I think o'er all the ſtories of our love.
What mighty pleaſure have I oft poſſeſs'd,
When, in a maſculine embrace, I preſt
The lovely Delia to my heaving breaſt!
Then I remember, and with vaſt delight,
The kind expreſſions of the parting night:
Methought the ſun too quick return'd again,
And day ſeem'd ne'er impertinent till then.

Strong

Strong and contracted was our eager bliſs;
An age of pleaſure in each generous kiſs:
Years of delight in moments we compriz'd;
And heaven itſelf was there epitomiz'd.
But, when the glories of the eaſtern light
O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night;
Farewell, my Delia, O farewell! ſaid I,
The utmoſt period of my time is nigh:
Too cruel Fate forbids my longer ſtay,
And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.
But, though I muſt my native plains forego,
Forſake theſe fields, forſake my Delia too;
No change of fortune ſhall for ever move
The ſettled baſe of my immortal love.
And muſt my Strephon, muſt my faithful ſwain,
Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter plain!
The darling of my ſoul ſo ſoon remov'd!
The only valued, and the beſt belov'd!
Though other ſwains to me themſelves addreſs'd,
Strephon was ſtill diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
Flat and inſipid all their courtſhip ſeem'd;
Little themſelves, their paſſions leſs, eſteem'd:
For my averſion with their flames increas'd,
And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
Though I 'm depriv'd of my kind ſhepherd's ſight,
Joy of the day, and bleſſing of the night;
Yet will you, Strephon, will you love me ſtill?
However, flatter me and ſay you will.
For, ſhould you entertain a rival love;
Should you unkind to me, or faithleſs prove;

No mortal e'er could half ſo wretched be:
For ſure no mortal ever lov'd like me.
Your beauty, nymph, ſaid I, my faith ſecures;
Thoſe you once conquer, muſt be always yours:
For, hearts ſubdued by your victorious eyes,
No force can ſtorm, no ſtratagem ſurprize;
Nor can I of captivity complain,
While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,
Might fear, at leaſt, he would deſpiſe her charms;
But I can never ſuch a monſter prove,
To ſlight the bleſſings of my Delia's love.
Would thoſe who at celeſtial tables ſit,
Bleſt with immortal wine, immortal wit;
Chooſe to deſcend to ſome inferior board,
Which nought but ſcum and nonſenſe can afford?
Nor can I e'er to thoſe gay nymphs addreſs,
Whoſe pride is greater, and whoſe charms are leſs:
Their tinſel beauty may, perhaps, ſubdue
A gaudy coxcomb, or a fulſome beau;
But ſeem at beſt indifferent to me,
Who none but you with admiration ſee.
Now, would the rolling orbs obey my will;
I 'd make the ſun a ſecond time ſtand ſtill;
And to the lower world their light repay,
When conquering Joſhua robb'd them of a day:
Though our two ſouls would different paſſions prove;
His was a thirſt of glory, mine of love.
It will not be; the ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And take poſſeſſion of the eaſtern ſkies;

Yet one more kiſs, though millions are too few;
And, Delia, ſince we muſt, muſt part, adieu.
As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driven
From Eden's groves, the vicinage of Heaven;
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harſh impreſſions of a ruder air;
With mighty ſorrow, and with weeping eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loſs of paradiſe:
With a concern like his did I review
My native plains, my charming Delia too;
For I left paradiſe in leaving you.
If, as I walk, a pleaſant ſhade I find,
It brings your fair idea to my mind:
Such was the happy place, I, ſighing, ſay,
Where I and Delia, lovely Delia, lay;
When firſt I did my tender thoughts impart,
And made a grateful preſent of my heart.
Or, if my friend, in his apartment, ſhews
Some piece of Van Dyck's, or of Angelo's,
In which the artiſt has, with wondrous care,
Deſcrib'd the face of one exceeding fair;
Though, at firſt ſight, it may my paſſion raiſe,
And every feature I admire and praiſe;
Yet ſtill, methinks, upon a ſecond view,
'Tis not ſo beautiful, ſo fair as you.
If I converſe with thoſe whom moſt admit
To have a ready, gay, vivacious, wit;
They want ſome amiable, moving grace,
Some turn of fancy that my Delia has:

For ten good thoughts amongſt the crowd they vent,
Methinks ten thouſand are impertinent.
Let other ſhepherds, that are prone to range,
With each caprice, their giddy humours change;
They from variety leſs joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy thoſe ill-judging ſwains
(What they enjoy's the refuſe of the plains)
If, for my ſhare of happineſs below,
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would beſtow;
Whatever bleſſings it can give beſide,
Let all mankind among themſelves divide.

A PASTORAL ESSAY ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY, ANNO 1694.

AS gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd
A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had [ſtray'd,
Beneath a mournful cypreſs ſhade he found
Coſmelia weeping on the dewy ground.
Amaz'd, with eager haſte he ran to know
The fatal cauſe of her intemperate woe;
And, claſping her to his impatient breaſt,
In theſe ſoft words his tender care expreſt.

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Coſmelia? Why appears
My life, my ſoul, diſſolv'd in briny tears?
Has ſome fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer ſlain,
While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain?
Or, has ſome greedy wolf devour'd thy ſheep?
What ſad misfortune makes Coſmelia weep?
Speak,

Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increaſe,
Partake thy ſorrows, or reſtore thy peace.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?
'Tis for——I cannot the ſad tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting ſpirits fled;
'Tis for Cæleſtia—Strephon, Oh—She 's dead!
The brighteſt nymph, the princeſs of the plain,
By an untimely dart, untimely ſlain!

STREPHON.

Dead! 'Tis impoſſible! She cannot die:
She 's too divine, too much a Deity:
'Tis a falſe rumour ſome ill ſwains have ſpread,
Who wiſh, perhaps, the good Cæleſtia dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! No; the truth in every face appears;
For every face you meet 's o'erflow'd with tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran through all the plain,
From flock to flock, and aſk'd of every ſwain,
But each, ſcarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd, Oh, Coſmelia! Oh, Cæleſtia 's dead?

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-broading croak
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,
Which ſtrait by lightning was in ſhivers broke.
But we our miſchief feel, before we ſee;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with miſery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to beſtow,
No pompous things to make a glorious ſhew

(For all the tribute a poor ſwain can bring,
In rural numbers, is to mourn and ſing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy ſhade, rehearſe
Cæleſtia's ſacred name in no leſs ſacred verſe.

STREPHON.

Cæleſtia dead! Then 'tis in vain to live;
What 's all the comfort that the plains can give;
Since ſhe, by whoſe bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone;
Since ſhe, who round ſuch beams of goodneſs ſpread
As gave new life to every ſwain, is dead?

COSMELIA.

In vain we wiſh for the delightful ſpring;
What joys can flowery May or April bring,
When ſhe, for whom the ſpacious plains were ſpread
With early flowers and chearful greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
To give to ſummer fruits a winter birth;
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundleſs ſtore
Of nature was preſerv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then to all that 's gay:
You will forget to ſing, and I to play.
No more with chearful ſongs, in cooling bowers,
Shall we conſume the pleaſurable hours:
All joys are baniſh'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Cæleſtia 's dead.

COSMELIA.

COSMELIA.

If e'er I ſing, they ſhall be mournful lays
Of great Cæleſtia's name, Cæleſtia's praiſe:
How good ſhe was, how generous, how wiſe!
How beautiful her ſhape, how bright her eyes!
How charming all; how much ſhe was ador'd,
Alive; when dead, how much her loſs deplor'd!
A noble theme, and able to inſpire
The humbleſt Muſe with the ſublimeſt fire.
And ſince we do of ſuch a princeſs ſing,
Let ours aſcend upon a ſtronger wing;
And, while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make the harmony divine.
Raiſe then thy tuneful voice; and be the ſong
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue ſtrong.

STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,
And left Cæleſtia here to rule alone;
With how ſerene a brow, how void of fear,
When ſtorms aroſe, did ſhe the veſſel ſteer!
And when the raging of the waves did ceaſe,
How gentle was her ſway in times of peace!
Juſtice and mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples ſpread a glorious light;
So quick ſhe eas'd the wrongs of every ſwain,
She hardly gave them leiſure to complain:
Impatient to reward, but ſlow to draw
Th' avenging ſword of neceſſary law:
Like Heaven, ſhe took no pleaſure to deſtroy;
With grief ſhe puniſh'd, and ſhe ſav'd with joy.

COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,
Return'd in triumph to Cæleſtia's arms,
She met her hero with a full deſire;
But chaſte as light, and vigorous as fire:
Such mutual flames, ſo equally divine,
Did in each breaſt with ſuch a luſtre ſhine,
His could not ſeem the greater, her's the leſs;
Both were immenſe, for both were in exceſs.

STREPHON.

Oh, godlike princeſs! Oh, thrice happy ſwains!
Whilſt ſhe preſided o'er the fruitful plains!
Whilſt ſhe, for ever raviſh'd from our eyes,
To mingle with the kindred of the ſkies,
Did for your peace her conſtant thoughts employ;
The nymph's good angel, and the ſhepherd's joy!

COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
There wiſdom ſat, with ſolid reaſon join'd:
There too did piety and greatneſs wait;
Meekneſs on grandeur, modeſty on ſtate:
Humble amidſt the ſplendors of a throne;
Plac'd above all, and yet deſpiſing none.
And when a crown was forc'd on her by fate,
She with ſome pains ſubmitted to be great.

STREPHON.

Her pious ſoul with emulation ſtrove
To gain the mighty Pan's important love:
To whoſe myſterious rites ſhe always came,
With ſuch an active, ſo intenſe a flame;

The

The duties of religion ſeem'd to be
No more her care than her felicity.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the leaſt allay,
Pure as the light of a celeſtial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the ſoul
With ſuch a ſoft, but abſolute control,
That, as ſhe knew what beſt great Pan would pleaſe,
She ſtill perform'd it with the greateſt eaſe.
Him for her high exemplar ſhe deſign'd,
Like him, benevolent to all mankind.
Her foes ſhe pity'd, not deſir'd their blood;
And, to revenge their crimes, ſhe did them good:
Nay, all affronts ſo unconcern'd ſhe bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation, Power)
As if ſhe thought it vulgar to reſent,
Or wiſh'd forgiveneſs their worſt puniſhment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan, was her illuſtrious lord,
His high vicegerent, ſacredly ador'd:
Him with ſuch piety and zeal ſhe lov'd,
The noble paſſion every hour improv'd:
Till it aſcended to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her ſo entire a duty pay,
She grew at laſt impatient to obey;
And met his wiſhes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

COSMELIA.

Mature for Heaven, the fatal mandate came,
With it a chariot of ethereal flame;
In which, Elijah like, she paſs'd the ſpheres;
Brought joy to Heaven, but left the world in tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I ſee her on the plains of light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright!
While the immortal minds around her gaze
On the exceſſive ſplendor of her rays;
And ſcarce believe a human ſoul could be
Endow'd with ſuch ſtupendous majeſty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much! O, who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful Cæleſtia's urn!
So great a loſs as this deſerves exceſs
Of ſorrows; all 's too little that is leſs.
But, to ſupply the univerſal woe,
Tears from all eyes, without ceſſation, flow;
All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing breaſts, Cæleſtia's fate bemoan;
While marble rocks the common griefs partake,
And echo back thoſe cries they cannot make.

STREPHON.

Weep then (once fruitful vales) and ſpring with yew!
Ye thirſty, barren mountains, weep with dew!
Let every flower on this extended plain
Not droop, but ſhrink into its womb again,
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth!
Let every thing that 's grateful leave the earth!

Let mournful cypreſs, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms, in their place ſucceed!
Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharg'd with grief,
Haſte ſwiftly to the ſea for more relief;
Then tiding back, each to his ſacred head,
Tell your aſtoniſh'd ſprings, Cæleſtia 's dead!

COSMELIA.

Well have you ſung, in an exalted ſtrain,
The faireſt nymph e'er grac'd the Britiſh plain.
Who knows but ſome officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey!
That ſhe may ſmile upon us from above,
And bleſs our mournful pains with peace and love!

STREPHON.

But ſee, our flocks do to their fold repair;
For night with ſable clouds obſcures the air:
Cold damps deſcend from the unwholſome ſky,
And ſafety bids us to our cottage fly.
Though with each morn our ſorrows will return;
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we 'll ſing and mourn,
Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

TO HIS FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

NONE lives in this tumultuous ſtate of things,
Where every morning ſoon new troubles brings,
But bold inquietudes will break his reſt,
And gloomy thoughts diſturb his anxious breaſt.

Angelia

Angelic forms, and happy ſpirits, are
Above the malice of perplexing care:
But that's a bleſſing too ſublime, too high,
For thoſe who bend beneath mortality.
If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and ſenſible of ſmart,
And but one paſſion could torment the mind;
That part, that paſſion, buſy fate would find:
But, ſince infirmities in both abound,
Since ſorrow both ſo many ways can wound:
'Tis not ſo great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.
The happieſt man that ever breath'd on earth,
With all the glories of eſtate and birth,
Had yet ſome anxious care, to make him know,
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
To be from all things that diſquiet, free,
Is not conſiſtent with humanity.
Youth, wit, and beauty, are ſuch charming things,
O'er which, if affluence ſpreads her gaudy wings,
We think the perſon who enjoys ſo much,
No care can move, and no affliction touch;
Yet could we but ſome ſecret method find
To view the dark receſſes of the mind,
We there might ſee the hidden ſeed of ſtrife,
And woes in embryo ripening into life:
How ſome fierce luſt, or boiſterous paſſion, fills
The labouring ſpirit with prolific ills;
Pride, envy, or revenge, diſtract the ſoul,
And all right reaſon's godlike powers control;

But if ſhe muſt not be allow'd to ſway
Though all without appears ſerene and gay,
A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,
And poiſons all the comforts of his days.
External pomp and viſible ſucceſs
Sometimes contribute to our happineſs:
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good conſcience and a ſoul reſign'd.
Then, to whatever end affliction 's ſent,
To try our virtues, or for puniſhment,
We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And ſtill adore the hand that gives the blow:
For, in misfortunes this advantage lies;
They make us humble, and they make us wiſe;
And he that can acquire ſuch virtues, gains
An ample recompence for all his pains.
Too ſoft careſſes of a proſperous fate
The pious fervours of the ſoul abate;
Tempt to luxurious eaſe our careleſs days
And gloomy vapour round the ſpirits raiſe.
Thus lull'd into a ſleep, we dozing lie,
And find our ruin in ſecurity;
Unleſs ſome ſorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' inchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to chear our ſight,
In blackeſt days, ſome glimmerings of light;
So, in the moſt dejected hours we may
The ſecret pleaſure have to weep and pray:
And thoſe requeſts the ſpeedieſt paſſage find
To Heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind:

And while to him we open our diſtreſs,
Our pains grow lighter, and our ſorrows leſs.
The fineſt muſic of the grove we owe
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
And while her grief 's in charming notes expreſs'd,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breaſt;
In warbling melody ſhe ſpends the night,
And moves at once compaſſion and delight.
No choice had e'er ſo happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak 's our judgment, and ſo ſhort 's our ſight,
We cannot level our own wiſhes right:
And if ſometimes we make a wiſe advance,
T' ourſelves we little owe, but much to chance.
So that when Providence, for ſecret ends,
Corroding cares, or ſharp affliction, ſends;
We muſt conclude it beſt it ſhould be ſo,
And not deſponding or impatient grow.
For he that will his confidence remove
From boundleſs wiſdom and eternal love,
To place it on himſelf, or human aid,
Will meet thoſe woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keeneſt agonies of grief,
Content 's a cordial that ſtill gives relief:
Heaven is not always angry when he ſtrikes,
But moſt chaſtiſes thoſe whom moſt he likes;
And, if with humble ſpirits they complain,
Relieves the anguiſh, or rewards the pain.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the firſt man by diſobedience fell
An eaſy conqueſt to the powers of hell,
There 's none in every ſtage of life can be
From the inſults of bold affliction free.
If a ſhort reſpite gives us ſome relief,
And interrupts the ſeries of our grief,
So quick the pangs of miſery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reaſon refin'd, and to perfection brought,
By wiſe philoſophy, and ſerious thought,
Support the ſoul beneath the ponderous weight
Of angry ſtars, and unpropitious fate;
Then is the time ſhe ſhould exert her power,
And make us practice what ſhe taught before.
For why are ſuch volumnious authors read,
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By ſage reſults, and well-digeſted ſenſe;
That, when the ſtorm of miſery appears,
With all its real or fantaſtic fears,
We either may the rolling danger fly,
Or ſtem the tide before it ſwells too high.

But though the theory of wiſdom 's known
With eaſe, what ſhould, and what ſhould not be done;

Yet

Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
To be, in more than words and notion, wiſe;
The ſacred truth of ſound philoſophy
We ſtudy early, but we late apply.
When ſtubborn anguiſh ſeizes on the ſoul,
Right reaſon would its haughty rage control;
But, if it may n't be ſuffer'd to endure,
The pain is juſt, when we reject the cure.
For many men, cloſe obſervation finds,
Of copious learning, and exalted minds,
Who tremble at the ſight of daring woes,
And ſtoop ignobly to the vileſt foes;
As if they underſtood not how to be
Or wiſe, or brave, but in felicity;
And by ſome action, ſervile or unjuſt,
Lay all their former glories in the duſt.
For wiſdom firſt the wretched mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his enemies:
So that, when moſt his prudence ſhould be ſhewn,
The moſt imprudent, giddy things are done.
For when the mind 's ſurrounded with diſtreſs,
Fear or inconſtancy the judgment preſs,
And render it incapable to make
Wiſe reſolutions, or good counſels take.
Yet there 's a ſteadineſs of ſoul and thought,
By reaſon bred, and by religion taught,
Which, like a rock amidſt the ſtormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.
In ſharp misfortunes, ſome will ſearch too deep
What Heaven prohibits, and would ſecret keep;

But thoſe events 'tis better not to know,
Which known, ſerve only to increaſe our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to purſue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
For, had our earlieſt parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their ignorance of evil had preſerv'd
Their joys entire; for then they had not ſwerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their deſires were ſuch)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er ſince my folly moſt to wiſdom riſe;
And few are, but by ſad experience, wiſe.
  Conſider, Friend! who all your bleſſings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left:
Conſider too, how many thouſands are
Under the worſt of miſeries, deſpair;
And do n't repine at what you now endure;
Cuſtom will give you eaſe, or time will cure:
Once more conſider, that the preſent ill,
Though it be great, may yet be greater ſtill;
And be not anxious; for, to undergo
One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.
But ſince it is impoſſible to be
Human, and not expos'd to miſery,
Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:
You are not more, and be not leſs than man!
  Afflictions paſt can no exiſtence find,
But in the wild ideas of the mind:

And why ſhould we for thoſe misfortunes mourn,
Which have been ſuffer'd, and can ne'er return;
Thoſe that have weather'd a tempeſtuous night,
And find a calm approaching with the light,
Will not, unleſs their reaſon they diſown,
Still make thoſe dangers preſent that are gone.
What is behind the curtain none can ſee;
It may be joy: ſuppoſe it miſery;
'T is future ſtill; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the preſent ill alone we ought
To view, in reaſon, with a troubled thought:
But, if we may the ſacred pages truſt,
He 's always happy, that is always juſt.

TO HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

I Would not have you, Strephon, chooſe a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a ſtate;
For in both theſe we may expect to find
A creeping ſpirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region, ſhares
The leaſt diſquiets, and the ſmalleſt cares.
Let her extraction with true luſtre ſhine;
If ſomething brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior, nor above her ſtate.
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry:

For

For the effect of woman's wit is ſuch,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour cloſe with thine;
Unleſs where yours does to a fault incline;
The leaſt diſparity in this deſtroys,
Like ſulphurous blaſts, the very buds of joys.
Her perſon amiable, ſtraight and free
From natural, or chance, deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
For women paſt their vigor, ſoon decline,
Her fortune competent; and, if thy ſight
Can reach ſo far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine 's enough, then hers may be the leſs:
Do not aſpire to riches in exceſs.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel ſufficiency and love.

TO A PAINTER DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAinter, the utmoſt of thy judgment ſhew;
Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo:
With all the livelineſs of thought expreſs
The moving features of Dorinda's face.
Thou canſt not flatter, where ſuch beauty dwells;
Her charms thy colours, and thy art, excells.
Others leſs fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces, which ſparing Nature never gave:
But in Dorinda's aſpect thou wilt ſee
Such as will poſe thy famous art, and thee;

So great, ſo many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and ſo wondrous bright,
No human ſkill can e'er expreſs them all,
But muſt do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel ſits.
Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
As art of man can paint a deity;
And juſtly may perhaps, when ſhe withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deſerve applauſe:
But when compar'd, you 'll be oblig'd to own,
No art can equal what 's by Nature done.
Great LELY's noble hand, excell'd by few,
The picture fairer than the perſon drew:
He took the beſt that Nature could impart,
And made it better by his powerful art.
But had he ſeen that bright, ſurprizing grace,
Which ſpreads itſelf o'er all Dorinda's face,
Vain had been all the eſſays of his ſkill;
She muſt have been confeſt the faireſt ſtill.
Heaven in a landſcape may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted light can ſhine;
But ſtill the real glories of the place
All art, by infinite degrees, ſurpaſs.

TO THE PAINTER, AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA's PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou haſt perform'd what man can do;
Only Dorinda's ſelf more charms can ſhew.
Bold are thy ſtrokes, and delicate each touch;
But ſtill the beauties of her face are ſuch
As cannot juſtly be deſcrib'd; though all
Confeſs 't is like the bright original.
In her, and in thy picture, we may view
The utmoſt Nature, or that Art, can do;
Each is a maſter-piece, deſign'd ſo well,
That future times may ſtrive to parallel;
But neither Art nor Nature 's able to excel.

CRUELTY AND LUST.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY*.

WHERE can the wretched'ſt of all creatures fly,
To tell the ſtory of her miſery?
Where, but to faithful Celia, in whoſe mind
A manly bravery 's with ſoft pity join'd.
I fear, theſe lines will ſcarce be underſtood,
Blurr'd with inceſſant tears, and writ in blood;

* This piece was occaſioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Weſtern Rebellion, 1685; who debauched a young lady with a promiſe to ſave her huſband's life, but hanged him the next morning.

But if you can the mournful pages read,
The ſad relation ſhews you ſuch a deed,
As all the annals of th' infernal reign
Shall ſtrive to equal, or exceed in vain.
Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your
Whoſe cruelty has caus'd a ſea of tears;
Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral ſighs,
Deploring widows ſhrieks, and orphans cries.
At every health the horrid monſter quaff'd,
Ten wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd he laugh'
Till, tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
Drunk with exceſs of blood and wine, to bed.
Oh, curſed place!——I can no more command
My pen: ſhame and confuſion ſhake my hand:
But I muſt on, and let my Celia know
How barbarous are my wrongs, how vaſt my w
Amongſt the crowds of Weſtern youths who
To meet the brave, betray'd unhappy man *,
My huſband, fatally uniting, went;
Unus'd to arms, and thoughtleſs of th' event.
But when the battle was by treachery won,
The chief, and all but his falſe friend, undone;
Though, in the tumult of that deſperate night,
He 'ſcap'd the dreadful ſlaughter of the fight;
Yet the ſagacious bloodhounds, ſkill'd too well
In all the murdering qualities of hell,
Each ſecret place ſo regularly beat,
They ſoon diſcover'd his unſafe retreat.

* The Duke of Monmouth.

As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
To ſure deſtruction hurry them away;
So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's ſon
With Charion to the common butchery run;
Where proud Neronior by his gibbet ſtood,
To glut himſelf with freſh ſupplies of blood.
Our friends, by powerful interceſſion, gain'd
A ſhort reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
To try all ways might to compaſſion move
The ſavage general; but in vain they ſtrove.
When I perceiv'd that all addreſſes fail'd,
And nothing o'er his ſtubborn ſoul prevail'd;
Diſtracted almoſt, to his tent I flew,
To make the laſt effort, what tears could do.
Low on my knees I fell; then thus began:
Great genius of ſucceſs, thou more than man!
Whoſe arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,
And carry'd conqueſt round the trembling world!
Still may the brighteſt glories Fame can lend,
Your ſword, your conduct, and your cauſe, attend.
Here now the arbiter of fate you ſit,
While ſuppliant ſlaves their rebel heads ſubmit.
Oh, pity the unfortunate! and give
But this one thing: Oh, let but Charion live!
And take the little all that we poſſeſs.
I 'll bear the meagre anguiſh of diſtreſs
Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread:
Let Charion live, no matter how I 'm fed.

The fall of ſuch a youth no luſtre brings
To him whoſe ſword performs ſuch wondrous things
As ſaving kingdoms, and ſupporting kings.
That triumph only with true grandeur ſhines,
Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.
Cæſar, the eldeſt favourite of war,
Took not more pleaſure to ſubmit, than ſpare;
And ſince in battle you can greater be,
That over, be n't leſs merciful than he.
Ignoble ſpirits by revenge are known,
And cruel actions ſpoil the conqueror's crown?
In future hiſtories fill each mournful page
With tales of blood, and monuments of rage:
And, while his annals are with horror read,
Men curſe him living, and deteſt him dead.
Oh! do not ſully with a ſanguine dye
(The fouleſt ſtain) ſo fair a memory!
Then, as you 'll live the glory of our iſle,
And Fate on all your expeditions ſmile:
So when a noble courſe you 've bravely ran,
Die the beſt ſoldier, and the happieſt man.
None can the turns of Providence foreſee,
Or what their own cataſtrophe may be;
Therefore, to perſons labouring under woe,
That mercy they may want, ſhould always ſhew;
For in the chance of war the ſlighteſt thing
May loſe the battle, or the victory bring.
And how would you that general's honour prize,
Should in cool blood his captive ſacrifice?

He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
To juſtice forfeits his opprobrious head:
But 't is unhappy Charion's firſt offence,
Seduc'd by ſome too plauſible pretence,
To take the injuring ſide by error brought;
He had no malice, though he has the fault.
Let the old tempters find a ſhameful grave,
But the half-innocent, the tempted, ſave;
Vengeance divine, though for the greateſt crime,
But rarely ſtrikes the firſt or ſecond time:
And he that beſt follows th' Almighty's will,
Who ſpares the guilty he has power to kill.
When proud rebellions would unhinge a ſtate,
And wild diſorders in a land create,
'Tis requiſite the firſt promoters ſhould
Put out the flames they kindled with their blood:
But ſure 't is a degree of murder all
That draw their ſwords ſhould undiſtinguiſh'd fall.
And ſince a mercy muſt to ſome be ſhewn,
Let Charion 'mongſt the happy few be one:
For as none guilty has leſs guilt than he,
So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

When David's general had won the field,
And Abſalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd.
The trumpets ſounding made all ſlaughter ceaſe,
And miſled Iſraelites return'd in peace.
The action paſt, where ſo much blood was ſpilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt;
But all concludes with the deſir'd event,
The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.

As great example your great courage warms,
And to illuſtrious deeds excites your arms;
So when you inſtances of mercy view,
They ſhould inſpire you with compaſſion too:
For he that emulates the truly brave,
Would always conquer, and ſhould always ſave.
Here, interrupting, ſtern Neronior cry'd,
(Swell'd with ſucceſs, and blubber'd up with pride)
Madam, his life depends upon my will,
For every rebel I can ſpare or kill.
I 'll think of what you 've ſaid: this night return
At ten, perhaps you 'll have no cauſe to mourn.
Go, ſee your huſband, bid him not deſpair;
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair.
When anxious miſeries the ſoul amaze,
And dire confuſion in the ſpirits raiſe,
Upon the leaſt appearance of relief,
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief;
Impatience makes our wiſhes earneſt grow,
Which through falſe optics our deliverance ſhew,
For while we fancy danger does appear
Moſt at a diſtance, it is oft too near,
And many times, ſecure from obvious foes,
We fall into an ambuſcade of woes.
Pleas'd with the falſe Neronior's dark reply,
I thought the end of all my ſorrows nigh,
And to the main-guard haſten'd, where the prey,
Of this blood-thirſty fiend, in durance lay.
When Charion ſaw me, from his turfy bed
With eagerneſs he rais'd his drooping head:

Oh!

Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,
And in ſome diſtant clime thy virtue hide!
Here nothing but the fouleſt dæmons dwell,
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of hell.
The air they breathe is every atom curſt:
There 's no degree of ills, for all are worſt.
In rapes and murders they alone delight,
And villanies of leſs importance ſlight:
Act them indeed, but ſcorn they ſhould be nam'd,
For all their glory 's to be more than damn'd.
Neronior 's chief of this infernal crew,
And ſeems to merit that high ſtation too:
Nothing but rage and luſt inſpire his breaſt,
By Aſmodai and Moloc both poſſeſt,
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my ſoul into an agony,
Not that I would not for my freedom give
What 's requiſite, or do not wiſh to live;
But for my ſafety I can ne'er be baſe,
Or buy a few ſhort years with long diſgrace;
Nor would I have your yet unſpotted fame
For me expos'd to an eternal ſhame,
With ignominy to preſerve my breath,
Is worſe, by infinite degrees, than death.
But if I can't my life with honour ſave,
With honour I 'll deſcend into the grave.
For though revenge and malice both combine
(As both to fix my ruin ſeem to join)
Yet, maugre all their violence and ſkill,
I can die juſt, and I 'm reſolv'd I will.

But what is death we ſo unwiſely fear?
An end of all our buſy tumults here;
The equal lot of poverty and ſtate,
Which all partake of by a certain fate.
Whoe'er the proſpect of mankind ſurveys,
At divers ages, and by divers ways,
Will find them from this noiſy ſcene retire;
Some the firſt minute that they breathe, expire:
Others, perhaps, ſurvive to talk, and go;
But die, before they good or evil know.
Here one to puberty arrives; and then
Returns lamented to the duſt again:
Another there maintains a longer ſtrife
With all the powerful enemies of life;
Till, with vexation tir'd, and threeſcore years,
He drops into the dark, and diſappears.
I 'm young indeed, and might expect to ſee
Times future, long and late poſterity,
'Tis what with reaſon I could wiſh to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But ſince ſubſtantial grief ſo ſoon deſtroys
The guſt of all imaginary joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for life, than it can merit, give!
Beyond the grave ſtupendous regions lie,
The boundleſs realms of vaſt eternity;
Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell;
But who their government or laws can tell?
What 's their employment till the final doom
And time 's eternal period ſhall come?

Thu

Thus much the ſacred oracles declare;
That all are bleſs'd or miſerable there;
Though, if there 's ſuch variety of fate,
None good expire too ſoon, nor bad too late.
For my own part, with reſignation, ſtill
I can ſubmit to my Creator's will?
Let him recall the breath from him I drew,
When he thinks fit, and when he pleaſes too.
The way of dying is my leaſt concern;
That will give no diſturbance to my urn.
If to the ſeats of happineſs I go,
There end all poſſible returns of woe:
And when to thoſe bleſt manſions I arrive,
With pity I 'll behold thoſe that ſurvive.
Once more I beg, you 'd from theſe tents retreat,
And leave me to my innocence and fate.
Charion, ſaid I, Oh, do not urge my flight!
I 'll ſee the event of this important night:
Some ſtrange preſages in my ſoul forebode,
The worſt of miſeries, or the greateſt good.
Few hours will ſhew the utmoſt of my doom;
A joyful ſafety, or a peaceful tomb.
If you miſcarry, I 'm reſolv'd to try
If gracious Heaven will ſuffer me to die:
For, when you are to endleſs raptures gone,
If I ſurvive, 'tis but to be undone.
Who will ſupport an injur'd widow's right,
From ſly injuſtice, or oppreſſive might?
Protect her perſon, or her cauſe defend?
She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend:

I 've no diſtruſt of Providence; but ſtill
'Tis beſt to go beyond the reach of ill:
And thoſe can have no reaſon to repent,
Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.
But to a world of everlaſting bliſs
Why would you go, and leave me here in this?
'Tis a dark paſſage; but our foes ſhall view,
I 'll die as calm, though not ſo brave, as you:
That my behaviour to the laſt may prove
Your courage is not greater than my love.
The hour approach'd; as to Neronior's tent,
With trembling, but impatient ſteps, I went,
A thouſand horrors, throng'd into my breaſt,
By ſad ideas and ſtrong fears poſſeſt:
Where'er I paſs'd, the glaring lights would ſhew
Freſh objects of deſpair, and ſcenes of woe.
Here, in a crowd of drunken ſoldiers, ſtood
A wretched, poor, old man, beſmear'd with blood;
And at his feet, juſt through the body run,
Struggling for life, was laid his only ſon;
By whoſe hard labour he was daily fed,
Dividing ſtill, with pious care, his bread:
And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
The ſole ſupport of his decrepid years,
The barbarous mob, whoſe rage no limit knows,
With blaſphemous deriſion, mock'd his woes.
There, under a wide oak, diſconſolate,
And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow ſate.
High in the boughs the murder'd father hung;
Beneath, the children round the mother clung:

They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief:
For all they had to live upon, was grief.
A ſorrow ſo intenſe, ſuch deep deſpair,
No creature, merely human, long could bear.
Firſt in her arms her weeping babes ſhe took,
And, with a groan, did to her huſband look:
Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, ſighing, cry'd,
Pity me, Saviour of the world! and dy'd.
From this ſad ſpectacle my eyes I turn'd,
Where ſons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd:
Friends for their friends, ſiſters for brothers, wept,
Priſoners of war, in chains, for ſlaughter kept:
Each every hour did the black meſſage dread,
Which ſhould declare the perſon lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal ſhouts of mirth,
A comely youth, and of no common birth,
To execution led; who hardly bore
The wounds in battle, he receiv'd before:
And, as he paſs'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wiſh to live, nor fear to die.
At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,
They did me to the general convey:
Who thus began ——————
Madam! by freſh intelligence, I find,
That Charion's treaſon 's of the blackeſt kind;
And my commiſſion is expreſs to ſpare
None that ſo deeply in rebellion are:
New meaſures therefore 'tis in vain to try;
No pardon can be granted; he muſt die.

Muſt,

Muſt, or I hazard all: which yet I 'd do
To be oblig'd in one requeſt by you:
And, maugre all the dangers I foreſee,
Be mine this night, I 'll ſet your huſband free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope ſucceſs
By ſupple flattery, and by ſoft addreſs;
The pert, gay coxcomb, by theſe little arts,
Gains an aſcendant o'er the ladies hearts.
But I can no ſuch whining methods uſe:
Conſent, he lives; he dies, if you refuſe.
Amaz'd at this demand; ſaid I, The brave,
Upon ignoble terms, diſdain to ſave:
They let their captives ſtill with honour live,
No more require, than what themſelves would give;
For, generous victors, as they ſcorn to do
Diſhoneſt things, ſcorn to propoſe them too.
Mercy, the brighteſt virtue of the mind,
Should with no devious appetite be join'd:
For if, when exercis'd, a crime it coſt,
Th' intrinſic luſtre of the deed is loſt.
Great men their actions of a piece ſhould have;
Heroic all, and each intirely brave:
From the nice rules of honour none ſhould ſwerve;
Done, becauſe good, without a mean reſerve.
The crimes new charg'd upon the unhappy youth,
May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.
Suppoſe the accuſation juſtly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minuteſt thought;
Yet mercies next to infinite abate
Offences next to infinitely great:

And

And 'tis the glory of a noble mind,
In full forgiveneſs not to be confin'd.
Your prince's frowns if you have cauſe to fear,
This act will more illuſtrious appear;
Though his excuſe can never be withſtood,
Who diſobeys, but only to be good.
Perhaps the hazard 's more than you expreſs;
The glory would be, were the danger leſs.
For he that, to his prejudice, will do
A noble action, and a generous too,
Deſerves to wear a more reſplendent crown
Than he that has a thouſand battles won.
Do not invert divine compaſſion ſo,
As to be cruel, and no mercy ſhew!
Of what renown can ſuch an action be,
Which ſaves my huſband's life, but ruins me?
Though, if you finally reſolve to ſtand
Upon ſo vile, inglorious a demand,
He muſt ſubmit; if 'tis my fate to mourn
His death, I 'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.
Well, madam, haughtily, Neronior cry'd,
Your courage and your virtue ſhall be try'd.
But to prevent all proſpect of a flight,
Some of my * lambs ſhall be your guard to-night:
By them, no doubt, you 'll tenderly be us'd;
They ſeldom aſk a favour that 's refus'd:
Perhaps you 'll find them ſo genteely bred,
They 'll leave you but few virtuous tears to ſhed.

* Kirke uſed to call the moſt inhuman of his ſoldiers his lambs.

Surrounded

Surrounded with ſo innocent a throng,
The night muſt paſs delightfully along:
And in the morning, ſince you will not give
What I require, to let your huſband live,
You ſhall behold him ſigh his lateſt breath,
And gently ſwing into the arms of death.
His fate he merits, as to rebels due:
And yours will be as much deſerv'd by you.
Oh Cælia, think! ſo far as thought can ſhew
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
At this dire reſolution, ſeiz'd my breaſt!
By all things ſad and terrible poſſeſt.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my prayers were to a tiger made:
A tiger! worſe; for, 'tis beyond diſpute,
No fiend 's ſo cruel as a reaſoning brute.
Encompaſs'd thus, and hopeleſs of relief,
With all the ſquadrons of deſpair and grief?
Ruin——it was not poſſible to ſhun:
What could I do? Oh! what would you have
The hours that paſs'd, till the black morn ret
With tears of blood ſhould be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with conſummate grief,
Beyond expreſſion, and above belief,
Madam, the monſter cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the fair that 's kind;
Step to the door, I 'll ſhew you ſuch a ſight,
Shall overwhelm your ſpirits with delight.
Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his k
Become the gibbet, and adorn the ſtring?

You need not now an injur'd huſband dread;
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.
'Twas for your ſake I ſeiz'd upon his life;
He would perhaps have ſcorn'd ſo chaſte a wife.
And, madam, you 'll excuſe the zeal I ſhew,
To keep that ſecret none alive ſhould know.
Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
The devils, ſaid I, are dull in cruelty.
Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
And waſteleſs their eternal hunger feed;
In fires too hot for ſalamanders dwell,
The burning earneſt of a hotter hell;
May that vile lump of execrable luſt
Corrupt alive, and rot into the duſt!
May'ſt thou, deſpairing at the point of death,
With oaths and blaſphemies reſign thy breath;
And the worſt torments that the damn'd ſhould ſhare,
In thine own perſon all united bear!
Oh Cælia! Oh my friend! what age can ſhew
Sorrows like mine, ſo exquiſite a woe?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Becauſe it can't be everlaſting here:
But it 's ſo vaſt, that it can ne'er increaſe:
And ſo confirm'd, it never can be leſs.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A— WITH THE COUNTESS OF S——.

TRiumphant beauty never looks ſo gay,
As on the morning of a nuptial day,
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves:
While Hymen does his ſacred rites prepare,
The buſy nymphs attend the trembling fair;
Whoſe veins are ſwell'd with an unuſual heat,
And eager pulſes with ſtrange motions beat:
Alternate paſſions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys diſtend her throbbing heart:
Her fears are great, and her deſires are ſtrong:
The minutes fly too faſt—yet ſtay too long:
Now ſhe is ready—the next moment not;
All things are done—then ſomething is forgot:
She fears—yet wiſhes the ſtrange work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Diſorders thus from every thought ariſe;
What love perſuades, I know not what denies.
Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And ſhews at once he can be wiſe and love;
Becauſe it from no ſpurious paſſion came,
But was the product of a noble flame:
Bold, without rudeneſs; without blazing, bright;
Pure as fix'd ſtars, and uncorrupt as light:
By juſt degrees it to perfection grew;
An early ripeneſs, and a laſting too.

So the bright ſun aſcending to his noon,
Moves not too ſlowly, nor is there too ſoon.
But, though Achates was unkindly driven
From his own land, he 's baniſh'd into heaven:
For ſure the raptures of Coſmelia's love,
Are next, if only next, to thoſe above.
Thus Power Divine does with his foes engage;
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage:
For firſt it did to fair Coſmelia give
All that a human creature could receive;
Whate'er can raiſe our wonder or delight,
Tranſport the ſoul, or gratify the ſight.
Then in the full perfection of her charms,
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.
What angels are, is in Coſmelia ſeen;
Their awful glories, and their godlike mien:
For, in her aſpect all the graces meet;
All that is noble, beautiful, or ſweet:
There every charm in lofty triumph ſits,
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault ſubmits;
There ſymmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.
So newly finiſh'd by the hand Divine,
Before her fall, did the firſt woman ſhine.
But Eve in one great point ſhe does excel:
Coſmelia never err'd at all; ſhe fell.
From her temptation, in deſpair withdrew;
Nor more aſſaults, whom it could ne'er ſubdue.
Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity, by ſerious thought,

Her actions with a watchful eye ſurveys;
Each paſſion guides, and every moment ſways;
Not the leaſt failure in her conduct lies;
So gaily modeſt, and ſo freely wiſe.

Her judgment ſure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit, that 's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind preſides,
And to the nobleſt end her labours guides:
She knows the beſt, and does the beſt purſue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue.
That the weak only and the wavering lack,
When they 're miſtaken, to conduct them back
She does, amidſt ten thouſand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy, ſtrong, vivacious, and ſublime,
Seldom betrays her converſe to a crime;
And though it moves with a luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
For each expreſſion, every teeming thought,
Is to the ſcanning of her judgment brought;
Which wiſely ſeparates the fineſt gold,
And caſts the image in a beauteous mould.

No trifling words debaſe her eloquence,
But all 's pathetic, all is ſterling ſenſe;
Refin'd from droſſy chat, and idle noiſe,
With which the female converſation cloys.
So well ſhe knows, what 's underſtood by few,
To time her thoughts, and to expreſs them too;
That what ſhe ſpeaks does to the ſoul tranſmit
The fair idea of delightful wit.

Illuſtrious born, and as illuſtrious bred,
By great example to wiſe actions led:
Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high genius more;
And, by a noble emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd;
Till they arriv'd to that celeſtial height,
Scarce angels greater be, or ſaints ſo bright.
But, if Coſmelia could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
Achates merits her, though none but he:
Whoſe generous ſoul abhors a baſe diſguiſe;
Reſolv'd in action, and in counſel wiſe;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For threats to force, or flattery to win.
Unmov'd amidſt the hurricane he ſtood;
He dares be guiltleſs, and he will be good.
Since the firſt pair in paradiſe were join'd,
Two hearts were ne'er ſo happily combin'd.
Achates life to fair Coſmelia gives:
In fair Coſmelia great Achates lives.
Each is to other the divineſt bliſs;
He is her heaven, and ſhe is more than his.
O may the kindeſt influence above
Protect their perſons, and indulge their love!

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR THE

MONUMENT OF DIANA, COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA, OXONII & ELGINI Comitissa;
QUÆ
Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit:
Ceciliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima;
Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.
Vitam ineuntem innocentia;
Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors;
Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit;
(Volente Numine)
Ut nuspiam decesset aut virtus aut felicitas,
Duobus conjuncta maritis
Utrique charissima;
Primum
(Quem ad annum habuit)
Impense dilexit:
Secundum
(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)
Tanta pietate & amore coluit;
Ut qui, vivens,
Obsequium, tanquam patri præstitit;
Moriens,
Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.

Nover

Noverca cum eſſet,
Maternam pietatem facile ſuperavit.
Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam geſſit,
Ut non tam domina familiæ præeſſe,
Quam anima corpori ineſſe videretur.
Denique,
Cum pudico, humili, forti, ſancto animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
Exemplum conſecraſſet integerrimum,
Terris anima major, ad ſimiles evolavit ſuperos.

THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA, Counteſs of OXFORD and ELGIN;
WHO from a race of noble heroes came,
And added luſtre to its ancient fame:
Round her the virtues of the Cecils ſhone,
But with inferior brightneſs to her own:
Which ſhe refin'd to that ſublime degree,
The greateſt mortal could not greater be.
Each ſtage of life peculiar ſplendor had;
Her tender years with innocence were clad:
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good
In the retinue of her virtues ſtood;
And at the final period of her breath,
She crown'd her life with a propitious death;
That no occaſion might be wanting here
To make her virtues fam'd, or joys ſincere.

Two noble lords her genial bed poſſeſt;
A wife to both, the deareſt and the beſt.
Oxford ſubmitted in one year to fate;
For whom her paſſion was exceeding great.
To Elgin full ſix Luſtra were aſſign'd:
And him ſhe lov'd with ſo intenſe a mind,
That, living like a father, ſhe obey'd;
Dying, as to a ſon, left all ſhe had.
When a ſtep-mother, ſhe ſoon ſoar'd above
The common height even of maternal love.
She did her numerous family command
With ſuch a tender care, ſo wiſe a hand,
She ſeem'd no otherwiſe a miſtreſs there,
Than godlike ſouls in human bodies are.
But when to all ſhe had example ſhew'd,
How to be great and humble, chaſte and good,
Her ſoul, for earth too excellent, too high,
Flew to its peers, the princes of the ſky.

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Εἷς ἐστιν Θεὸς
Ὃς οὐρανον τέτυχε καὶ γαῖαν μακρὰν. SOPHOC.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

I.

WHence ſprang this glorious frame? or when began
Things to exiſt? They could not always be;
To what ſtupendous energy
Shall we aſcribe the origin of man?
That Cauſe, from whence all beings elſe aroſe,
Muſt ſelf-exiſtent be alone;
Intirely perfect, and but one;
Nor equal nor ſuperior knows:
Two firſts, in reaſon, we can ne'er ſuppoſe.
If that, in falſe opinion, we allow,
That once there abſolutely nothing was,
Then nothing could be now.
For, by what inſtrument, or how,
Shall non-exiſtence to exiſtence paſs?
Thus, ſomething muſt from everlaſting be;
Or matter, or a Deity.

If matter only uncreate we grant,
We ſhall volition, wit, and reaſon, want;
An agent infinite, and action free;
Whence does volition, whence does reaſon, flow?
How came we to reflect, deſign, and know?
This from a nobler nature ſprings,
Diſtinct in eſſence from material things:
For, thoughtleſs matter cannot thought beſtow,
But, if we own a God ſupreme,
And all perfection 's poſſible in him;
In him does boundleſs excellence reſide,
Power to create, and providence to guide;
Unmade himſelf, could no beginning have,
But to all ſubſtance prime exiſtence gave:
Can what he will deſtroy, and what he pleaſes ſave.

POWER.

The undeſigning hand of giddy Chance
Could never fill the globes of light,
So beautiful, and ſo amazing bright,
The lofty concave of the vaſt expanſe:
Theſe could proceed from no leſs power than infinite.
There 's not one atom of this wondrous frame,
Nor eſſence intellectual, but took
Exiſtence when the great Creator ſpoke,
And from the common womb of empty nothing came,
Let ſubſtance be, he cry'd; and ſtraight aroſe
Angelic, and corporeal too;
All that material nature ſhews

And what does things inviſible compoſe,
At the ſame inſtant ſprung, and into being flew:
Mount to the convex of the higheſt ſphere,
Which draws a mighty circle round
Th' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound;
There millions of new miracles appear:
There dwell the eldeſt ſons of power immenſe,
Who firſt were to perfection wrought
Firſt to complete exiſtence brought,
To whom their Maker did diſpenſe
The largeſt portions of created excellence,
Eternal now, not of neceſſity,
As if they could not ceaſe to be,
Or were from poſſible deſtruction free;
But on the will of God depend:
For that which could begin, can end.
Who, when the lower worlds were made,
Without the leaſt miſcarriage or defect,
By the almighty Architect,
United adoration paid,
And with extatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

III.

Philoſophy of old in vain eſſay'd
To tell us how this mighty frame
Into ſuch beauteous order came;
But, by falſe reaſonings, falſe foundations laid:
She labour'd hard; but ſtill the more ſhe wrought,
The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.

Some

Sometimes ſhe fancy'd things to be
Coeval with the Deity,
And in the form which now they are
From everlaſting ages were.
Sometimes the caſual event,
Of atoms floating in a ſpace immenſe,
Void of all wiſdom, rule, and ſenſe;
But, by a lucky accident,
Jumbled into this ſcheme of wondrous excellence.
'Twas an eſtabliſh'd article of old,
Chief of the philoſophic creed,
And does in natural productions hold;
That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed:
Material ſubſtance never could have roſe,
If ſome exiſtence had not been before,
In wiſdom infinite, immenſe in power.
Whate'er is made, a maker muſt ſuppoſe,
As an effect a cauſe that could produce it ſhews.
Nature and art, indeed, have bounds aſſign'd,
And only forms to things, not being, give;
That from Omnipotence they muſt receive:
But the eternal ſelf-exiſtent mind
Can, with a ſingle Fiat, cauſe to be
All that the wondrous eye ſurveys,
And all it cannot ſee.
Nature may ſhape a beauteous tree,
And art a noble palace raiſe,
But muſt not to creative power aſpire;
But their God alone can claim,
As pre-exiſting ſubſtance doth require:
So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

WISDOM.

Matter produc'd, had ſtill a chaos been:
For jarring elements engag'd,
Eternal battles would have wag'd,
And fill'd with endleſs horror the tumultuous ſcene;
If wiſdom infinite, for leſs
Could not the vaſt prodigious embryo wield,
Or ſtrength complete to labouring Nature yield,
Had not, with actual addreſs,
Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and eſtabliſh'd peace.
Whate'er this viſible creation ſhews
That 's lovely, uniform, and bright,
That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
To her its eminence and beauty owes.
By her all creatures have their ends aſſign'd,
Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind;
To which they ſteadily advance,
Mov'd by right Reaſon's high command,
Or guided by the ſecret hand
Of real inſtinct, or imaginary chance.
Nothing but men reject her ſacred rules;
Who from the end of their creation fly,
And deviate into miſery:
As if the liberty to act like fools
Were the chief cauſe that Heaven made them free.

PRO

PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blaſphemous the ma
Who, finite, will attempt to ſcan
The works of him that 's infinitely wiſe,
And thoſe he cannot comprehend, denies;
As if a ſpace immenſe were meaſurable by a ſpa
Thus the proud ſceptic will not own
That Providence the world directs,
Or its affairs inſpects;
But leaves it to itſelf alone.
How does it with almighty grandeur ſuit,
To be concern'd with our impertinence;
Or interpoſe his power for the defence
Of a poor mortal, or a ſenſeleſs brute?
Villains could never ſo ſucceſsful prove,
And unmoleſted in thoſe pleaſures live,
Which honour, eaſe, and affluence give;
While ſuch as Heaven adore, and virtue love,
And moſt the care of providence deſerve,
Oppreſs'd with pain and ignominy ſtarve.
What reaſon can the wiſeſt ſhew,
Why murder does unpuniſh'd go,
If the Moſt High, that 's juſt and good,
Intends and governs all below,
And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltleſs b
But ſhall we things unſearchable deny,
Becauſe our reaſon cannot tell us why
They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?

'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
To comprehend how matter ſhould be brought
From nothing, as exiſtent be
From all eternity;
And yet that matter is, we feel and ſee:
Nor is it eaſier to define,
What ligatures the ſoul and body join;
Or, how the memory does th' impreſſion take
Of things, and to the mind reſtores them back.

Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
Direct and govern this capacious all,
How ſoon would things into confuſion fall!
Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear;
And blazing comets rule the troubled air;
Wide inundations, with reſiſtleſs force,
The lower provinces o'erflow,
In ſpite of all that human ſtrength could do
To ſtop the raging ſea's impetuous courſe:
Murder and rapine every place would fill,
And ſinking virtue ſtoop to proſperous ill;
Devouring peſtilence rave,
And all that part of nature which has breath
Deliver to the tyranny of death,
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave.
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to ſave.
Let the brave ſpeak, who oft has been
In dreadful ſieges, and fierce battles ſeen,
How he 's preſerv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
So thick, that ſcarce one inch of air is free;
And though he does ten thouſand ſee

Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.
Let the poor ſhipwreck'd ſailor ſhew,
To what inviſible protecting power
He did his life and ſafety owe,
When the loud ſtorm his well-built veſſel tore,
And a half-ſhatter'd plank convey'd him to the ſhore.
Nay, let th' ungrateful ſceptic tell us how
His tender infancy protection found,
And helpleſs childhood was with ſafety crown'd,
If he 'll no Providence allow;
When he had nothing but his nurſe's arms
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms:
From childhood how to youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to man;
How, in the ſtrength and vigour of his years,
The feeble bark of life he ſaves,
Amidſt the fury of tempeſtuous waves,
From all the dangers he foreſees, or fears;
Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis ſteers,
If Providence, which can the ſeas command,
Held not the rudder with a ſteady hand.

OMNIPRESENCE.

VII.

'Tis happy for the ſons of men, that he,
Who all exiſtence out of nothing made,
Supports his creatures by immediate aid:
But then this all-intending Deity
Muſt Omnipreſent be;

For how ſhall we by demonſtration ſhew
The Godhead is this moment here,
If he 's not preſent every where,
And always ſo?
What 's not perceptible by ſenſe, may be
Ten thouſand miles remote from me,
Unleſs his nature is from limitation free.
In vain we for protection pray;
For benefits receiv'd high altars raiſe,
And offer up our hymns and praiſ
In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.
An abſent god from ruin can defend
No more than can an abſent friend;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make returns,
When the loud muſic ſounds, or victim burns,
Than a poor Indian ſlave of Mexico.
If ſo, 't is equally in vain
The proſperous ſings, and wretched mourns;
He cannot hear the praiſe, or mitigate the pain.
But by what Being is confin'd
The Godhead we adore?
He muſt have equal or ſuperior power.
If equal only, they each other bind,
So neither 's God, if we define him right,
For neither 's infinite.
But if the other have ſuperior might
Then he, we worſhip, can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all reſtraint, and ſo no Deity.

If God is limited in ſpace; his view,
His knowledge, power, and wiſdom, is ſo too:
Unleſs we 'll own, that theſe perfections are
At all times preſent every where,
Yet he himſelf not actually there.
Which to ſuppoſe, that ſtrange concluſion brings,
His eſſence and his attributes are different things.

IMMUTABILITY.

AS the ſupreme, omniſcient mind,
Is by no boundaries confin'd;
So Reaſon muſt acknowledge him to be
From poſſible mutation free:
For what He is, He was from all eternity.
Change, whether the effect of force or will,
Muſt argue imperfection ſtill.
But imperfection in a Deity,
That 's abſolutely perfect, cannot be:
Who can compel, without his own conſent,
A God to change that is omnipotent?
And every alteration without force,
Is for the better or the worſe.
He that is infinitely wiſe,
To alter for the worſe will never chooſe,
That a depravity of nature ſhews:
And He, in whom all true perfection lies,
Cannot by change to greater excellencies riſe.

If God be mutable, which way, or how,
Shall we demonſtrate, that will pleaſe him now,
Which did a thouſand years ago?
And 't is impoſſible to know,
What He forbids, or what He will allow.
Murder, inchantment, luſt, and perjury,
Did in the foremoſt rank of vices ſtand,
Prohibited by an expreſs command:
But whether ſuch they ſtill remain to be,
No argument will poſitively prove,
Without immediate notice from above;
If the Almighty Legiſlator can
Be chang'd, like his inconſtant ſubject, man,
Uncertain thus what to perform or ſhun,
We all intolerable hazards run,
When an eternal ſtake is to be loſt or won.

JUSTICE.

REJOICE, ye ſons of piety, and ſing
Loud Hallelujah's to his glorious name,
Who was, and will for ever be the ſame:
Your grateful incenſe to his temples bring,
That from the ſmoking altars may ariſe
Clouds of perfumes to the imperial ſkies.
His promiſes ſtand firm to you,
And endleſs joys will be beſtow'd,
As ſure as that there is a God,
To all who virtue chooſe, and righteous paths purſue.

Nor

Nor ſhould we more his menaces diſtruſt,
For while he is a Deity, he muſt
(As infinitely good) be infinitely juſt.
But does it with a gracious godhead ſuit,
Whoſe Mercy is his darling attribute,
To puniſh crimes that temporary be,
And thoſe but trivial offences too,
Mere ſlips of human nature, ſmall and few,
With everlaſting miſery?
This ſhocks the mind with deep reflections fraught
And Reaſon bends beneath the ponderous thought.
Crimes take their eſtimate from guilt, and grow
More heinous ſtill, the more they do incenſe
That God to whom all creatures owe
Profoundeſt reverence:
Though as to that degree they raiſe
The anger of the merciful Moſt High,
We have no ſtandard to diſcern it by,
But the infliction he on the offender lays.
So that if endleſs puniſhment on all
Our unrepented ſins muſt fall,
None, not the leaſt, can be accounted ſmall.
That God is in perfection juſt, muſt be
Allow'd by all that own a Deity:
If ſo, from equity he cannot ſwerve,
Nor puniſh ſinners more than they deſerve.
His will reveal'd, is both expreſs and clear;
"Ye curſed of my Father, go
"To everlaſting woe."
If everlaſting means eternal here,

Due

Duration abſolutely without end;
Againſt which ſenſe ſome zealouſly contend,
That when applied to pains, it only means,
They ſhall ten thouſand ages laſt:
Ten thouſand more, perhaps, when they are paſt;
But not eternal in a literal ſenſe:
Yet own the pleaſures of the juſt remain
So long as there 's a God exiſts to reign.
Though none can give a ſolid reaſon, why
The word Eternity,
To heaven and hell indifferent join'd,
Should carry ſenſe of a different kind;
And 't is a ſad experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine
With greater luſtre than the reſt can ſhine,
'T is goodneſs which we every moment ſee
The godhead exerciſe with ſuch delight,
It ſeems, it only ſeems, to be
The beſt-belov'd perfection of the Deity,
And more than infinite.
Without that, he could never prove
The proper objects of our praiſe or love;
Were he not good, he 'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
Or ſee the guiltleſs for the guilty die,
Than *Nero*, when the flaming city burn'd,
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.

Eternal juſtice then would be
But everlaſting cruelty;
Power unreſtrain'd, almighty violence;
And wiſdom unconfin'd, but craft immenſe.
'Tis goodneſs conſtitutes him that he is;
And thoſe
Who will deny him this,
A god without a deity ſuppoſe.
When the lewd atheiſt blaſphemouſly ſwears,
By his tremendous name
There is no god, but all 's a ſham;
Inſipid tattle, praiſe, and prayers,
Virtue, pretence; and all the ſacred rules
Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools:
Juſtice would ſtrike th' audacious villain dead,
But mercy, boundleſs, ſaves his guilty head;
Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
Does not the ſinner whom no danger awes,
Without reſtraint, his infamy purſue,
Rejoice, and glory in it too;
Laugh at the power divine, and ridicule his laws;
Labour in vice his rivals to excell,
That, when he 's dead, they may their pupils tell,
How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?
Yet this vile wretch in ſafety lives,
Bleſſings in common with the beſt receives;
Though he is proud t' affront the God thoſe bleſſings gives.
The chearful ſun his influence ſheds on all;
Has no [illegible] or ill;

And fruitful ſhowers without diſtinction fall,
Which fields with corn, with graſs the paſtures, fill.
The bounteous hand of Heaven beſtows
Succeſs and honour many times on thoſe
Who ſcorn his favourites, and careſs his foes.

To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
Has dar'd to celebrate
In lofty Pindar's ſtrain;
Though with unequal ſtrength to bear the weight
Of ſuch a ponderous theme ſo infinitely great:
To this good God, celeſtial ſpirits pay,
With extacy divine, inceſſant praiſe:
While on the glories of his face they gaze,
In the bright regions of eternal day.
To him each rational exiſtence here,
Whoſe breaſt one ſpark of gratitude contains,
In whom there are the leaſt remains
Of piety or fear,
His tribute brings of joyful ſacrifice,
For pardon prays, and for protection flies:
Nay, the inanimate creation give,
By prompt obedience to his word,
Inſtinctive honour to their lord;
And ſhame the thinking world, who in rebellion live.
With Heaven and earth then, O my ſoul, unite,
And the great God of both adore and bleſs,
Who gives thee competence, content, and peace;
The only fountains of ſincere delight.

That from the tranſitory joys below,
Thou by a happy exit may'ſt remove
To thoſe ineffable above;
Which from the viſion of the godhead flow,
And neither end, decreaſe, nor interruption know.

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

ALAS, Jeruſalem! alas! where 's now
Thy priſtine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,
To which the heathen monarchies did bow?
Ah, hapleſs, miſerable town!
Where 's all thy majeſty, thy beauty gone,
Thou once moſt noble, celebrated place,
The joy and the delight of all the earth;
Who gav'ſt to godlike princes birth,
And bred up heroes, an immortal race?
Where 's now the vaſt magnificence, which made
The ſouls of foreigners adore
Thy wondrous brightneſs, which no more
Shall ſhine, but lie in an eternal ſhade?
Oh miſery! where 's all her mighty ſtate,
Her ſplendid train of numerous kings,
Her noble edifices, noble things,
Which made her ſeem ſo eminently great,
That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,

And wealthy preſents, as their tribute, brought,
To court her friendſhip? For her ſtrength they fear'd,
And all her wide protection ſought.
But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,
See how her lofty buildings lie!
See how her flaming turrets gild the ſky!

Where 's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,
That on her feſtivals were us'd to play
Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?
The glittering troops, which did from far
Bring home the trophies, and the ſpoils of war,
Whom all the nations round with terror view'd
Nor durſt their godlike valour try?
Where'er they fought, they certainly ſubdued,
And every combat gain'd a victory.
Ah! where 's the houſe of the Eternal King;
The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hoſts,
To whoſe large treaſuries our fleet did bring
The gold and jewels of remoteſt coaſts?
There had the infinite Creator plac'd
His terrible, amazing name,
And with his more peculiar preſence grac'd
That heavenly ſanctum, where no mortal came,
The high prieſt only; he but once a year
In that divine apartment might appear:
So full of glory, and ſo ſacred then,
But now corrupted with the heaps of ſlain,
Which ſcatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty
fane.

Alas

Alas, Jeruſalem! each ſpacious ſtreet
Was once ſo fill'd, the numerous throng
Was forc'd to joſtle as they paſs'd along,
And thouſands did with thouſands meet;
The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat.
In thee was the bright throne of juſtice fix'd,
Juſtice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd!
She ſcorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
Deſpiſing the moſt wealthy bribes;
But did the ſacred balance hold
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.
Thy well-built ſtreets, and every noble ſquare,
Were once with poliſh'd marble laid,
And all his lofty bulwarks made
With wondrous labour, and with artful care.
Thy ponderous gates, ſurprizing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with ſolid gold;
Whoſe ſplendor did ſo glorious appear,
It raviſh'd and amaz'd the eye;
And ſtrangers paſſing, to themſelves would cry,
What mighty heaps of wealth are here!
How thick the bars of maſſy ſilver lie!
O happy people! and ſtill happy be,
Celeſtial city! from deſtruction free,
May'ſt thou enjoy a long, entire proſperity!

But now, oh wretched, wretched place!
Thy ſtreets and palaces are ſpread
With heaps of carcaſes, and mountains of the dead,
The bleeding relics of the Jewiſh race!

Each corner of the town, no vacant ſpace,
  But is with breathleſs bodies fill'd,
Some by the ſword, and ſome by famine, kill'd,
Natives and ſtrangers are together laid:
  Death's arrows all at random flew
Amongſt the crowd, and no diſtinction made,
But both the coward and the valiant flew.
  All in one diſmal ruin join'd,
  (For ſwords and peſtilence are blind)
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find:
  Thoſe that from far, with joyful haſte,
  Came to attend thy feſtival,
  Of the ſame bitter poiſon taſte,
And by the black, deſtructive poiſon fall;
For the avenging ſentence paſs'd on all.
Oh! ſee how the delight of human eyes
  In horrid deſolation lies!
  See how the burning ruins flame!
Nothing now left, but a ſad, empty name!
  And the triumphant victor cries,
  This was the fam'd Jeruſalem!

The moſt obdurate creature muſt
Be griev'd to ſee thy palaces in duſt,
Thoſe ancient habitations of the juſt:
  And could the marble rocks but know
The miſeries of thy fatal overthrow,
They 'd ſtrive to find ſome ſecret way unknown,
Maugre the ſenſeleſs nature of the ſtone,

Their pity and concern to ſhew:
For now, where lofty buildings ſtood,
Thy ſons corrupted carcaſes are laid:
And all by this deſtruction made
One common Golgotha, one field of blood.
See! how thoſe ancient men, who rul'd thy ſtate,
And made thee happy, made thee great;
Who ſat upon the awful chair
Of mighty Moſes, in long ſcarlet clad,
The good to cheriſh, and chaſtiſe the bad;
Now ſit in the corrupted air,
In ſilent melancholy, and in ſad deſpair!
See how their murder'd children round them lie!
Ah, diſmal ſcene! hark how they cry!
Woe! woe! one beam of mercy give,
Good Heaven! alas, for we would live!
Be pitiful, and ſuffer us to die!
Thus they lament, thus beg for eaſe;
While in their feeble, aged arms they hold
The bodies of their offspring, ſtiff and cold,
To guard them from the ravenous ſavages:
Till their increaſing ſorrows death perſuade
(For death muſt ſure with pity ſee
The horrid deſolation he has made)
To put a period to all their miſery.
Thy wretched daughters that ſurvive,
Are by the heathen kept alive,
Only to gratify their luſt,
And then be mix'd with common duſt.
Oh! inſupportable, ſtupendous woe!

What ſhall we do? ah! whither ſhall we go?
Down to the grave, down to thoſe happy ſhades below
Where all our brave progenitors are bleſt
With endleſs triumph, and eternal reſt.

But who, without a flood of tears, can ſee
Thy mournful, ſad cataſtrophe?
Who can behold thy glorious temple lie
In aſhes, and not be in pain to die?
Unhappy, dear Jeruſalem! thy woes
Have rais'd my griefs to ſuch a vaſt exceſs,
Their mighty weight no mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or words expreſs,
Nor can they poſſibly, while I ſurvive, be leſs.
Good Heaven had been extremely kind,
If it had ſtruck me dead, or ſtruck me blind,
Before this curſed time, this worſt of days.
Is death quite tir'd? are all his arrows ſpent?
If not, why then ſo many dull delays?
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be ſent!
Nay, at me only let ten thouſand fly,
Whoe'er ſhall wretchedly ſurvive; that I
May, happily, be ſure to die.
Yet ſtill we live, live in exceſs of pain!
Our friends and relatives are ſlain!
Nothing but ruins round us ſee,
Nothing but deſolation, woe, and miſery!
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,
Our enemies without prepare
Their direful engines to purſue the war;

And you may ſlaviſhly preſerve your breath,
Or ſeek for freedom in the arms of death.

Thus then reſolve: nor tremble at the thought:
Can glory be too dearly bought?
Since the Almighty wiſdom has decreed,
That we, and all our progeny, ſhould bleed,
It ſhall be after ſuch a noble way,
Succeeding ages will with wonder view
What brave deſpair compell'd us to!
No, we will ne'er ſurvive another day!
Bring then your wives, your children, all
That 's valuable good or dear,
With ready hands, and place them here;
They ſhall unite in one vaſt funeral.
I know your courages are truly brave,
And dare do any thing but ill:
Who would an aged father ſave,
That he may live in chains and be a ſlave,
Or for remorſeleſs enemies to kill?
Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow:
For, what at any other time would be
The dire effect of rage and cruelty,
Is mercy, tenderneſs, and pity, now!
This then perform'd, we 'll to the battle fly,
And there, amidſt our ſlaughter'd foes, expire.
If 't is revenge and glory you deſire,
Now you may have them, if you dare but die!
Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity!

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

"——Sed omnes una manet nox,
"Et calcanda ſemel via lethi." HORACE.

SInce we can die but once, and after death
Our ſtate no alteration knows;
But, when we have reſign'd our breath,
Th' immortal ſpirit goes
To endleſs joys, or everlaſting woes:
Wiſe is the man who labours to ſecure
That mighty and important ſtake;
And, by all methods, ſtrives to make
His paſſage ſafe, and his reception ſure.
Merely to die, no man of reaſon fears;
For certainly we muſt,
As we are born, return to duſt:
'T is the laſt point of many lingering years:
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know;
But human underſtanding cannot ſhew.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange apprehenſions in the mind;
Fills it with reſtleſs doubts, and wild debates,
Concerning what we, living, cannot find.

No

None know what death is, but the dead;
Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
As a ſtrange, doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black, painful hour to live;
No hopes, no proſpect, of a kind reprieve,
To ſtop our ſpeedy paſſage to the tomb;
How moving, and how mournful, is the ſight!
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous ſad!
Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,
To chear our drooping ſouls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and languiſhing in bed we lie,
Deſpairing to recover, void of reſt;
Wiſhing for death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and doubts diſtract our breaſt,
With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppreſt.

Our face is moiſten'd with a clammy ſweat;
Faint and irregular the pulſes beat;
The blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.
Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
Their light juſt going out;
And for ſome kind aſſiſtance call:
But pity, uſeleſs pity 's all
Our weeping friends can give,
Or we receive;

Though their deſires are great, their powers are ſmall,
The tongue 's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miſeries, we bear;
How inſupportable our torments are.
Muſic no more delights our deafening ears,
Reſtores our joys, or diſſipates our fears;
But all is melancholy, all is ſad,
In robes of deepeſt mourning clad;
For, every faculty, and every ſenſe,
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are ſenſible too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great:
For, all the fulſome pride and pageantry of ſtate
No conſolation brings.
Riches and honours then are uſeleſs things,
Taſteleſs, or bitter, all;
And, like the book which the apoſtle eat,
To the ill-judging palate ſweet,
But turn at laſt to nauſeouſneſs and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping ſpirits chear,
But the remembrance of good actions paſt.
Virtue 's a joy that will for ever laſt,
And makes pale death leſs terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful ſting, and palliates our fear.
In the dark antichamber of the grave
What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our care and induſtry have gain'd,
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)

Could we recall thoſe fatal hours again,
Which we conſum'd in ſenſeleſs vanities,
Ambitious follies, or luxurious eaſe!
For then they urge our terrors, and increaſe our pain.

Our friends and relatives ſtand weeping by,
Diſſolv'd in tears, to ſee us die;
And plunge into the deep abyſs of wide eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve:
Their ſorrows cannot ours relieve.
They pity our deplorable eſtate:
But what, alas, can pity do
To ſoften the decrees of fate?
Beſides, the ſentence is irrevocable too.
All their endeavours to preſerve our breath,
Though they do unſucceſsful prove,
Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love?
But cannot cut off the entail of death,
Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed:
One, with officious haſte,
Brings us a cordial we want ſenſe to taſte;
Another ſoftly raiſes up our head;
This wipes away the ſweat; that, ſighing, cries
See what convulſions, what ſtrong agonies,
Both ſoul and body undergo!
His pains no intermiſſion know;
For every gaſp of air he draws, returns in ſighs.
Each would his kind aſſiſtance lend,
To ſave his dear relation, or his dearer friend;
But ſtill in vain with deſtiny they all contend.

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, adieu!
Adieu, my child! now I muſt follow you:
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our ſons, who, in their tender years,
Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,
Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
Bleſs us, O father! now before you die;
Bleſs us, and be you bleſs'd to all eternity.
Our friend, whom equal to ourſelves we love,
Compaſſionate and kind,
Cries, will you leave me here behind?
Without me fly to the bleſs'd ſeats above?
Without me, did I ſay? Ah, no!
Without thy friend thou canſt not go:
For, though thou leav'ſt me groveling here below,
My ſoul with thee ſhall upward fly,
And bear thy ſpirit company,
Through the bright paſſage of the yielding ſky.
Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyſelf, ſhall be
Incapable to ſeparate
(For 'tis not in the power of fate)
My friend, my beſt, my deareſt friend, and me:
But, ſince it muſt be ſo, farewell;
For ever! No; for we ſhall meet again,
And live like gods, though now we die like men,
In the eternal regions, where juſt ſpirits dwell.

The ſoul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitleſs and unequal ſtrife,
Finding her weak endeavours vain,
To keep the counterſcarp of life,
By ſlow degrees, retires towards the heart,
And fortifies that little fort
With all its kind artilleries of art;
Botanic legions guarding every port.
But death, whoſe arms no mortal can repel,
A formal ſiege diſdains to lay;
Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
And in a minute ſtorms the feeble citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a ſolid peace;
But 'tis all ſham, all artifice,
That we may negligent and careleſs be:
For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear;
His troops return ſome unſuſpected way;
While in the ſoft embraces of ſleep we lie,
The ſecret murderers ſtab us, and we die.

Since our firſt parents' fall,
Inevitable death deſcends on all;
A portion none of human race can miſs
But that which makes it ſweet or bitter, is
The fears of miſery, or certain hopes of bliſs.
For, when th' impenitent and wicked die,
Loaded with crimes and infamy;

If any ſenſe at that ſad time remains,
They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains;
The earneſt of that vaſt, ſtupendous woe.
Which they to all eternity muſt undergo,
Confin'd in hell with everlaſting chains.
Infernal ſpirits hover in the air.
Like ravenous wolves, to ſeize upon the prey.
And hurry the departed ſouls away
To the dark receptacles of deſpair:
Where they muſt dwell till that tremendous day,
When the loud trump ſhall call them to appear
Before a Judge moſt terrible, and moſt ſevere;
By whoſe juſt ſentence they muſt go
To everlaſting pains, and endleſs woe.

But the good man, whoſe ſoul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly ſtains of luſt and villainy,
Of mercy and of pardon ſure,
Looks through the darkneſs of the gloomy night:
And ſees the dawning of a glorious day;
Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
His ſoul whene'er ſhe takes her flight
To the ſurprizing manſions of immortal light.
Then the celeſtial guards around him ſtand;
Nor ſuffer the black dæmons of the air
T' oppoſe his paſſage to the promis'd land,
Or terrify his thoughts with wild deſpair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.

His prayers, his charity, his virtues, preſs
To plead for mercy when he wants it moſt;
Not one of all the happy number 's loſt:
And thoſe bright advocates ne'er want ſucceſs,
But when the ſoul 's releas'd from dull mortality,
She paſſes up in triumph through the ſky;
Where ſhe 's united to a glorious throng
Of angels; who, with a celeſtial ſong,
Congratulate her conqueſt as ſhe flies along.

If therefore all muſt quit the ſtage,
When, or how ſoon, we cannot know;
But, late or early, we are ſure to go;
In the freſh bloom of youth, or wither'd age;
We cannot take too ſedulous a care,
In this important, grand affair:
For, as we die, we muſt remain;
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
To make our peace with Heaven, or to return again.
The heathen, who no better underſtood
Than what the light of nature taught, declar'd,
No future miſery could be prepar'd
For the ſincere, the merciful, the good;
But, if there was a ſtate of reſt,
They ſhould with the ſame happineſs be bleſt
As the immortal gods, if gods there were, poſſeſt,
We have the promiſe of th' eternal truth,
Thoſe who live well, and pious paths purſue,
To man, and to their Maker, true,
Let them expire in age, or youth,

Can never miſs
Their way to everlaſting bliſs:
But from a world of miſery and care
To manſions of eternal eaſe repair;
Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endleſs circle moves,
Through the vaſt round of beatific love,
Which no ceſſation knows.

ON THE
GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,
AND ENSUING JUDGEMENT.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

" Eſſe quoque in fatis, reminiſcitur, affore tempus
" Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
" Ardeat, & mundi moles operoſa laborat." OVID. Met.

NOW the black days of univerſal doom,
Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come:
What ſtrong convulſions, what ſtupendous woe,
Muſt ſinking nature undergo;
Amidſt the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow!
Methinks I hear her, conſcious of her fate,
With fearful groans, and hideous cries,
Fill the preſaging ſkies;

Unable to ſupport the weight
Or of the preſent, or approaching miſeries.
Methinks I hear her ſummon all
Her guilty offspring raving with deſpair,
And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
Ye ſublunary powers, t' attend my funeral!

See, ſee the tragical portents,
Thoſe diſmal harbingers of dire events!
Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
Through the dark concave of the troubled ſky;
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.
See how the glaring meteors blaze!
Like baleful torches, O they come,
To light diſſolving Nature to her tomb!
And, ſcattering round their peſtilential rays,
Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.
Vaſt ſheets of flame, and globes of fire,
By an impetuous wind are driven
Through all the regions of the inferior heaven;
Till, hid in ſulphurous ſmoke, they ſeemingly expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to ſee,
What mad confuſion rages over all
This ſcorching ball!
No country is exempt, no nation free,
But each partakes the epidemic miſery.
What diſmal havoc of mankind is made
By wars, and peſtilence, and dearth,
Through the whole mournful earth?
Which with a murdering fury they invade,
Forſook by Providence, and all propitious aid!

Whilſt fiends, let looſe, their utmoſt rage employ,
To ruin all things here below;
Their malice and revenge no limits know,
But, in the univerſal tumult, all deſtroy.

Diſtracted mortals from their cities fly,
For ſafety to their champain ground.
But there no ſafety can be found;
The vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting fury, does incloſe them round:
And whilſt for mercy ſome aloud implore
The God they ridicul'd before;
And others, raving with their woe,
(For hunger, thirſt, deſpair, they undergo)
Blaſpheme and curſe the Power they ſhould adore;
The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws extends.
And opening wide a dreadful tomb,
The howling multitude at once deſcends
Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abſcond their aged heads
In mighty pillars of infernal ſmoke,
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
And ſuffocates whole nations where it ſpreads.
Sometimes the fire within divides
The maſſy rivers of thoſe ſecret chains,
Which hold together their prodigious ſides,
And hurls the ſhatter'd rocks o'er all the plains:
While towns and cities, every thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the ſame burſt of woe.

No ſhowers deſcend from the malignant ſky
To cool the burning of the thirſty field;
The trees no leaves, no graſs the meadows, yiel
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little rivulets no more
To larger ſtreams their tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing ocean they;
Which, with a ſtrange unuſual roar,
Forſakes thoſe ancient bounds it would have pa
before:
And to the monſtrous deep in vain retire:
For ev'n the deep itſelf is not ſecure,
But belching ſubterraneous fires,
Increaſes ſtill the ſcalding calenture,
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

The ſun, by ſympathy, concern'd
At thoſe convulſions, pangs, and agonies,
Which on the whole creation ſeize,
Is to ſubſtantial darkneſs turn'd.
The neighbouring moon, as if a purple flood
O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears
.ike a huge maſs of black corrupted blood;
or ſhe herſelf a diſſolution fears.
he larger planets, which once ſhone ſo bright,
ith the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
ook from their centre, without motion lie,
Unwieldy globes of ſolid night,
And ruinous lumber of the ſky.

Amidſt

Amidſt this dreadful hurricane of woes,
(For fire, confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Fill every region of the tortur'd earth and air)
The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;
At whoſe amazing ſound freſh agonies
Upon expiring nature ſeize:
For now ſhe 'll in few minutes know
The ultimate event and fate of all below.
Awake, ye dead, awake, he cries;
(For all muſt come)
All that had human breath, ariſe,
To hear your laſt, unalterable doom.

At this the ghaſtly tyrant, who had ſway'd
So many thouſand ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his ſceptre hold;
But gave up all, and was himſelf a captive made.
The ſcatter'd particles of human clay,
Which in the ſilent grave's dark chambers lay,
Reſume their priſtine forms again,
And now from mortal, grow immortal men.
Stupendous energy of ſacred Power,
Which can collect wherever caſt
The ſmalleſt atoms, and that ſhape reſtore
Which they had worn ſo many years before,
That through ſtrange accidents and numerous changes paſt!

See how the joyful angels fly
From every quarter of the ſky,

To gather and to convoy all
The pious ſons of human race,
To one capacious place,
Above the confines of this flaming ball.
See with what tenderneſs and love they bear
Thoſe righteous ſouls through the tumultuous air;
Whilſt the ungodly ſtand below,
Raging with ſhame, confuſion, and deſpair,
Amidſt the burning overthrow,
Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe.
Round them infernal ſpirits howling fly;
O horror, curſes, tortures, chains! they cry
And roar aloud with execrable blaſphemy.

Hark how the daring ſons of infamy
Who once diſſolv'd in pleaſures lap,
And laugh'd at this tremendous day,
To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry,
But rocks and mountains all in aſhes lie.
Their ſhame 's ſo mighty, and ſo ſtrong their fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongſt the burning ruins of the world,
And lie conceal'd, if poſſible, for ever there.
Time was they would not own a Deity,
Nor after death a future ſtate;
But now, by ſad experience, find, too late,
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That rather than behold his face, they 'd ceaſe to be.

And ſure 'tis better, if Heaven would give conſent,
To have no being; but they muſt remain,
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpreſſible, ſtupendous puniſhment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet muſt be underwent!

But now, the eaſtern ſkies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent deſcends,
And to the ſublunary world his paſſage bends;
Where, cloath'd with human nature, he did once reſide.
Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,
And loud triumphant hallelujahs ſing,
With ſongs of praiſe, and hymns of victory,
To their celeſtial king;
All glory, power, dominion, majeſty,
Now, and for everlaſting ages, be
To the Eſſential One, and Co-eternal Three.
Periſh that world, as 'tis decreed,
Which ſaw the God incarnate bleed!
Periſh by thy almighty vengeance thoſe
Who durſt thy perſon, or thy laws, expoſe;
The curſed refuge of mankind, and hell's proud ſeed.
Now to the unbelieving nations ſhew,
Thou art a God from all eternity;
Not titular, or but by office ſo;
And let them the myſterious union ſee
Of human nature with the Deity.

With mighty tranſports, yet with aweful fears,
The good behold this glorious ſight;
Their God in all his majeſty appears,

Ineffa

Ineffable, amazing bright,
And ſeated on a throne of everlaſting light.
Round the tribunal, next to the Moſt High,
In ſacred diſcipline and order, ſtand
The peers and princes of the ſky,
As they excel in glory or command.
Upon the right hand that illuſtrious crowd,
In the white boſom of a ſhining cloud,
Whoſe ſouls abhorring all ignoble crimes,
Did, with a ſteady courſe, purſue,
His holy precepts in the worſt of times,
Maugre what earth or hell, what man or devils could do,
And now that God they did to death adore,
For whom ſuch torments and ſuch pains they bore
Returns to place them on thoſe thrones above,
Where, undiſturb'd, uncloy'd, they will poſſeſs
Divine, ſubſtantial happineſs,
Unbounded as his power, and laſting as his love.

Go, bring, the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
Thoſe rebel ſons, who did my laws deſpiſe;
Whom neither threats nor promiſes could move,
Not all my ſufferings, nor all my love,
To ſave themſelves from everlaſting miſeries.
At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the ſwifteſt thought.
And leſs than in an inſtant brought
The wretched, curs'd, infernal, crew;
Who with diſtorted aſpects come,
To hear their ſad, intolerable doom.
Alas! they cry, one beam of mercy ſhew,

Thou all-forgiving Deity!
To pardon crimes, is natural to thee:
Cruſh us to nothing, or ſuſpend our woe.
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we muſt go into a gulph of fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend?)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at laſt expire,
And all our tortures have an end.
Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear!
Though now our bodies too immortal are,
Let them be pungent to the laſt degree:
And let our pains innumerable be;
But let them not extend to all eternity!

Lo, now there does no place remain
For penitence and tears, but all
Muſt by their actions ſtand or fall:
To hope for pity, is in vain;
The dye is caſt, and not to be recall'd again.
Two mighty books are by two angels brought:
In this, impartially recorded, ſtands
The law of nature, and divine commands:
In that, each action, word, and thought,
Whate'er was ſaid in ſecret, or in ſecret wrought.
Then firſt the virtuous and the good,
Who all the fury of temptation ſtood,
And bravely paſs'd thro' ignominy, chains, and blood.
Attended by their guardian angels come
To the tremendous bar of final doom.
In vain the grand accuſer, railing, brings
A long indictment of enormous things,

Who

Whoſe guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
No more to their aſtoniſhment appears,
But in the ſecret womb of dark oblivion lies.

Come, now, my friends, he cries, ye ſons of gr
Partakers once of all my wrongs and ſhame,
Deſpis'd and hated for my name;
Come to your Saviour's and your God's embra
Aſcend, and thoſe bright diadems poſſeſs.
For you by my eternal Father made,
Ere the foundation of the world was laid;
And that ſurprizing happineſs,
Immenſe as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be
For when I languiſhing in priſon lay,
Naked, and ſtarv'd almoſt for want of bread,
You did your kindly viſits pay.
Both cloath'd my body, and my hunger fed.
Weary'd with ſickneſs, or oppreſs'd with grief.
Your hand was always ready to ſupply:
Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,
To ſhare my ſorrows, or to give relief.
In all diſtreſs, ſo tender was your love,
I could no anxious trouble bear;
No black misfortune, or vexatious care,
But you were ſtill impatient to remove,
And mourn'd, your charitable hand ſhould unſucceſ
prove:
All this you did, though not to me
In perſon, yet to mine in miſery:

And ſhall for ever live
In all the glories that a God can give
Or a created being 's able to receive.

At this the architects divine on high
Innumerable thrones of glory raiſe,
On which they, in appointed order, place,
The human coheirs of eternity,
And with united hymns the God incarnate praiſe:
O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,
By all thy creatures, conſtantly adored!
Ineffable, co-equal Three,
Who from non-entity gave birth
To angels and to men, to Heaven and to earth,
Yet always waſt Thyſelf, and wilt for ever be.
But for thy mercy, we had ne'er poſſeſt
Theſe thrones, and this immenſe felicity;
Could ne'er have been ſo infinitely bleſt!
Therefore all Glory, Power, Dominion, Majeſty,
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
For ever longer, than for ever, be!

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face
To thoſe upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance flaſhing in his eyes)
Ye impious, unbelieving race,
To thoſe eternal torments go,

Prepar'd for thoſe rebellious ſons of light,
In burning darkneſs and in flaming night,
Which ſhall no limit or ceſſation know,
But always are extreme, and always will be ſo.
The final ſentence paſt, a dreadful cloud
Incloſing all the miſerable crowd,
A mighty hurricane of thunder roſe,
And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,
Which never, never, never can expire;
The vaſt abyſs of endleſs woes:
Whilſt with their God the righteous mount on high
In glorious triumph paſſing through the ſky,
To joys immenſe, and everlaſting extaſy.

REASON: A POEM

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1700.

UNhappy man! who, through ſucceſſive years,
From early youth to life's laſt childhood errs
No ſooner born but proves a foe to truth;
For infant Reaſon is o'erpower'd in youth.
The cheats of ſenſe will half our learning ſhare;
And pre-conceptions all our knowledge are,
Reaſon, 't is true, ſhould over ſenſe preſide:
Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
But falſe opinions, rooted in the mind,
Hoodwink the ſoul, and keep our Reaſon blind.
Reaſon 's a taper, which but faintly burns;
A languid flame, that glows, and dies by turns:

We see't a little while, and but a little way;
We travel by its light, as men by day:
But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,
Like morning-stars, that never stay till noon.
The soul can scarce above the body rise;
And all we see is with corporeal eyes.
Life now does scarce one glimpse of light display;
We mourn in darkness, and despair of day:
That natural night, once dress with orient beams,
Is now diminish'd, and a twilight seems;
A miscellaneous composition, made
Of night and day, of sunshine and of shade.
Through an uncertain medium now we look,
And find that falsehood, which for truth we took:
So rays projected from the eastern skies,
Shew the false day before the sun can rise.
That little knowledge now which man obtains,
From outward objects, and from sense he gains:
He, like a wretched slave must plod and sweat;
By day must toil, by night that toil repeat;
And yet, at last, what little fruit he gains!
A beggar's harvest, glean'd with mighty pains!
The passions, still predominant, will rule
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reason's school;
Our understanding they with darkness fill,
Cause strong corruptions, and pervert the will.
On these the soul, as on some flowing tide,
Must sit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurried away; for how can be withstood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood?

Begone, falſe hopes, for all our learning 's vain;
Can we be free where theſe the rule maintain?
Theſe are the tools of knowledge which we uſe;
The ſpirits heated, will ſtrange things produce.
Tell me, whoe'er the paſſions could control,
Or from the body diſengage the ſoul:
Till this is done, our beſt purſuits are vain,
To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain:
Through all the bulky volumes of the dead,
And through thoſe books that modern times have bred,
With pain we travel, as through mooriſh ground,
Where ſcarce one uſeful plant is ever found;
O'er-run with errors, which ſo thick appear,
Our ſearch proves vain, no ſpark of truth is there.
What 's all the noiſy jargon of the ſchools,
But idle nonſenſe of laborious fools,
Who fetter Reaſon with perplexing rules?
What in Aquina's bulky works are found,
Does not enlighten Reaſon, but confound:
Who travels Scotus' ſwelling tomes, ſhall find
A cloud of darkneſs riſing on the mind;
In controverted points can Reaſon ſway,
When paſſion, or conceit, ſtill hurries us away!
Thus his new notions Sherlock would inſtil,
And clear the greateſt myſteries at will;
But, by unlucky wit, perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.
South ſoon oppos'd him, out of chriſtian zeal;
Shewing how well he could diſpute and rail.

How ſhall we e'er diſcover which is right,
When both ſo eagerly maintain the fight?
Each does the other's arguments deride;
Each has the church and ſcripture on his ſide.
The ſharp, ill-natur'd combat 's but a jeſt;
Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the leaſt.
How ſhall we know which articles are true,
The old ones of the church, or Burnet's new?
In paths uncertain and unſafe he treads,
Who blindly follows other fertile heads:
What ſure, what certain mark have we to know,
The right or wrong, 'twixt Burgeſs, Wake, and Howe?
Should unturn'd nature crave the medic art,
What health can that contentious tribe impart?
Every phyſician writes a different bill,
And gives no other Reaſon but his will.
No longer boaſt your art, ye impious race;
Let wars 'twixt Alcalies and Acids ceaſe;
And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.
Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely gueſs;
To-day they 've good, to-morrow, no ſucceſs.
Ev'n Garth and * Maurus ſometimes ſhall prevail,
When Gibſon, learned Hannes, and Tyſon, fail.
And, more than once we 've ſeen, that blundering Sloane,
Miſſing the gout, by chance has hit the ſtone;
The patient does the lucky error find:
A cure he works, though not the cure deſign'd.
Cuſtom, the world 's great idol, we adore;
And knowing this, we ſeek to know no more.

* *Sir Richard Blackmore.*

The firſt man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious ſearch of long enquiring *minds*:
But yet what 's worſe, we know not what we
What mark does truth, what bright diſtinction
How do we know that what we know is true?
How ſhall we falſehood fly, and truth purſue?
Let none then here his certain knowledge boaſt;
'T is all but probability at moſt:
This is the eaſy purchaſe of the mind;
The vulgar's treaſure, which we ſoon may find!
But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

DIES NOVISSIMA:

OR, THE

LAST EPIPHANY.

A PINDARIC ODE, on CHRIST'S Second Appearance to Judge the World.

ADIEU, ye toyiſh reeds, that once could pleaſe
My ſofter lips, and lull my cares to eaſe:
Be gone; I 'll waſte no more vain hours with you:
And, ſmiling Sylvia too, adieu.
A brighter power invokes my Muſe,
And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuſe.
See, beckoning, from yon cloud, he ſtands,
And promiſes aſſiſtance with his hands.

:l the heavy-rolling God,
bent, revel in his frail abode.
v my breaſt heaves, and pulſes beat!
I ſink, beneath the furious heat:
: weighty bliſs o'erwhelms my breaſt,
ver-flowing joys profuſely waſte.
ie nobler bard, O ſacred Power, inſpire,
il more large, th' elapſes to receive:
l, brighter yet, to catch the fire,
ach gay following charm from death to ſave!
n vain the ſuit—the God inflames my breaſt;
ve, with extaſies oppreſt:
the mountains leſſen, and retire;
ow I mix, unſing'd, with elemental fire!
: leading deity I have in view;
ortal knows, as yet, what wonders will enſue.

aſs'd through regions of unſullied light;
az'd, and ſicken'd at the bliſsful ſight;
ddering paleneſs ſeiz'd my look:
laſt the peſt flew off, and thus I ſpoke;
, Sacred Guide, ſhall this bright clime
ſurvive the fatal teſt of time,
periſh, with our mortal globe below,
When yon ſun no longer ſhines?"
ght I finiſh'd——veiling low;
e viſionary power rejoins;
is not for you to aſk, nor mine to ſay,
The niceties of that tremendous day.

" Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has run,
" And finiſh'd are the radiant journeys of the ſun,
" The great deciſive morn ſhall riſe,
" And Heaven's bright Judge appear in opening ſkies
" Eternal grace and juſtice he 'll beſtow
" On all the trembling world below."

He ſaid. I mus'd; and thus return'd:
" What enſigns, courteous ſtranger, tell,
" Shall the brooding day reveal?"
He anſwer'd mild———
" Already, ſtupid with their crimes,
" Blind mortals proſtrate to their idols lie:
" Such where the boding times,
" Ere ruin blaſted from the fluicy ſky;
" Diſſolv'd they lay in fulſome eaſe,
" And revel'd in luxuriant peace;
" In bacchanals they did their hours conſume,
" And baschanals led on their ſwift advancing doom

Adulterate Chriſts already riſe,
And dare t' aſſuage the angry ſkies;
Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
And from the Croſs, alas! he does neglected ſigh;
The Anti-Chriſtian Power has rais'd his Hydra hea
And ruin, only leſs than Jeſus' health, does ſpread.
So long the gore through poiſon'd veins has flow'
That ſcarcely ranker is a fury's blood;
Yet ſpecious artifice, and fair diſguiſe,
The monſter's ſhape, and curſt deſigns, belies.

A 5

A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,
He quaffs, and ſcatters, the contagious ſpleen
Straight, when he finiſhes his lawleſs reign,
Nature ſhall paint the ſhining ſcene,
Quick as the lightning which inſpires the train.

Forward confuſion ſhall provoke the fray,
And nature from her ancient order ſtray;
Black tempeſts, gathering from the ſeas around,
In horrid ranges ſhall advance;
And, as they march, in thickeſt ſables drown'd,
The rival thunder from the clouds ſhall ſound,
And lightnings join the fearful dance:
The bluſtering armies o'er the ſkies ſhall ſpread,
And univerſal terror ſhed;
Loud iſſuing peals, and riſing ſheets of ſmoke,
Th' encumber'd region of the air ſhall choke;
The noiſy main ſhall laſh the ſuffering ſhore,
And from the rocks the breaking billows roar!
Black thunder burſts, blue lightning burns,
And melting worlds to heaps of aſhes turns!
The foreſts ſhall beneath the tempeſt bend,
And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend,

Reverſe all Nature's web ſhall run,
And ſpotleſs miſrule all around,
Order, its flying foe, confound;
Whilſt backward all the threads ſhall haſte to be unſpun.
Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand,
(The wand with which, ere time begun,

His

His wandering ſlaves he did command,
And made them ſcamper right, and in rude ranges run)
The hoſtile harmony ſhall chace;
And as the nymph reſigns her place,
And panting to the neighbouring refuge flies,
The formleſs ruffian ſlaughters with his eyes,
And following ſtorms the pearching dame's retreat,
Adding the terror of his threat;
The globe ſhall faintly tremble round,
And backward jolt, diſtorted with the wound.

Swath'd in ſubſtantial ſhrowds of night,
The ſickening ſun ſhall from the world retire,
Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire;
Which dangling, once, ſhed round a laviſh flood of ligh
No frail eclipſe, but all eſſential ſhade,
Not yielding to primæval gloom,
Whilſt day was yet an embryo in the womb;
Nor glimmering in its ſource, with ſilver ſtreams
play'd,
A jetty mixture of the darkneſs ſpread
O'er murmuring Ægypt's head;
And that which angels drew
O'er Nature's face, when Jeſus died;
Which ſleeping ghoſts for this miſtook,
And, riſing, off their hanging funerals ſhook,
And fleeting paſs'd expos'd their bloodleſs breaſt
view,
Yet find it not ſo dark, and to their dormitories glid

Now bolder fires appear,
And o'er the palpable obſcurement ſport,
Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,
Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' ætherial court,
And plung'd into the opening gulph of night;
A ſabre of immortal flame I bore,
And with this arm, his flouriſhing plume I tore,
And ſtraight the fiend retreated from the fight.

Mean time the lambent prodigies on high
Take gameſome meaſures in the ſky;
Joy'd with his future feaſt, the thunder roars
In chorus to th' enormous harmony;
And holloo's to his offspring from ſulphureous ſtores:
Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
And their each nimble turn, and radiant embaſſy.

The moon turns paler at the ſight,
And all the blazing orbs deny their light;
The lightning with its livid tail,
A train of glittering terrors draws behind,
Which o'er the trembling world prevail;
Wing'd and blown on by ſtorms of wind,
They ſhew the hideous leaps on either hand,
Of Night, that ſpreads her ebon curtains round,
And there erects her royal ſtand,
In ſeven-fold winding jet her conſcious temples bound.

The ſtars next, ſtarting from their ſpheres,
In giddy revolutions leap and bound;

While

Whilſt this with doubtful fury glares,
And meditate, new wars,
And wheels in ſportive gyres around,
Its neighbour ſhall advance to fight;
And while each offers to enlarge its right,
The general ruin ſhall increaſe,
And baniſh all the votaries of peace.
No more the ſtars, with paler beams,
Shall tremble o'er the midnight ſtreams,
But travel downward to behold
What mimics them ſo twinkling there:
And, like Narciſſus, as they gain more near,
For the lov'd image ſtraight expire,
And agonize in warm deſire,
Or ſlake their luſt, as in the ſtream they roll.

Whilſt the world burns, and all the orbs below
In their viperous ruins glow,
They ſink, and unſupported leave the ſkies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in th
noiſe.
Then ſee th' Almighty Judge, ſedate and bright,
Cloath'd in imperial robes of light!
His wings the wind, rough ſtorms the chariot bea
And nimble harbingers before him fly,
And with officious rudeneſs bruſh the air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
In horrid ſport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding tracts of light;
Then urging, to their ranks they cloſe,
And ſhivering, leſt they ſtart, a ſailing caravan com

The Mighty Judge rides in tempeſtuous ſtate
Whilſt mighty guards his orders wait:
His waving veſtments ſhine
Bright as the ſun, which lately did its beam reſign,
And burniſh'd wreaths of light ſhall make his form divine.
Strong beams of majeſty around his temples play,
And the tranſcendant gaiety of his face allay:
His Father's reverend characters he 'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with light, and over-awe with fear,
Myriads of angels ſhall be there,
And I, perhaps, cloſe the tremendous rear;
Angels, the firſt and faireſt ſons of day,
Clad with eternal youth, and as their veſtments gay.

Nor for magnificence alone,
To brighten and enlarge the pageant ſcene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,
And ſwell the luſtre of his pompous train;
The nimble miniſters of bliſs or woe
We ſhall attend, and ſave, or deal the blow,
As He admits to joy, or bids to pain.

The welcome news
Through every Angel's breaſt freſh raptures ſhall diffuſe.
The day is come,
When Satan with his powers ſhall ſink to endleſs doom.
No more ſhall we his hoſtile troops purſue
From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.

Then

Then Raphael, big with life, the trump ſhall ſound,
From falling ſpheres the joyful muſic ſhall rebound,
And ſeas and ſhores ſhall catch and propagate it round:
Louder he 'll blow, and it ſhall ſpeak more ſhrill,
Than when, from Sinai's hill,
In thunder through the horrid reddening ſmoke,
Th' Almighty ſpoke.
We 'll ſhout around with martial joy,
And thrice the vaulted ſkies ſhall rend, and thrice our ſhouts reply.
Then firſt th' Archangel's voice, aloud,
Shall chearfully ſalute the day and throng,
And Hallelujah fill the croud;
And I, perhaps, ſhall cloſe the ſong.

From its long ſleep all human race ſhall riſe,
And ſee the morn and Judge advancing in the ſkies:
To their old tenements the ſouls return,
Whilſt down the ſteep of Heaven as ſwift the Judge deſcends!
Theſe look illuſtrious bright, no more to mourn:
Whilſt, ſee, diſtracted looks yon ſtalking ſhades attend
The ſaints no more ſhall conflict on the deep,
Nor rugged waves inſult the labouring ſhip;
But from the wreck in triumph they ariſe,
And borne to bliſs ſhall tread empyreal ſkies.

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